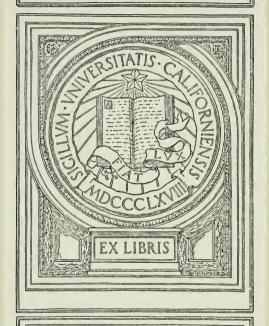


UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT LOS ANGELES



GIFT OF

C. G. De Garmo













SHAKESPEARE'S . COMPLETE WORKS

EDITED, WITH NOTES
BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

Vol. 1X.

KING HENRY V. MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

ILLUSTRATED



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SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORY

OF

KING HENRY. V.

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STREET IN HARFLEUR.



INTRODUCTION

TO

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

King Henry the Fifth, in the form in which we now have it, was first published in the folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 69-95 in the division of "Histories." A mutilated and incomplete quarto edition had been printed in 1600 with the following title-page:

THE | CRONICLE | History of Henry the fift, | With his battell fought at Agin Court in | France. Togither with Auntient | Pistoll. | As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable | the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. | LONDON | Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and Iohn Busby. And are to be | sold at his house in Carter Lane, next | the Powle head. 1600.

This edition appears to have been hastily gotten up, and was probably compiled from short-hand notes taken at the theatre.

It was reprinted in 1602 "by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pauier," and "sold at his shop in Cornhill, at the signe of the Cat and Parrets, neare the Exchange;" and again in 1608, "Printed for T. P."

The folio must be considered the only authority for the text, though the quartos are occasionally of service in the correction of typographical errors.

The date of the play is fixed by a passage in the Chorus of the last act:

"Were now the general of our gracious empress— As in good time he may—from Ireland coming," etc.

This evidently refers to Lord Essex, who went to Ireland, April 15, 1599, and returned to London, September 28, of the same year. Unless the passage was a later insertion, which is not probable, the play must have been written between those dates. It is not mentioned by Meres in 1598 in the list which includes *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *Henry IV.*, and *King John.**

II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLAY.

Shakespeare took the leading incidents of his *Henry IV*. and *Henry V*. from an anonymous play entitled "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," which was written at

* See the extract from Meres's Palladis Tamia, in our ed. of A Midsummer-Night's Dream, p. 9.

least as early as 1588,* and had a popularity far beyond its merits; but he drew his historical materials mainly from Holinshed's "Chronicles of Englande, Scotlande, and Ireland," as the illustrative extracts from that author in our notes will show. As in the case of *Richard II.* (see our ed. of that play, p. 14), he doubtless used the second edition of Holinshed, published in 1586–87.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Gervinus's "Shakespeare Commentaries."†]

The whole interest of our play lies in the development of the ethical character of the hero. After the poet has delineated his careless youthful life in 1 Henry IV., and in 2 Henry IV. has shown the sting of reflection and consideration piercing his soul as the period of self-dependence approaches, he now displays Henry as arrived at the post of his vocation, and exhibits the king acting up to his resolutions for the future. At the very beginning of the play we are at once informed of the utter change which has passed over him. The sinful nature is driven out of him by reflection, the current of reformation has suddenly scoured away the old faults; as the wholesome strawberry ripens best "neighboured by fruit of baser quality," so his active practice, his intercourse with lower life and simple nature, has matured in him all those gifts which etiquette and court ceremony would never

^{*} It was entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Company, May 14, 1594, to Thomas Creede, as "a booke intituled the Famous Victories of Henrye the Fyft, conteyninge the honorable battell of Agincourt," but it is known that the famous actor Tarlton, who died in 1588, took the part of the Clown in the play. The earliest printed edition that has come down to us bears date in 1598, and has the following title-page:

THE | FAMOUS VIC-|tories of Henry the | fifth: | Containing the Honou-|rable Battell of Agin-court: | As it was plaide by the Queenes Maiesties | Players. | LONDON | Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598.

[†] Shakespeare Commentaries, by Dr. G. G. Gervinus, translated by F. E. Bunnett: revised ed. (London, 1875), p. 340 fol. (by permission).

have produced in him, and which those now around him perceive in him with admiration. The poet expressly tells us, through the prelates who discuss the king in the first scene, that there are no miracles, either in his poetry or in the world, and that the natural grounds for this wonderful change are to be sought for really in the unpromising school of this apparently untutored man. There this many-sidedness was developed which now astonishes them in him, and on account of which he now appears equally acquainted with all things, ecclesiastical and secular, in the cabinet as in the field. He no longer squanders his now valuable time, but weighs it to the last grain; the curb of mildness and mercy is now placed on his passions, and even foreign lands conjecture that

"his vanities forespent Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus, Covering discretion with a coat of folly."...

In his courtship and on the day of battle Henry is just as plain a king as if he had "sold his farm to buy his crown." He has shaken off his old dissolute companions, but the remembrances of that simple intercourse are recalled to our mind at every moment. The same inclination to rove about with the common man in his army, the old mildness and familiarity, and the same love for an innocent jest, exist in him now as then, without derogating in the least from his kingly dignity. He leaves his nobles waiting in his tent while he visits the posts of his soldiers; the old habit of night-watching is of use to him now; he sounds the disposition of individuals; he encourages them without high-sounding words; he fortifies them without ostentation: he can preach to them and solve moral scruples, and can make himself intelligible to them; he contrives a trick quite of the old kind in the moment of most gloomy suspense; like a brother, he borrows the cloak of the old Erpingham; he familiarly allows his countryman Fluellen to join freely in his conversation

with the herald; and in his short appeal before the battle he declares all to be his brothers who on this Crispin's day shed their blood with him.

This contrast between his repose and calmness and his martial excitement, between his plain homely nature and the kingly heroic spirit which in the moment of action exercises dominion over him, is, however, not the only one in which the poet has exhibited him. The night before and the day during the battle, which form the centre of our play, is a period so prominent, and one in which such manifold moods. emotions, and passions, are roused and crossed, that the best opportunity was here afforded to the poet for exhibiting to our view this many-sided man in all the richness and the diversity of his nature. When the mind is quickened, he himself says, "the organs break up their drowsy grave, and newly move with casted slough and fresh legerity;" and thus is it with him in this great and decisive moment. We see him in a short time alternate between the most different emotions and positions, ever the same master over himself, or we may rather say, over the opportunity and the matter which lie for the moment before him. . . .

How popular after his old fashion, and at the same time how sublime, is his encouragement to the battle! How calm his last words to the French herald! How far is he from being over-hasty in giving credit to the victory! When he hears of the touching death of the noble York, how near is he to tears! and at the same moment, alarmed by a new tumult, how steeled to a bloody command! how impatiently furious at the last resistance! and at the moment when victory decides for him, how pious and how humble! And again, a short time after this solemn elevation of mind, he concludes his joke with Williams, careful even then that no harm should result from it. The poet has continued in the fifth act to show us to the very last the many-sided nature of the king. The terrible warrior is transformed into the merry

bridegroom, the humorous vein again rises within him; yet he is not so much in love with his happiness, or so happy in his love, that in the midst of his wooing, and with all his jest and repartee, he would relax the smallest article of the peace which his policy had designed. . . .

Throughout the whole play, throughout the whole bearing of the king, sounds the key-note of a religious composure, of a severe conscientiousness, and of a humble modesty. The Chronicle, which extols Henry so highly that it placed him before the poet as an historical favourite, praises the king's piety at home and at every page in his campaign; Shake-speare accepted this historical hint in no mechanical manner, but wrought it appropriately into the characteristics of his hero. The clergy, at the very beginning of the play, call him a true friend of the Church, and have reason to rejoice over his respect for it, as well as over his knowledge of sacred things. When he is occupied with the plan of war, he charges the Archbishop of Canterbury with a solemn oath to take heed in his counsel; he "will believe in heart" that what he speaks as to his right to this war is in his "conscience washed as pure as sin with baptism." When he has no thought but France, those to God alone "run before" his business. He receives it as a promising ordinance from God that the treason lurking in his way is "brought to light." He delivers his "puissance into the hand of God, putting it straight in expedition;" "God before," he says several times, he will come to take his right. He orders his old friend Bardolph to be pitilessly executed for robbing a church; he wishes all such offenders to be cut off; for he well knows that when "lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner." We have seen him previous to the battle in solemn preparation, and engaged in edifying conversation with his soldiers. His first word on the certainty of the victory is, "Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!" When he reviews the greatness of the victory, he says

again, "Take it, God, for it is only thine!" And that this is in earnest, he orders even death to be proclaimed to any who may boast of it or take the honour from God. At his triumphal entry into London, he forbids the sword and helm, the trophies of his warlike deeds, to be borne before him; and the poet says expressly of him, in the prologue, what once the prince had said of himself on that day at Shrewsbury over Percy's body—that he was "free from vainness and self-glorious pride, giving full trophy, signal, and ostent, quite from himself to God." The atonement which his father could not attain to, for want of energetic, persevering, inward stimulus, is accomplished by him. In his prayer to God before the battle, when he wishes that "the sense of reckoning" may be taken from his soldiers, and that his father's fault may not be thought upon, he declares that he has "interred anew" Richard's body, has wept over it, and has ordered masses to be said; that he has five hundred poor in yearly pay "who twice a day their withered hands hold up toward Heaven" for him. The poet, we see plainly, adheres to the character of the age, and invests Henry with all that outward work of repentance which in that day was considered necessary for the expiation of a crime. To many he will appear to have gone too far in this, both as regards his hero, who is otherwise of so unshackled a mind, and himself, rising as he does generally so far above the narrow views of his own, to say nothing of older times. But above this objection, also, the poet soars victoriously in those excellent words which he puts into the mouth of the king at the close of that penitential prayer:

"More will I do; Though all that I can do is little worth, Since that my penitence comes after all, Imploring pardon."

[From Dowden's "Shakspere."*]

Henry's freedom from egoism, his modesty, his integrity, his joyous humour, his practical piety, his habit of judging things by natural and not artificial standards—all these are various developments of the central element of his character, his noble realization of fact.

But his realization of fact produces something more than this integrity, this homely honesty of nature. It breathes through him an enthusiasm which would be intense if it were not so massive. Through his union with the vital strength of the world, he becomes one of the world's most glorious and beneficent forces. From the plain and mirth-creating comrade of his fellow-soldiers he rises into the genius of impassioned battle. From the modest and quiet adviser with his counsellors and prelates, he is transformed, when the occasion requires it, into the terrible administrator of justice. When Henry takes from his father's pillow the crown, and places it upon his own head, the deed is done with no fluttering rapture of attainment. He has entered gravely upon his manhood. He has made very real to himself the long, careful, and jovless life of his father who had won for him this "golden care." His heart is full of tenderness for this sad father, to whom he had been able to bring so little happiness. But now he takes his due, the crown, and the world's whole force shall not wrest it from him:

"Thy due from me
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy piace and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,

^{*} Shakspere: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art, by Edward Dowden (2d ed. London, 1876), p. 215 fol. (by permission,

Which God shall guard; and put the world's whole strength Into one giant arm, it shall not force This lineal honour from me."

Here is no æsthetic feeling for the "situation," only the profoundest and noblest entrance into the fact. . . .

Shortly before the English army sets sail for France, the treason of Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey is disclosed to the king. He does not betray his acquaintance with their designs. Surrounded by traitors, he boldly enters his council-chamber at Southampton (the wind is sitting fair, and but one deed remains to do before they go aboard). On the preceding day a man was arrested who had railed against the person of the king. Henry gives orders that he be set at liberty:

"We consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him."

But Scroop and Grey and Cambridge interpose. It would be true mercy, they insist, to punish such an offender. And then, when they have unawares brought themselves within the range of justice, Henry unfolds their guilt. The wrath of Henry has in it some of that awfulness and terror suggested by the apocalyptic reference to "the wrath of the Lamb." It is the more terrible because it transcends all egoistic feeling. What fills the king with indignation is not so much that his life should have been conspired against by men on whom his bounty has been bestowed without measure, as that they should have revolted against the loyalty of man, weakened the bonds of fellowship, and lowered the high tradition of humanity:

"O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?

Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet, Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger, Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood, Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement, Not working with the eye without the ear, And but in purged judgment trusting neither? Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem: And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot, To mark the full-fraught man and best indued With some suspicion. I will weep for thee: For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like Another fall of man."

No wonder that the terrible moral insistance of these words can subdue consciences made of penetrable stuff; no wonder that such an awful discovery of high realities of life should call forth the loyalty that lurked within a traitor's heart. But though tears escape Henry he cannot relent:

"Touching our person seek we no revenge; But we our kingdom's safety must so tender, Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence, Poor miserable wretches, to your death; The taste whereof, God of his mercy give You patience to endure, and true repentance Of all your dear offences!"

And having vindicated the justice of God, and purged his country of treason, Henry sets his face to France with the light of splendid achievement in his eyes.

On the night before the great battle, Henry moves among his soldiers, and passes disguised from sentinel to sentinel. He is not, like his father, exhausted and outworn by the careful construction of a life. If an hour of depression comes upon him, he yet is strong, because he can look through his depression to a strength and virtue outside of and beyond himself. Joy may ebb within him or rise, as it will; the current of his inmost being is fed by a source that springs from the hard rock of life, and is no tidal flow. He accepts his

weakness and his weariness as part of the surrender of ease and strength and self which he makes on behalf of England. With a touch of his old love of frolic he enters on the quarrel with Williams, and exchanges gages with the soldier. When morning dawns he looks freshly, and "overbears attaint," with cheerful semblance and sweet majesty:

"A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear."

With a prayer to God he sets to rights the heavenward side of his nature, and there leaves it. In the battle Henry does not, in the manner of his politic father, send into the field a number of counterfeit kings to attract away from himself the centre of the war. There is no stratagem at Agincourt; it is "plain shock and even play of battle." If Henry for a moment ceases to be the skilful wielder of resolute strength, it is only when he rises into the genius of the rage of battle:

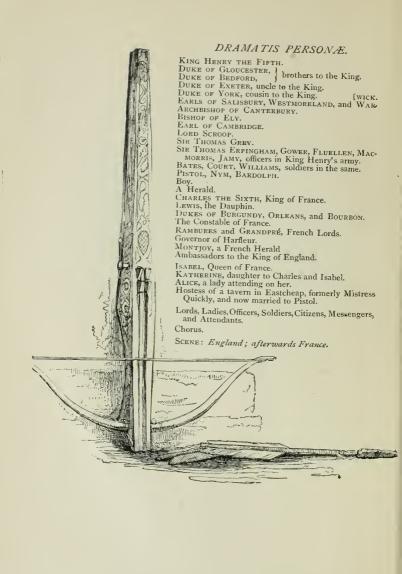
"I was not angry since I came to France Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill: If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the field; they do offend our sight. If they 'll do neither, we will come to them, And make them skirr away as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings. Besides, we 'll cut the throats of those we have, And not a man of them that we shall take Shall taste our mercy."

It is in harmony with the spirit of the play, and with the character of Henry, that it should close with no ostentatious heroics, but with the half jocular, whole earnest wooing of the French princess by the English king.



King Henry. Give me any gage of thine (iv. 1. 196).

RITC HETRY Y





THE PRESENCE-CHAMBER (SCENE II.).

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend The brightest heaven of invention, A kingdom for a stage, princes to act, And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!

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Then should the warlike Harry, like himself, Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels, Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all, The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth So great an object: can this cockpit hold The vasty fields of France? or may we cram Within this wooden O the very casques That did affright the air at Agincourt? O, pardon! since a crooked figure may Attest in little place a million; And let us, ciphers to this great accompt. On your imaginary forces work. Suppose within the girdle of these walls Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, Whose high-upreared and abutting fronts The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder. Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts: Into a thousand parts divide one man, And make imaginary puissance: Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth; For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings. Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times, Turning the accomplishment of many years Into an hour-glass: for the which supply, Admit me Chorus to this history: Who prologue-like your humble patience pray, Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [Exit.

ACT I.

Scene I. London. An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.

Canterbury. My lord, I 'll tell you; that self bill is urg'd, Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd, But that the scambling and unquiet time Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Canterbury. It must be thought on. If it pass against us, We lose the better half of our possession;

For all the temporal lands which men devout

By testament have given to the church

Would they strip from us; being valued thus:

As much as would maintain, to the king's honour.

Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,

Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;

And, to relief of lazars and weak age,

Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,

A hundred almshouses right well supplied;

And to the coffers of the king beside.

A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill. *Ely*. This would drink deep.

Canterbury. 'T would drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Canterbury. The king is full of grace and fair regard. Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Canterbury. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body, But that his wildness, mortified in him, Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment Consideration, like an angel, came And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him, Leaving his body as a paradise To envelope and contain celestial spirits. Never was such a sudden scholar made; Never came reformation in a flood With such a heady currance, scouring faults; Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness So soon did lose his seat and all at once As in this king.

We are blessed in the change Elv. Canterbury. Hear him but reason in divinity, And, all-admiring, with an inward wish You would desire the king were made a prelate: Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs, You would say it hath been all in all his study: List his discourse of war, and you shall hear A fearful battle render'd you in music: Turn him to any cause of policy, The Gordian knot of it he will unloose, Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks, The air, a charter'd libertine, is still, And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears, To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences; So that the art and practic part of life Must be the mistress to this theoric: Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it, Since his addiction was to courses vain, His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow, His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports, And never noted in him any study, Any retirement, any sequestration From open haunts and popularity.

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Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle, And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:

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And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt, Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night, Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Canterbury. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd, And therefore we must needs admit the means How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord, How now for mitigation of this bill Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty Incline to it, or no?

Canterbury. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord'
Canterbury. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Canterbury. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Canterbury. Then go we in, to know his embassy:

Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. [Exeunt.

Scene II. The same. The Presence-chamber.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and Attendants.

King Henry. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury? Exeter. Not here in presence.

King Henry. Send for him, good uncle.

Westmoreland. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege? King Henry. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely

Canterbury. God and his angels guard your sacred throne, And make you long become it!

TO

King Henry. Sure, we thank you. My learned lord, we pray you to proceed

And justly and religiously unfold Why the law Salique that they have in France

Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord, That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul With opening titles miscreate, whose right Suits not in native colours with the truth:

For God doth know how many now in health Shall drop their blood in approbation

Of what your reverence shall incite us to.

Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,

How you awake our sleeping sword of war:

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We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Canterbury. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers.

That owe yourselves, your lives, and services To this imperial throne. There is no bar To make against your highness' claim to France But this, which they produce from Pharamond,-'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant:' 'No woman shall succeed in Saligue land;' Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze To be the realm of France, and Pharamond The founder of this law and female bar. Yet their own authors faithfully affirm That the land Salique is in Germany, Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe: Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons. There left behind and settled certain French; Who, holding in disdain the German women For some dishonest manners of their life, Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female Should be inheritrix in Salique land: Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala, Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen. Then doth it well appear the Salique law Was not devised for the realm of France: Nor did the French possess the Salique land

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Until four hundred one and twenty years After defunction of King Pharamond, Idly suppos'd the founder of this law, Who died within the year of our redemption Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French Beyond the river Sala, in the year Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say, King Pepin, which deposed Childeric, Did, as heir general, being descended Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair, Make claim and title to the crown of France. Hugh Capet also, -who usurp'd the crown Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,— To fine his title with some shows of truth, Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught, Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare, Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth, Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet, Could not keep quiet in his conscience, Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother, Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare, Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine: By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great Was re-united to the crown of France. So that, as clear as is the summer's sun, King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim, King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear To hold in right and title of the female. So do the kings of France unto this day: Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law

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To bar your highness claiming from the female, And rather choose to hide them in a net Than amply to imbare their crooked titles Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

King Henry. May I with right and conscience make this

Canterbury. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign! For in the book of Numbers is it writ, When the man dies, let the inheritance Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord. Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag; Look back into your mighty ancestors: Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb, From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit, And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince, Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy, Making defeat on the full power of France, Whiles his most mighty father on a hill Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp Forage in blood of French nobility. O noble English, that could entertain With half their forces the full pride of France, And let another half stand laughing by,

All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead, And with your puissant arm renew their feats.

You are their heir; you sit upon their throne; The blood and courage that renowned them Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege Is in the very May-morn of his youth, Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exeter. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth Do all expect that you should rouse yourself. As did the former lions of your blood.

Westmoreland. They know your grace hath cause and means and might;

So hath your highness; never king of England Had nobles richer and more loval subjects, Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Canterbury. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege, 130 With blood and sword and fire to win your right; In aid whereof we of the spiritualty Will raise your highness such a mighty sum As never did the clergy at one time Bring in to any of your ancestors.

King Henry. We must not only arm to invade the French. But lay down our proportions to defend Against the Scot, who will make road upon us

With all advantages.

Canterbury. They of those marches, gracious sovereign, 140 Shall be a wall sufficient to defend Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

King Henry. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only, But fear the main intendment of the Scot. Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us: For you shall read that my great-grandfather Never went with his forces into France But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom Came pouring, like the tide into a breach, With ample and brim fulness of his force, Galling the gleaned land with hot assays, Girding with grievous siege castles and towns; That England, being empty of defence, Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Canterbury. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;

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For hear her but exampled by herself: When all her chivalry hath been in France, And she a mourning widow of her nobles, She hath herself not only well defended,

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But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wrack and sumless treasuries.

Westmoreland. But there's a saying very old and true,
'If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:'

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exeter. It follows then the cat must stay at home: Yet that is but a curst necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Canterbury. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,

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Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds, Which pillage they with merry march bring home To the tent-royal of their emperor; Who, busied in his majesty, surveys The singing masons building roofs of gold, The civil citizens kneading up the honey, The poor mechanic porters crowding in Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate, The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum, Delivering o'er to executors pale The lazy yawning drone. I this infer, That many things, having full reference To one consent, may work contrariously: As many arrows, loosed several ways, Come to one mark, as many ways meet in one town, As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea, As many lines close in the dial's centre; So may a thousand actions, once afoot, End in one purpose, and be all well borne Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege. Divide your happy England into four; Whereof take you one quarter into France, And you withal shall make all Gallia shake. If we, with thrice such powers left at home, Cannot defend our own doors from the dog, Let us be worried, and our nation lose The name of hardiness and policy.

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King Henry. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

[Exeunt some Attendants.

Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help, And yours the noble sinews of our power, France being ours, we 'll bend it to our awe, Or break it all to pieces: or there we 'll sit, Ruling in large and ample empery O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,

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Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

First Ambassador. May't please your majesty to give us leave

Freely to render what we have in charge; Or shall we sparingly show you far off The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

King Henry. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king, Unto whose grace our passion is as subject As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons: Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Ambassador. Thus then, in few. Your highness, lately sending into France, Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third. In answer of which claim, the prince our master Says that you savour too much of your youth, And bids you be advis'd there 's nought in France That can be with a nimble galliard won; You cannot revel into dukedoms there. He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit, This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this, Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks. King Henry. What treasure, uncle?

Exeter. Tennis-balls, my liege. King Henry. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;

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His present and your pains we thank you for. When we have match'd our rackets to these balls, We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard. Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler That all the courts of France will be disturb'd With chases. And we understand him well. How he comes o'er us with our wilder days, Not measuring what use we made of them. We never valued this poor seat of England, And therefore, living hence, did give ourself To barbarous license; as 't is ever common That men are merriest when they are from home. But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state, Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness When I do rouse me in my throne of France: For that I have laid by my majesty And plodded like a man for working-days, But I will rise there with so full a glory That I will dazzle all the eyes of France, Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us. And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands, Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down; And some are yet ungotten and unborn That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn But this lies all within the will of God, To whom I do appeal; and in whose name Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on.

To venge me as I may, and to put forth My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause. So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin His jest will savour but of shallow wit, When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.-Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exeter. This was a merry message. King Henry. We hope to make the sender blush at it. Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour

That this fair action may on foot be brought.

That may give furtherance to our expedition; For we have now no thought in us but France, Save those to God, that run before our business. Therefore let our proportions for these wars Be soon collected, and all things thought upon That may with reasonable swiftness add More feathers to our wings; for, God before, We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door. Therefore let every man now task his thought,

Exeunt. Flourish





ROOM IN THE FRENCH KING'S PALACE (SCENE IV.).

ACT II. PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Now all the youth of England are on fire, And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought

Reigns solely in the breast of every man. They sell the pasture now to buy the horse, Following the mirror of all Christian kings, With winged heels, as English Mercuries; For now sits Expectation in the air, And hides a sword from hilts unto the point With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets, Promis'd to Harry and his followers. The French, advis'd by good intelligence Of this most dreadful preparation, Shake in their fear, and with pale policy Seek to divert the English purposes. O England! model to thy inward greatness, Like little body with a mighty heart, What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do, Were all thy children kind and natural! But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men, One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second, Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third, Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland, Have, for the gilt of France,-O guilt indeed!-Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France; And by their hands this grace of kings must die, If hell and treason hold their promises, Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton. Linger your patience on, and well digest The abuse of distance; force a play. The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed; The king is set from London; and the scene Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton; There is the playhouse now, there must you sit: And thence to France shall we convey you safe, And bring you back, charming the narrow seas

To give you gentle pass; for, if we may, We 'll not offend one stomach with our play. But, till the king come forth, and not till then, Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

[Exit.

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Scene I. London. A Street.

Enter Corporal NYM and Lieutenant BARDOLPH.

Bardolph. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bardolph. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet? Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.

Bardolph. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may:

that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bardolph. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and certainly she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and Hostess.

Bardolph. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pistol. Base tike, call'st thou me host? Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;

Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Hostess. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight. [Nym and Pistol draw.] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bardolph. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing

here.

Nym. Pish!

Pistol. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Hostess. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Pistol. 'Solus,' egregious dog? O viper vile!

The 'solus' in thy most mervailous face;

The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat,

And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!

I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels;

For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,

And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may: and that 's the humour of it.

Pistol. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight! The grave doth gape, and doting death is near; Therefore exhale.

Bardolph. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes

the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

Pistol. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate. Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;

Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

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Pistol. 'Couple a gorge!'

That is the word. I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No; to the spital go,

And from the powdering-tub of infamy Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind, Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse: I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly For the only she; and—pauca, there 's enough. Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess; he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he 's very ill. 81

Bardolph. Away, you rogue!

Hostess. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently. Exeunt Hostess and Boy.

Bardolph. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pistol. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food how! on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pistol. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

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Pistol. As manhood shall compound: push home.

[They draw.

Bardolph. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pistol. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course. Bardolph. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at

betting?

Pistol. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood: I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me. Is not this just? for I shall sutler be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pistol. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that 's the humour of 't.

Re-enter Hostess.

Hostess. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

. Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that 's the even of it.

Pistol. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; 120
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king; but it must be as it may: he passes some humours and careers.

Pistol. Let us condole the knight; for lambkins we will live.

Scene II. Southampton. A Council-chamber. Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bedford. Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exeter. They shall be apprehended by and by.

Westmoreland. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat, Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bedford. The king hath note of all that they intend, By interception which they dream not of.

Exeter. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,—That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

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Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, and Attendants.

King Henry. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard. My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham, And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts: Think you not that the powers we bear with us Will cut their passage through the force of France, Doing the execution and the act For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

King Henry. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded We carry not a heart with us from hence

That grows not in a fair consent with ours,

Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish

Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cambridge. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd Than is your majesty: there 's not, I think, a subject

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That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

King Henry. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;

And shall forget the office of our hand, Sooner than quittance of desert and merit

According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil, And labour shall refresh itself with hope, '

To do your grace incessant services.

King Henry. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter, Enlarge the man committed yesterday, That rail'd against our person: we consider It was excess of wine that set him on;

And on his more advice we pardon him. *Scroop*. That 's mercy, but too much security:

Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example

Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind. King Henry. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cambridge. So may your highness, and yet punish too. Grev. Sir,

You show great mercy, if you give him life, After the taste of much correction.

King Henry. Alas, your too much care and love of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,

Appear before us?—We 'll yet enlarge that man,

Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care

And tender preservation of our person,

Would have him punish'd.—And now to our French causes. Who are the late commissioners?

Cambridge. I one, my lord:

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

King Henry. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours:—

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There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir knight, Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cambridge. I do confess my fault; And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal

King Henry. The mercy that was quick in us but late, By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd: You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy; For your own reasons turn into your bosoms, As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.— See you, my princes and my noble peers, These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,— You know how apt our love was to accord To furnish him with all appertinents Belonging to his honour; and this man Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd, And sworn unto the practices of France, To kill us here in Hampton: to the which

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This knight, no less for bounty bound to us Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.—But, O, What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel, Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature! Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels, That knew'st the very bottom of my soul, That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold, Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use, May it be possible that foreign hire Could out of thee extract one spark of evil That might annoy my finger? 't is so strange, That, though the truth of it stands off as gross As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it. Treason and murther ever kept together, As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose, Working so grossly in a natural cause, That admiration did not whoop at them; But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in Wonder to wait on treason and on murther: And whatsoever cunning fiend it was That wrought upon thee so preposterously Hath got the voice in hell for excellence. All other devils that suggest by treasons Do botch and bungle up damnation With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd From glistering semblances of piety; But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up, Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason, Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus Should with his lion gait walk the whole world, He might return to vasty Tartar back, And tell the legions, 'I can never win A soul so easy as that Englishman's.' O, how hast thou with jealousy infected

The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful? Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned? Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family? Why, so didst thou: seem they religious? Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet, Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger, Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood. Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement, Not working with the eye without the ear, And but in purged judgment trusting neither? Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem: And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot, To mark the full-fraught man and best indued With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like Another fall of man.—Their faults are open: Arrest them to the answer of the law; And God acquit them of their practices! Exeter. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name

Exeter. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

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I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cambridge. For me, the gold of France did not seduce,

Although I did admit it as a motive.
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice

At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

King Henry. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sen-

tence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person, Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death; Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter, His princes and his peers to servitude, His subjects to oppression and contempt, And his whole kingdom into desolation. Touching our person seek we no revenge; But we our kingdom's safety must so tender, Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence, Poor miserable wretches, to your death; The taste whereof, God of his mercy give You patience to endure, and true repentance 180 Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded.

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof Shall be to you, as us, like glorious. We doubt not of a fair and lucky war, Since God so graciously hath brought to light This dangerous treason lurking in our way To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now But every rub is smoothed on our way. Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver Our puissance into the hand of God, Putting it straight in expedition. Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance: No king of England, if not king of France.

[Exeunt.

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Scene III. London. Before a Tavern.

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH, and Boy.

Hostess. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pistol. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.— Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins: Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead, And we must yearn therefore.

Bardolph. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Hostess. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end, and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I: 'what, man! be o' good cheer.' So a' cried out 'God, God, God!' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Hostess. Ay, that a' did.

Bardolph. And of women.

Hostess. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Hostess. A' could never abide carnation; 't was a colour he never liked.

Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bardolph. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that 's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pistol. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my movables:
Let senses rule; the word is 'Pitch and Pay:'
Trust none:

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes, And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:

Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms, Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that 's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pistol. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bardolph. Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her.]

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu. Pistol. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee com-

mand.

Hostess. Farewell; adieu.

[Exeunt.

Scene IV. France. A Room in the King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, the Constable, and others.

French King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch, To line and new repair our towns of war With men of courage and with means defendant; For England his approaches makes as fierce As waters to the sucking of a gulf. It fits us then to be as provident As fear may teach us out of late examples Left by the fatal and neglected English Upon our fields.

Dauphin. My most redoubted father, It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe; For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom, Though war nor no known quarrel were in question, But that defences, musters, preparations, Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected, As were a war in expectation. Therefore, I say 't is meet we all go forth To view the sick and feeble parts of France: And let us do it with no show of fear; No, with no more than if we heard that England Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance: For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd, Her sceptre so fantastically borne By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth, That fear attends her not.

Constable.

O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;

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As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dauphin. Well, 't is not so, my lord high constable; But though we think it so, it is no matter: In cases of defence 't is best to weigh The enemy more mighty than he seems: So the proportions of defence are fill'd; Which of a weak and niggardly projection Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting A little cloth.

French King. Think we King Harry strong; And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him. The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us; And he is bred out of that bloody strain That haunted us in our familiar paths. Witness our too much memorable shame When Cressy battle fatally was struck, And all our princes captiv'd by the hand Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales; Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing, Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun, Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him, Mangle the work of nature and deface The patterns that by God and by French fathers Had twenty years been made. This is a stem Of that victorious stock; and let us fear The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Ambassadors from Harry King of England Do crave admittance to your majesty.

French King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them. [Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords. You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dauphin. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs

Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with Exeter and train.

French King. From our brother England? Exeter. From him; and thus he greets your majesty. He wills you, in the name of God Almighty, That you divest yourself, and lay apart The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven, By law of nature and of nations, longs To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown And all wide-stretched honours that pertain By custom and the ordinance of times Unto the crown of France. That you may know 'T is no sinister nor no awkward claim, Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days, Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd. He sends you this most memorable line, In every branch truly demonstrative, Willing you overlook this pedigree; And when you find him evenly deriv'd From his most fam'd of famous ancestors. Edward the Third, he bids you then resign Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held From him the native and true challenger. French King. Or else what follows?

Exeter. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it: Therefore in fiery tempest is he coming, In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove, That, if requiring fail, he will compel;

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And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

French King. For us, we will consider of this further: To-morrow shall you bear our full intent

Back to our brother England.

Dauphin. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exeter. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king; and if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dauphin. Say, if my father render fair return, It is against my will; for I desire Nothing but odds with England: to that end, As matching to his youth and vanity, I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exeter. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it, Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe: And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference, As we his subjects have in wonder found,

Between the promise of his greener days And these he masters now. Now he weighs time Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read In your own losses, if he stay in France.

French King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exeter. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king

Come here himself to question our delay;

For he is footed in this land already.

French King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions:

A night is but small breath and little pause To answer matters of this consequence.

[Flourish. Exeunt





ACT III. PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies. In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet

With silken streamers the young Phæbus fanning: Play with your fancies, and in them behold Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing; Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails. Borne with the invisible and creeping wind. Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea, Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think You stand upon the rivage and behold A city on the inconstant billows dancing; For so appears this fleet majestical, Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow! Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy. And leave your England, as dead midnight still, Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women. Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance; For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd With one appearing hair, that will not follow These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France? Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege: Behold the ordnance on their carriages. With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur. Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back; Tells Harry that the king doth offer him Katherine his daughter, and with her, to dowry, Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms. The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner With linstock now the devilish cannon touches.

[Alarum, and chambers go off.

And down goes all before them. Still be kind, And eke out our performance with your mind.

[Exit]

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Scene I. France. Before Harfleur.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.

King Henry. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,

Or close the wall up with our English dead! In peace there's nothing so becomes a man As modest stillness and humility; But when the blast of war blows in our ears, Then imitate the action of the tiger: Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood, Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage; Then lend the eye a terrible aspect; Let it pry through the portage of the head Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it As fearfully as doth a galled rock O'erhang and jutty his confounded base, Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean. Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide, Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit To his full height. On, on, you noble English, Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof, Fathers that, like so many Alexanders, Have in these parts from morn till even fought And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument! Dishonour not your mothers; now attest That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you. Be copy now to men of grosser blood, And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen, Whose limbs were made in England, show us here The mettle of your pasture: let us swear That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not, For there is none of you so mean and base.

That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry' God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'

[Execunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.

Scene II. The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bardolph. On, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach! Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pistol. The plain-song is most just, for humours do abound:

'Knocks go and come, God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield, In bloody field, Doth win immortal fame.'

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pistol. And I:

'If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.'

Boy. 'As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.'

Enter Fluellen.

Fluellen. Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [Driving them forward.

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Pistol. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours.

[Exeunt all but Boy.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph. he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit.

Enter Fluellen, Gower following.

Gower. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Fluellen. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so goot to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the coun-

termines: by Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all, if there is

not petter directions.

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Fluellen. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gower. I think it be.

Fluellen. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and Captain JAMY.

Gower. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain

Jamy, with him.

Fluellen. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Famy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Fluellen. God-den to your worship, goot Captain James.

Gower. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Macmorris. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour. O, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Fluellen. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly commu-

nication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Famy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion;

that sall I, marry.

Macmorris. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 't is shame for us all: so God sa' me, 't is shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay 'll do gud service, or ay 'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay 'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the breff and the long. Marry,

I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway.

Fluellen. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your

correction, there is not many of your nation-

Macmorris. Of my nation! What ish my nation? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal.

Fluellen. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; peing as goot a man as yourself, poth in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my pirth, and in other particularities.

Macmorris. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Famy. Au! that 's a foul fault. [A parley sounded.

Gower. The town sounds a parley.

Fluellen. Captain Macmorris, when there is more petter opportunity to pe required, look you, I will pe so pold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

[Execunt.]

Scene III. The Same. Before the Gates.

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King Henry and his train.

King Henry. How yet resolves the governor of the town? This is the latest parle we will admit: Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves; Or, like to men proud of destruction, Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier, A name that in my thoughts becomes me best, If I begin the battery once again, I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur Till in her ashes she lie buried. The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of leart, In liberty of bloody hand shall range With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants, What is it then to me, if impious war, Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends, Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats Enlink'd to waste and desolation? What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause, If your pure maidens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing violation? What rein can hold licentious wickedness When down the hill he holds his fierce career? We may as bootless spend our vain command Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil, As send precepts to the leviathan

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To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur, Take pity of your town and of your people, Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command; Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds Of heady murther, spoil, and villany. If not, why, in a moment look to see The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters; Your fathers taken by the silver beards. And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls; Your naked infants spitted upon pikes, Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen. What say you? will you yield, and this avoid, Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Governor. Our expectation hath this day an end: The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated, Returns us that his powers are yet not ready To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king, We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy. Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours, For we no longer are defensible.

King Henry. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter, Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain, And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French: Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle, The winter coming on, and sickness growing Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais. To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest; To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[Flourish. The King and his train enter the town.

Scene IV. Rouen. A Room in the Palace. Enter Katherine and Alice.

Katherine. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Katherine. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglais?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée de hand.

Katherine. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts? mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres.

Katherine. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglais vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? nous les appelons de nails.

Katherine. De nails. Écoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglais.

Katherine. Dites-moi l'Anglais pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Katherine. Et le coude?

Alice. De elbow.

Katherine. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

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Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Katherine. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Katherine. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Katherine. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Katherine. De sin. Le col, de nick; de menton, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Katherine. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?

Katherine. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: de hand, de fingres, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Katherine. De nails, de arm, de ilbow. Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Katherine. Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.

Katherine. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coun! Néanmoins, je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Katherine. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner. [Exeunt.

Scene V. The Same.

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, the Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.

French King. 'T is certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Constable. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,

Let us not live in France; let us quit all,

And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dauphin. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us, The emptying of our fathers' luxury, Our scions, put in wild and savage stock, Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds, And overlook their grafters?

Bourbon. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bas tards!

Mort de ma vie! if they march along Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom, To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Constable. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle? Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull, On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale, Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water, A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth, Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat? And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine, Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land, Let us not hang like roping icicles Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields! Poor we may call them in their native lords. Dauphin. By faith and honour, Our madams mock at us, and plainly say

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Our mettle is bred out. Bourbon. They bid us to the English dancing-schools, 30 And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos; Saying our grace is only in our heels,

And that we are most lofty runaways.

French King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence:

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.-Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:

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Charles Delabreth, high constable of France; You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri, Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy; Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont, Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg, Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois; High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights, For your great seats now quit you of great shames. Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur: Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon: Go down upon him,—you have power enough,— And in a captive chariot into Rouen Bring him our prisoner.

Constable. This becomes the great. Sorry am I his numbers are so few, His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march, For I am sure, when he shall see our army, He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear, And for achievement offer us his ransom.

French King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montioy,

And let him say to England that we send

To know what willing ransom he will give.—

Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dauphin. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

French King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—

Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [Exeunt.

Scene VI. The English Camp in Picardy. Enter Gower and Fluellen, meeting.

Gower. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Fluellen. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Fluellen. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—Got pe praised and plessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gower. What do you call him?

Fluellen. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL

Fluellen. Here is the man.

Pistol. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Fluellen. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pistol. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart, And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate, And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel, That goddess blind,

That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

Fluellen. Py your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you

that Fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pistol. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;

For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must a' be:

A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free

And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate:

But Exeter hath given the doom of death

For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak: the duke will hear thy voice;

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut

With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Fluellen. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pistol. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Fluellen. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my prother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to pe used.

Pistol. Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy friendship!

Fluellen. It is well.

Pistol. The fig of Spain!

[Exit.

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Fluellen. Very goot.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Fluellen. I'll assure you, a' uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gower. Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then

goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Fluellen. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [Drum heard.] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and colours. Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

Got pless your majesty!

King Henry. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

Fluellen. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you: and there is gallant and most prave passages; marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

King Henry. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Fluellen. The perdition of th' athversary hath peen very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to pe executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the

man; his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire: and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire 's out.

King Henry. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Montjoy. You know me by my habit.

King Henry. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Montjoy. My master's mind.

King Henry. Unfold it.

Montjoy. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

King Henry. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Montjoy. Montjoy.

King Henry. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy king I do not seek him now; But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth, Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage, My people are with sickness much enfeebled, My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have Almost no better than so many French; Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald, I thought upon one pair of English legs 140 Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God, That I do brag thus!—This your air of France Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent. Go therefore, tell thy master here I am: My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk, My army but a weak and sickly guard: Yet, God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himself and such another neighbour Stand in our way. There 's for thy labour, Montjoy. Go, bid thy master well advise himself: 150 If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd, We shall your tawny ground with your red blood Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well. The sum of all our answer is but this: We would not seek a battle, as we are, Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it: So tell your master.

Montjoy. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[Exit. Gloucester. I hope they will not come upon us now. King Henry. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night.

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,

And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[Exeunt.

Scene VII. The French Camp, near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures,
Orleans, Dauphin, with others.

Constable. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orleans. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Constable. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orleans. Will it never be morning?

Dauphin. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour?

Orleans. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dauphin. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ça, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orleans. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dauphin. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Constable. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dauphin. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orleans. No more, cousin.

Dauphin. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'T is a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: 'Wonder of nature,'—

Orleans. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress. Dauphin. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

Orleans. Your mistress bears well.

Dauphin. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Constable. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dauphin. So perhaps did yours.

Dauphin. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Constable. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dauphin. 'Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:' thou makest use of any thing.

Constable. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or

any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Rambures. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Constable. Stars, my lord.

Dauphin. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Constable. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dauphin. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 't were more honour some were away.

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Constable. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dauphin. Would I were able to load him with his desert!
—Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and
my way shall be paved with English faces.

Constable. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Rambures. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Constable. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dauphin. 'T is midnight; I'll go arm myself. [Exit.

Orleans. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Rambures. He longs to eat the English.

Constable. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orleans. By the white hand of my lady, he 's a gallant prince.

Constable. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orleans. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Constable. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orleans. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Constable. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orleans. I know him to be valiant.

Constable. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orleans. What 's he?

Constable. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orleans. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Constable. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 't is a hooded valour, and when it appears it will bate.

Orleans. Ill will never said well.

Constable. I will cap that proverb with 'There is flattery in friendship.'

Orleans. And I will take up that with 'Give the devil his due.'

Constable. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with 'A pox of the devil.'

Orleans. You are the better at proverbs, by how much 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

Constable. You have shot over.

Orleans. 'T is not the first time you were overshot.

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Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Constable. Who hath measured the ground?

Messenger. The Lord Grandpré.

Constable. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orleans. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!

Constable. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orleans. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy headpieces.

Rambures. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orleans. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Constable. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Orleans. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef. Constable. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orleans. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [Exeunt.



And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel, That goddess blind, That stands upon the rolling restless stone (iii. 6. 25).



ACT IV. PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Now entertain conjecture of a time When creeping murmur and the poring dark Fills the wide vessel of the universe. From camp to camp through the foul womb of night The hum of either army stilly sounds, / That the fix'd sentinels almost receive

The secret whispers of each other's watch. Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames Each battle sees the other's umber'd face: Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs P'ercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents The armourers, accomplishing the knights, With busy hammers closing rivets up, Give dreadful note of preparation: The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll, And the third hour of drowsy morning name. Proud of their numbers and secure in soul. The confident and over-lusty French Do the low-rated English play at dice; And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night, Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp So tediously away. The poor condemned English, Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires Sit patiently, and inly ruminate The morning's danger; and their gesture sad, Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats, Presenteth them unto the gazing moon So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold The royal captain of this ruin'd band Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!' For forth he goes and visits all his host, Bids them good morrow with a modest smile, And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen. Upon his royal face there is no note How dread an army hath enrounded him; Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour Unto the weary and all-watched night, But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty; That every wretch, pining and pale before,

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Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[Exit.

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Scene I. The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King Henry. Gloucester, 't is true that we are in great danger;

The greater therefore should our courage be.— Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty! There is some soul of goodness in things evil, Would men observingly distil it out; For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers, Which is both healthful and good husbandry: Besides, they are our outward consciences, And preachers to us all, admonishing That we should dress us fairly for our end. Thus may we gather honey from the weed, And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham: A good soft pillow for that good white head Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erpingham. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better, Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

King Henry. "T is good for men to love their present pains

Upon example; so the spirit is eas'd:

And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt, The organs, though defunct and dead before,

Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,

With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both, Commend me to the princes in our camp;

Do my good morrow to them, and anon

Desire them all to my pavilion. Gloucester. We shall, my liege.

Erpingham. Shall I attend your grace?

King Henry. No, my good knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England: I and my bosom must debate a while,

And then I would no other company.

Erpingham. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[Exeunt all but King.

King Henry. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pistol. Qui va là?

King Henry. A friend.

Pistol. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

King Henry. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pistol. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

King Henry. Even so. What are you?

Pistol. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

King Henry. Then you are a better than the king.

Pistol. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant.

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-strings I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

King Henry. Harry le Roy.

Pistol. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

King Henry. No, I am a Welshman.

Pistol. Know'st thou Fluellen?

King Henry. Yes.

Pistol. Tell him, I 'll knock his leek about his pate Upon Saint Davy's day.

King Henry. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pistol. Art thou his friend?

King Henry. And his kinsman too.

Pistol. The figo for thee, then!

King Henry. I thank you: God be with you!

Pistol. My name is Pistol call'd.

King Henry. It sorts well with your fierceness.

y. It sorts well with your nerceness.

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[Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captain Fluellen!

Fluellen. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to pe otherwise.

Gower. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Fluellen. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, pe an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now?

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Gower. I will speak lower.

Fluellen. I pray you and peseech you that you will. so [Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.

King Henry. Though it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Williams. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

King Henry. A friend.

Williams. Under what captain serve you?

King Henry. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Williams. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

King Henry. Even as men wracked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

King Henry. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 't is, he could wish himself in

Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

King Henry. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

King Henry. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Williams. That 's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Williams. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; who to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

King Henry. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call

the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murther; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Williams. 'T is certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon

his own head; the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King Henry. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Williams. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

King Henry. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Williams. You pay him then! That 's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You 'll never trust his word after! come, 't is a foolish saying.

King Henry. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Williams. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

King Henry. I embrace it.

Williams. How shall I know thee again?

King Henry. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Williams. Here 's my glove: give me another of thine.

King Henry. There.

Williams. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

King Henry. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Williams. Thou darest as well be hanged.

King Henry. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Williams. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

King Henry. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

[Exeunt Soldiers.

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Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, Our children, and our sins lay on the king! We must bear all. O hard condition, Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy! And what have kings, that privates have not too, Save ceremony, save general ceremony? And what art thou, thou idol ceremony? What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers? What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in? O ceremony, show me but thy worth! What is thy soul of adoration? Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form, Creating awe and fear in other men? Wherein thou art less happy being fear'a Than they in fearing. What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet, But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness, And bid thy ceremony give thee cure! Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out With titles blown from adulation? Will it give place to flexure and low bending? Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee, Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream, That play'st so subtly with a king's repose; I am a king that find thee, and I know 'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball, The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, The intertissued robe of gold and pearl, The farced title running fore the king, The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp

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That beats upon the high shore of this world; No, not all these thrice-gorgeous ceremony, Not all these, laid in bed majestical, Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave, Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread. Never sees horrid night, the child of hell, But, like a lackey, from the rise to set Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn, Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse, And follows so the ever-running year, With profitable labour, to his grave: And, but for ceremony, such a wretch, Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep. Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king. The slave, a member of the country's peace, Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace. Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erpingham. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence, Seek through your camp to find you.

King Henry. Good old knight, 271 Collect them all together at my tent:

I'll be before thee.

I Richard's body have interred new,

Erpingham. I shall do 't, my lord. [Exit. King Henry. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts; Possess them not with fear; take from them now The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord, O, not to-day, think not upon the fault My father made in compassing the crown!

And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

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Enter GLOUCESTER.

Gloucester. My liege!

King Henry. My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [Exeunt.

Scene II. The French Camp.

Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and others.

Orleans. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!

Dauphin. Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet! laquais!
ha!

Orleans. O brave spirit!

Dauphin. Via! les eaux et la terre.

Orleans. Rien puis? l'air et le feu.

Dauphin. Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord constable!

Constable. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

Dauphin. Mount them, and make incision in their hides, That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, And dout them with superfluous courage, ha! Rambures. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. The English are embattled, you French peers. Constable. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse! Do but behold you poor and starved band, And your fair show shall suck away their souls, Leaving them but the shales and husks of men. There is not work enough for all our hands; Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins 20 To give each naked curtle-axe a stain, That our French gallants shall to-day draw out, And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them. The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them. 'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords, That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants, Who in unnecessary action swarm About our squares of battle, were enow To purge this field of such a hilding foe, Though we upon this mountain's basis by 3ú Took stand for idle speculation: But that our honours must not. What 's to say? A very little little let us do, And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound The tucket sonance and the note to mount; For our approach shall so much dare the field That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grandpré. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France? You island carrions, desperate of their bones, Ill-favouredly become the morning field:

Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,

And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Constable. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dauphin. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits, And give their fasting horses provender, And after fight with them?

Constable. I stay but for my guidon: to the field! 60 I will the banner from a trumpet take, And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!

The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[Exeunt.]

Scene III. The English Camp.

Enter the English Host; Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, Salisbury, and Westmoreland.

Gloucester. Where is the king?

Bedford. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

Westmoreland. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exeter. There 's five to one; besides, they all are fresh. Salisbury. God's arm strike with us! 't is a fearful odds. God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

Bedford. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with
thee!

Exeter. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day: And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it, For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[Exit Salisbury.

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Bedford. He is as full of valour as of kindness; Princely in both.

Enter the King.

Westmoreland. O that we now had here But one ten thousand of those men in England That do no work to-day!

King Henry. What 's he that wishes so? My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin: If we are mark'd to die, we are enow To do our country loss; and if to live, The fewer men, the greater share of honour. God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more. By Jove, I am not covetous for gold, Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost; It yearns me not if men my garments wear; Such outward things dwell not in my desires: But if it be a sin to covet honour, I am the most offending soul alive. No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England: God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour As one man more, methinks, would share from me For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more! Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host, That he which hath no stomach to this fight,

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Let him depart; his passport shall be made, And crowns for convoy put into his purse: We would not die in that man's company That fears his fellowship to die with us. This day is call'd the feast of Crispian: He that outlives this day, and comes safe home, Will-stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd, And rouse him at the name of Crispian. He that shall live this day, and see old age, Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours, And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:' Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars, And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.' Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot, But he 'll remember with advantages What feats he did that day: then shall our names, Familiar in his mouth as household words,-Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,--Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd. This story shall the good man teach his son; And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by, From this day to the ending of the world, But we in it shall be remembered, We few, we happy few, we band of brothers: 60 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile, This day shall gentle his condition: And gentlemen in England now a-bed Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here, And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter Salisbury.

Salisbury. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:

The French are bravely in their battles set, And will with all expedience charge on us.

King Henry. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

Westmoreland. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

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King Henry. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

Westmoreland. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

King Henry. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men,

Which likes me better than to wish us one.— You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Montjoy. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry, If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound, Before thy most assured overthrow: For certainly thou art so near the gulf, Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy, The constable desires thee thou wilt mind Thy followers of repentance; that their souls May make a peaceful and a sweet retire From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies Must lie and fester.

King Henry. Who hath sent thee now? Montjoy. The Constable of France.

King Henry. I pray thee, bear my former answer back: Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones. Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus? The man that once did sell the lion's skin While the beast liv'd was kill'd with hunting him. A many of our bodies shall no doubt Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,

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Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the sun shall greet
them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,

Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime, The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France. Mark then abounding valour in our English, That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing, Break out into a second course of mischief. Killing in relapse of mortality. Let me speak proudly: tell the constable We are but warriors for the working-day; Our gavness and our gilt are all besmirch'd With rainy marching in the painful field; There's not a piece of feather in our host— Good argument, I hope, we will not fly-And time hath worn us into slovenry: But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim; And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night They 'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads, And turn them out of service. If they do this,-As, if God please, they shall, - my ransom then Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour; Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald: They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints; Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,

Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Montjoy. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

[Exit.
King Henry. I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg The leading of the vaward.

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King Henry. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march away:

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [Exeunt.

Scene IV. The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter French Soldier, PISTOL, and Boy.

Pistol. Yield, cur!

French Soldier. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pistol. Quality! Callino, castore me! Art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

French Soldier. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pistol. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:

Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark;

O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,

Except, O signieur, thou do give to me

Egregious ransom.

French Soldier. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de

Pistol. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys; Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat

In drops of crimson blood.

French Soldier. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?

Pistol. Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, Offer'st me brass?

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French Soldier. O pardonnez moi!

Pistol. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?

Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French What is his name.

Boy. Écoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?

French Soldier. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pistol. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him: discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pistol. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

French Soldier. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

Pistol. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,

Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;

Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

French Soldier. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.

Pistol. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pistol. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I The crowns will take.

French Soldier. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

French Soldier. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercîmens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre. Pistol. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pistol. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show. Follow

me!

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [Exeunt Pistol and French Soldier.] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.' Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys.

[Exit.

Scene V. Another Part of the Field.

Enter Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, Constable, and Rambures.

Constable. O diable!

Orleans. O Seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu! Dauphin. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune! Do not run away.

o not run away. [A short alarum. Constable. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dauphin. O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orleans. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bourbon. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die in honour: once more back again!

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Constable. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now! Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orleans. We are enow yet living in the field To smother up the English in our throngs, If any order might be thought upon.

Bourbon. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng: Let life be short; else shame will be too long. [Exeunt.

Scene VI. Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter King Henry and forces, Exeter, and others

King Henry. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen:

But all 's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exeter. The Duke of York commends him to your maj-

King Henry. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting;

From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exeter. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie, Larding the plain; and by his bloody side, Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds, The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies. Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over, Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd, And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes That bloodily did yawn upon his face, And cries aloud 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk! My soul shall thine keep company to heaven; Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast, As in this glorious and well-foughten field We kept together in our chivalry!' Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:

He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,

And, with a feeble gripe, says 'Dear my lord, Commend my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

King Henry. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through.

[Exeunt.

[Alarum.

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Scene VII. Another Part of the Field. Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Fluellen. Kill the poys and the luggage! 't is expressly against the law of arms: 't is as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can pe offert; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gower. 'T is certain there 's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter; besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 't is a gallant king!

Fluellen. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was porn?

Gower. Alexander the Great.

Fluellen. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gower. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Fluellen. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons petween Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is poth alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 't is all one, 't is alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in poth. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, Got knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also peing a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Cleitus. 34

Gower. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed

any of his friends.

Fluellen. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, peing in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, peing in his right wits and his goot judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gower. Sir John Falstaff.

Fluellen. That is he: I'll tell you there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gower. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces, Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, and others.

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King Henry. I was not angry since I came to France Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill: If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the field; they do offend our sight. If they 'll do neither, we will come to them, And make them skirr away as swift as stones Enforced from the old Assyrian slings. Besides, we 'll cut the throats of those we have, And not a man of them that we shall take Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exeter. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Gloucester. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

King Henry. How now! what means this, herald? know'st

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom? Com'st thou again for ransom?

Montjoy. No, great king: I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To look our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;

So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters, Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king, To view the field in safety, and dispose Of their dead bodies!

I tell thee truly, herald, King Henry.

I know not if the day be ours or no; For yet a many of your horsemen peer

And gallop o'er the field.

Montjoy. The day is yours.

King Henry. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it! What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Montjoy. They call it Agincourt.

King Henry. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Fluellen. Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

King Henry. They did, Fluellen.

Fluellen. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and I do pelieve your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

King Henry. I wear it for a memorable honour; For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Fluellen. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh ploot out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

King Henry. Thanks, good my countryman.

Fluellen. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world: I need not to pe ashamed of your majesty, praised pe Got, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

King Henry. God keep me so!-Our heralds go with him:

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.

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Exeter. Soldier, you must come to the king.

King Henry. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

Williams. An 't please your majesty, 't is the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

King Henry. An Englishman?

Williams. An 't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

King Henry. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Fluellen. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

King Henry. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great

sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Fluellen. Though he pe as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Pelzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he pe perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

King Henry. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet-

est the fellow.

Williams. So I will, my liege, as I live. King Henry. Who servest thou under?

Williams. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Fluellen. Gower is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge and literatured in the wars.

King Henry. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Williams. I will, my liege.

Exit.

King Henry. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Fluellen. Your grace does me as great honours as can pe desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, an please Got of his grace that I might see.

King Henry. Knowest thou Gower?

Fluellen. He is my dear friend, an please you.

King Henry. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Fluellen. I will fetch him.

[Exit.]

King Henry. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

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The glove which I have given him for a favour

May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;

It is the soldier's: I by bargain should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

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[Exeunt.

Scene VIII. Before King Henry's Pavilion. Enter Gower and Williams.

Williams. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Fluellen. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Williams. Sir, know you this glove?

Fluellen. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Williams. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

[Strikes him.

Fluellen. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

Gower. How now, sir! you villain!

Williams. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Fluellen. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Williams. I am no traitor.

Fluellen. That 's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he 's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER.

Warwick. How now, how now! what 's the matter?

Fluellen. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised pe Got for it!— a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.

King Henry. How now! what 's the matter? 22
Fluellen. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look

your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alencon.

Williams. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Fluellen. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, peggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in your conscience, now?

King Henry. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the

fellow of it.

'I' was I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Fluellen. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

King Henry. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

IVilliams. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

King Henry. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Williams. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

King Henry. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honour in thy cap

Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:

And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Fluellen. Py this day and this light, the fellow has mettle

enough in his pelly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Williams. I will none of your money.

Fluellen. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you pe so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 't is a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

King Henry. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Herald. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

King Henry. What prisoners of good sort are taken,

uncle?

Exeter. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king; John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt: Of other lords and barons, knights and squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

King Henry. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

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That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number, And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead One hundred twenty-six: added to these, Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights: So that, in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries; The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires, And gentlemen of blood and quality. The names of those their nobles that lie dead: Charles Delabreth, high constable of France; Jacques of Chatillon, admiral of France; The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;

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Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dauphin, John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant, The brother to the Duke of Burgundy, And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls, Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix, Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale. Here was a royal fellowship of death!—
Where is the number of our English dead?

Herald shows him another paper.

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk, Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:

None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty.—O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all!—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

Exeter. 'T is wonderful!

King Henry. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this, or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

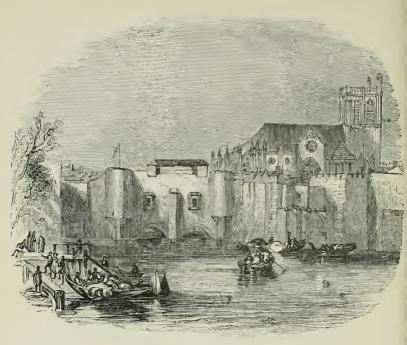
Fluellen. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

King Henry. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment, That God fought for us.

Fluellen. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

King Henry. Do we all holy rites; Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum.' The dead with charity enclos'd in clay, We'll then to Calais; and to England then;

Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [Exeunt.



TROYES.

ACT V. PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story.
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king

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Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen, Heave him away upon your winged thoughts Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys, Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea, Which like a mighty whiffler fore the king Seems to prepare his way: so let him land, And solemnly see him set on to London. So swift a pace hath thought that even now You may imagine him upon Blackheath; Where that his lords desire him to have borne His bruised helmet and his bended sword Before him through the city: he forbids it, Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride; Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent Quite from himself to God. But now behold, In the quick forge and working-house of thought, How London doth pour out her citizens! The mayor and all his brethren in best sort, Like to the senators of the antique Rome, With the plebeians swarming at their heels, Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in; As, by a lower but loving likelihood, Were now the general of our gracious empress, As in good time he may, from Ireland coming, Bringing rebellion broached on his sword. How many would the peaceful city quit, To welcome him! much more, and much more cause, Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;-As yet the lamentation of the French Invites the King of England's stay at home; The emperor coming in behalf of France, To order peace between them ;-and omit All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd, Till Harry's back-return again to France:

There must we bring him; and myself have play'd The interim, by remembering you't is past. Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance, After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [Exit.

Scene I. France. The English Camp. Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that 's right; but why wear you your leek

to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Fluellen. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scald, peggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to pe no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not preed no contention with him; but I will pe so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gower. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock. Fluellen. 'T is no matter for his swellings nor his turkeycocks.—Got pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you!

Pistol. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Fluellen. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it, 24

Pistol. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Fluellen. There is one goat for you. [Strikes him.] Will you pe so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pistol. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Fluellen. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [Strikes him.] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gower. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Fluellen. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pistol. Must I bite?

Fluellen. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pistol. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat, and yet I swear—

Fluellen. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear py.

Pistol. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Fluellen. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pistol. Good.

Fluellen. Ay, leeks is goot. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pistol. Me a groat!

Fluellen. Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pistol. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Fluellen. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall pe a woodmonger, and puy nothing of me but cudgels. Got b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

Exit.

Pistol. All hell shall stir for this.

Gower. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.

Pistol. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital

Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

[Exit.

Scene II. Troyes. A Room in the Palace.

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katherine, Alice, and other Ladies, the Duke of Burgundy, and his train.

King Henry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met! Unto our brother France, and to our sister, Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes To our most fair and princely cousin Katherine; And, as a branch and member of this royalty, By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,

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We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;

And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

French King. Right joyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England; fairly met:

So are you, princes English, every one.

Queen Isabel. So happy be the issue, brother England, Of this good day and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes; Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them Against the French, that met them in their bent, The fatal balls of murthering basilisks:

The venom of such looks, we fairly hope, Have lost their quality, and that this day Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

King Henry. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Queen Isabel. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Burgundy. My duty to you both, on equal love,

Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,

To bring your most imperial majesties Unto this bar and royal interview,

Unto this par and royal interview,

Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd That, face to face and royal eye to eye,

You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,

If I demand, before this royal view,

What rub or what impediment there is,

Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,

Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,

Should not in this best garden of the world,

Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?

Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd,

And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,

Corrupting in it own fertility.

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,

Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd, Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair, Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts That should deracinate such savagery; The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover, Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs, Losing both beauty and utility. And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges. Defective in their natures, grow to wildness, Even so our houses and ourselves and children Have lost, or do not learn for want of time, The sciences that should become our country; But grow like savages,—as soldiers will That nothing do but meditate on blood,-To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire, And every thing that seems unnatural. Which to reduce into our former favour You are assembled: and my speech entreats That I may know the let, why gentle Peace Should not expel these inconveniences And bless us with her former qualities.

King Henry. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace, Whose want gives growth to the imperfections Which you have cited, you must buy that peace with full accord to all our just demands; Whose tenours and particular effects

You have enschedul'd briefly in your hands.

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Burgundy. The king hath heard them; to the which as yet

There is no answer made.

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King Henry. Well then the peace, Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

French King. I have but with a cursorary eye O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace To appoint some of your council presently To sit with us once more, with better heed To re-survey them, we will suddenly Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

King Henry. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter, And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester, Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king; And take with you free power to ratify, Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best Shall see advantageable for our dignity, Any thing in or out of our demands, And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister, Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Queen Isabel. Our gracious brother, I will go with them: Haply a woman's voice may do some good, When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

King Henry. Yet leave our cousin Katherine here with us: She is our capital demand, compris'd Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Queen Isabel. She hath good leave.

[Exeunt all except Henry, Katherine, and Alice. King Henry. Fair Katherine, and most fair,

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms Such as will enter at a lady's ear

And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Katherine. Your majesty sall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

King Henry. O fair Katherine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Katherine. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is 'like me.'

King Henry. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Katherine. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges? Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

King Henry. I said so, dear Katherine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Katherine. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

King Henry. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

King Henry. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say 'I love you:' then if you urge me farther than to say 'do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Katherine. Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

King Henry. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-anapes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of

this temper. Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Katherine. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of

France?

King Henry. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Katherine. I cannot tell vat is dat.

King Henry. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Quand j'ai le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is

as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Katherine. Sauf votre honneur, le Français que vous

parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglais lequel je parle.

King Henry. No, faith, is 't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

Katherine. I cannot tell.

King Henry. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. What savest thou, my fair flowerde-luce?

Katherine. I do not know dat.

King Henry. No; 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katherine du monde, mon très-cher et divin déesse?

Katherine. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to

deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

King Henry. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill laver up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England, I am thine:' which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;' who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katherine, break thy mind to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?

Katherine. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

King Henry. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Katherine. Den it sall also content me.

King Henry. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Katherine. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une votre indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

King Henry. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Katherine. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coûtume de France.

King Henry. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell vat is baiser en Anglish.

King Henry. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.

King Henry. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

King Henry. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [Kissing her.] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the French King and his Queen, Burgundy, and other Lords.

Burgundy. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

King Henry. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Burgundy. Is she not apt?

King Henry. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Burgundy. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to

King Henry. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Burgundy. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

King Henry. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to

consent winking.

Burgundy. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes.

King Henry. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Burgundy. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

King Henry. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

French King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

King Henry. Shall Kate be my wife?

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French King. So please you.

King Henry. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

French King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

King Henry. Is't so, my lords of England?

Westmoreland. The king hath granted every article:

His daughter first, and then in sequel all, According to their firm proposed natures.

Exeter. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:

where your majesty demands that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French, Notre très-cher fils Henri, roi d'Angleterre, héritier

de France; and thus in Latin, Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.

French King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,

But your request shall make me let it pass.

King Henry. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance, Let that one article rank with the rest; And thereupon give me your daughter.

French King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up

Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

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King Henry. Now, welcome, Kate: - and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. *Queen Isabel.* God, the best maker of all marriages, Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one! As man and wife, being two, are one in love, So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal, That never may ill office, or fell jealousy, Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage, Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms, To make divorce of their incorporate league; 340 That English may as French, French Englishmen, Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

King Henry. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day

My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath, And all the peers', for surety of our leagues. Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

Sennet. Exeunt.

EPILOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen, Our bending author hath pursued the story, In little room confining mighty men,

Mangling by starts the full course of their glory. Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd

This star of England: Fortune made his sword; By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,

And of it left his son imperial lord.

Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King Of France and England, did this king succeed;

Whose state so many had the managing,

That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

[Exit





Pistol. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat, and yet I swear-(v. 1 42).

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar (third edition).

A. S., Anglo-Saxon.

A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).

B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.

B. J., Ben Jonson.

Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright. Cf. (confer), compare.

Ci. (conjer), compa

Coll., Collier.

Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.

D., Dyce.

H., Hudson.

Hen. VIII. (followed by reference to page), Rolfe's edition of Henry VIII.

Id. (idem), the same.

1. C. (followed by reference to page), Rolfe's edition of Julius Casar.

J. H., John Hunter's edition of Henry V. (London, n. d.).

K., Knight.

Macb. (followed by reference to page), Rolfe's edition of Macbeth.

Mer., Rolfe's edition of The Merchant of Venice.

M. N. D. (followed by reference to page), Rolfe's edition of A Midsummer-Night's Dream.

Nares, Glossary, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).

Prol., Prologue.

Rich. II. (followed by reference to page), Rolfe's edition of Richard II.

S, Shakespeare.

Schmidt, A. Schmidt's Shakespeare-Lexicon (Berlin, 1874).

Sr., Singer.

St., Staunton.

Temp. (followed by reference to page), Rolfe's edition of The Tempest.

Theo., Theobald.

V.. Verplanck.

W., White.

Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare (London, 1860).

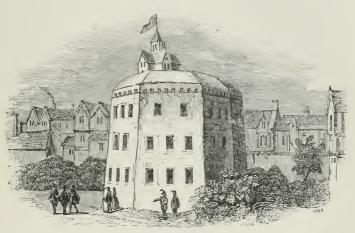
Warb., Warburton.

Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1864).

Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as T. N. for Twelfth Night, Cor. for Coriolanns, 3 Hen. VI. for The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth, etc. P. P. refers to The Passionate Pilgrim; V. and A. to Venus and Adonis; L. C. to Liver's Complaint; and Sonn. to the Sonnets.

NOTES.



THE GLOBE THEATRE.

INTRODUCTION.

The following extracts from Holinshed (which we select from Halliwell's Introduction) contain the more important passages used by the

poet in the play:-

A.D. 1413.—"Whilest in the Lent season the king laie at Killingworth, there came to him from Charles Dolphin of France certeine ambassadors, that brought with them a barrell of Paris balles, which from their maister they presented to him for a token that was taken in verie ill part, as sent in scorne, to signifie that it was more meet for the king to passe the time with such childish exercise, than to attempt any worthie exploit. Wherfore the K. wrote to him that, yer ought long, he would tosse him some London balles that perchance should shake the walles of the best court in France."

A.D. 1414.—" In the second yeare of his reigne, king Henrie called his high court of parlement, the last daie of Aprill, in the towne of Leicester, in which parlement manie profitable lawes were concluded, and manie petitions mooved, were for that time deferred. Amongst which, one was, that a bill exhibited in the parlement holden at Westminster in the eleventh yeare of king Henrie the fourth (which, by reason the king was then troubled with civill discord, came to none effect) might now with good deliberation be pondered, and brought to some good conclusion. The effect of which supplication was, that the temporal lands devoutlie given, and disordinatelie spent by religious, and other spirituall persons, should be seized into the kings hands, sith the same might suffice to mainteine, to the honor of the king, and defense of the realme, fifteene earls, fifteene hundred knights, six thousand and two hundred esquiers, and a hundred almesse-houses, for reliefe onlie of the poore, impotent, and needie persons, and the king to have cleerlie to his coffers twentie thousand pounds, with manie other provisions and values of religious houses, which I passe over.

"This bill was much noted, and more feared among the religious sort, whom suerlie it touched verie neere, and therefore to find remedie against it, they determined to assaie all waies to put by and overthrow this bill; wherein they thought best to trie if they might moove the kings mood with some sharpe invention, that he should not regard the importunate petitions of the commons. Whereupon, on a daie in the parlement, Henrie Chichelie, archbishop of Canturburie, made a pithie oration, wherein he declared, how not onelie the duchies of Normandie and Aquitaine, with the counties of Anjou and Maine, and the countrie of Gascoigne, were by undoubted title apperteining to the king, as to the lawfull and onelie heire of the same; but also to the whole realme of France, as heire to his great grandfather king Edward the third.

"Herein did he much inveie against the surmised and false fained law Salike which the Frenchmen alledge ever against the kings of England in barre of their just title to the crowne of France. The verie words of that supposed law are these, In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant, that is to saie, into the Salike land let not women succeed. Which the French glossers expound to be the realme of France, and that this law was made by king Pharamond; whereas yet their owne authors affirme that the land Salike is in Germanie betweene the rivers of Elbe and Sala; and that when Charles the great had overcome the Saxons, he placed there certeine Frenchmen, which having in disdeine the dishonest maners of the Germane women, made a law, that the females should not succeed to any inheritance within that land, which at this daie is called Meisen, so that, if this be true, this law was not made for the realme of France, nor the Frenchmen possessed the land Salike, till foure hundred and one and twentie yeares after the death of Pharamond, the supposed maker of this Salike law, for this Pharamond deceased in the yeare 426, and Charles the great subdued the Saxons, and placed the Frenchmen in those parts beyond the river of Sala, in the yeare 805.

"Moreover, it appeareth by their owne writers that king Pepine, which deposed Childerike, claimed the crowne of France, as heire generall, for

that he was descended of Blithild, daughter to king Clothair the first: Hugh Capet also, who usurped the crowne upon Charles Duke of Loraine, the sole heire male of the line and stocke of Charles the great, to make his title seeme true, and appeare good, though in deed it was starke naught, conveied himselfe as heire to the ladie Lingard, daughter to king Charlemaine sonne to Lewes the emperour, that was son to Charles the great. King Lewes also the tenth, otherwise called saint Lewes, being verie heir to the said usurper Hugh Capet, could never be satisfied in his conscience how he might justlie keepe and possesse the crowne of France, till he was persuaded and fullie instructed that queene Isabell his grandmother was lineallie descended of the ladie Ermengard daughter and heire to the above named Charles duke of Loraine, by the which marriage, the bloud and line of Charles the great was againe united and restored to the crowne and scepter of France, so that more cleeare than the sunne it openlie appeareth that the title of king Pepin, the claime of Hugh Capet, the possession of Lewes, yea and the French kings to this daie, are derived and conveied from the heire female, though they would under the colour of such a fained law, barre the kings and princes of this realme of England of their right and lawfull inheritance.

"The archbishop further alledged out of the booke of Numbers this saieing: 'When a man dieth without a sonne, let the inheritance descend to his daughter.' At length, having said sufficientlie for the proofe of the kings just and lawfull title to the crowne of France, he exhorted him to advance foorth his banner to fight for his right, to conquer his inheritance, to spare neither bloud, sword, nor fire, sith his warre was just, his cause good, and his claime true. And to the intent his loving chapleins and obedient subjects of the spiritualtie might show themselves willing and desirous to aid his majestie, for the recoverie of his ancient right and true inheritance, the archbishop declared that in their spirituall convocation, they had granted to his highnesse such a summe of monie, as never by no spirituall persons was to any prince before those daies

given or advanced.

"When the archbishop had ended his prepared tale, Rafe Nevill, earle of Westmerland, and as then lord Warden of the marches against Scotland, understanding that the king, upon a couragious desire to recover his right in France, would suerlie take the wars in hand, thought good to moove the king to begin first with Scotland, and thereupon declared how easie a matter it should be to make a conquest there, and how greatlie the same should further his wished purpose for the subduing of the Frenchmen, concluding the sum of his tale with this old saying: that Who so will France win, must with Scotland first begin. Many matters he touched, as well to show how necessarie the conquest of Scotland should be, as also to proove how just a cause the king had to attempt it; trusting to persuade the king and all other to be of his opinion.

"But after he had made an end, the duke of Excester, uncle to the king, a man well learned and wise, who had beene sent into Italie by his father, intending that he should have been a preest, replied against the erle of Westmerlands oration, affirming rather that he which would Scotland win, he with France must first begin. For if the king might once

compasse the conquest of France, Scotland could not long resist; so that conquere France, and Scotland would soon obeie. For where should the Scots lerne policie and skill to defend themselves if they had not their bringing up and training in France. If the French pensions mainteined not the Scotlish nobilitie, in what case should they be. Then take awaie France, and the Scots will soon be tained; France being to Scotland the same that the sap is to the tree, which, being taken awaie, the tree must needs die and wither.

"To be briefe, the duke of Excester used such earnest and pithie persuasions to induce the king and the whole assemblie of the parlement to credit his words, that immediatelie after he had made an end, all the companie beganne to crie, Warre, warre; France, France. Hereby the bill for dissolving of religious houses was clearlie set aside, and nothing thought on but onelie the recovering of France, according as the arch-

bishop had mooved. . . .

"Immediatelie after, the king sent over into France his uncle the duke of Excester, the lord Greie admerall of England, the archbishop of Dubline, and the bishop of Norwich, ambassadors unto the French king, with five hundred horsse, which were lodged in the temple house in Paris, keeping such triumphant cheere in their lodging, and such a solemne estate in their riding through the citie, that the Parisiens and all the Frenchmen had no small mervell at their honorable port. The French king received them verie honorablie and banketted them right sumptuouslie, shewing to them justs and martiall pastimes, by the space of three days togither, in the which justs the king himselfe, to shew his courage and activitie to the Englishmen, manfullie brake speares and lustilie tournied. When the triumph was ended, the English ambassadors, having a time appointed them to declare their message, admitted to the French kings presence, required of him to deliver unto the king of England the realme and crowne of France, with the entier duchies of Aquiteine, Normandie, and Anjou, with the countries of Poictiou and Maine. Manie other requests they made: and this offered withall, that if the French king would, without warre and effusion of Christian bloud, render to the king their maister his verie right and lawfull inheritance, that he would be content to take in mariage the ladie Katharine, daughter to the French king, and to indow her with all the duchies and countries before rehearsed; and if he would not so doo, then the king of England did expresse and signific to him, that with the aid of God, and helpe of his people, he would recover his inheritance, wrongfullie withholden from him, with mortall warre, and dint of sword. . . .

"The Frenchmen being not a little abashed at these demands, thought not to make anie absolute answer in so weightie a cause, till they had further breathed; and therefore praied the English ambassadors to saie to the king their maister, that they now having no opportunitie to conclude in so high a matter, would shortlie send ambassadors into England, which should certifie and declare to the king their whole mind, purpose, and intent. The English ambassadors returned with this answer, making relation of everie thing that was said or doone. King Henrie, after the returne of his ambassadors, determined fullie to make

warre in France, conceiving a good and perfect hope to have fortunate successe, sith victorie for the most part followeth where right leadeth, being advanced forward by justice, and set foorth by equitie."...

A.D. 1415.—" When king Henrie had fullie furnished his navie with men, munition, and other provisions, perceiving that his capteines misliked nothing so much as delaie, determined his souldiors to go a shipboord and awaie. But see the hap, the night before the daie appointed for their departure, he was crediblie informed, that Richard earle of Cambridge, brother to Edward duke of York, and Henrie lord Scroope of ' Masham, lord treasuror, with Thomas Graie, a knight of Northumberland, being confederat togither, had conspired his death; wherefore he caused them to be apprehended. The said lord Scroope was in such fayour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his bed-fellow, in whose fidelitie the king reposed such trust, that when anie privat or publike councell was in hand, this lord had much in the determination of it. For he represented so great gravitie in his countenance, such modestie in behaviour, and so vertuous zeale to all godlinesse in his talke, that whatsoever he said was thought for the most part necessarie to be doone and followed. Also the said sir Thomas Greie (as some

write) was of the kings privie councell.

"These prisoners upon their examination, confessed, that for a great summe of monie which they had received of the French king, they intended verelie either to have delivered the king alive into the hands of his enimies, or else to have murthered him before he should have arrived in the duchie of Normandie. When king Henrie had heard all things opened, which he desired to know, he caused all his nobilitie to come before his presence, before whome he caused to be brought the offendors also, and to them said. Having thus conspired the death and destruction of me, which am the head of the realme and governour of the people, it maie be (no doubt) but that you likewise have sworne the confusion of all that are here with me, and also the desolation of your owne countrie. To what horror (O Lord) for any true English hart to consider, that such an execrable iniquitie should ever so bewrap you, as for pleasing of a forren enimie to imbrue your hands in your bloud, and to ruine your owne native soile. Pevenge herein touching my person, though I seeke not; yet for the safegard of you, my deere freends, and for due preservation of all sorts, I am by office to cause example to be shewed. Get ye hence, therefore, ye poore miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward, wherein Gods majestie give you grace of his mercie and repentance of your heinous offenses. And so immediatelie they were had to execution. . . . Diverse write that Richard earle of Cambridge did not conspire with the lord Scroope and Thomas Graie for the murthering of king Henrie to please the French king withall, but onelie to the intent to exalt to the crowne his brother in law Edmund earle of March as heire to Lionell duke of Clarence: after the death of which earle of March, . . . the earle of Cambridge was sure that the crowne should come to him by his wife, and to his children, of hir begotten. And therefore (as was thought) he rather confessed himselfe for need of monie to be corrupted by the French king, than he would

declare his inward mind, and open his verie intent and secret pur-

pose...

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"But now to proceed with king Henries dooings. After this, when the wind came about prosperous to his purpose, he caused the mariners to weie up anchors, and hoise up sailes, and to set forward with a thousand ships, on the vigil of our ladie daie the Assumption, and tooke land at Caur, commonlie called Kideaux, where the river Saine runneth into the sea, without resistance. . . . The French king being advertised that king Henrie was arrived on that coast, sent in all haste the lord de la Breth constable of France, the seneshall of France, the lord Bouciqualt marshall of France, the seneshall of Henault, the lord Lignie, with other, which fortified townes with men, victuals, and artillerie, on all those frontiers towards the sea. And hearing that Harflue was besieged, they came to the castell of Caudebecke, being not farre from Harflue, to the intent they might succour their freends which were besieged, by some policie or meanes; but the Englishmen, notwithstanding all the damage that the Frenchmen could worke against them, foraied the countrie, spoiled the villages, bringing manie a rich preie to the campe before Harflue. And dailie was the towne assaulted; for the duke of Glocester, to whome the order of the siege was committed, made three mines under the ground, and approching to the wals with his engins and ordinance, would not suffer them within to take anie rest. For although they with their countermining somewhat disappointed the Englishmen, and came to fight with them hand to hand within the mines, so that they went no further forward with that worke; yet they were so inclosed on ech side, as well by water as land, that succour they saw could none come to them....

"The capteins within the towne, perceiving that they were not able long to resist the continuall assaults of the Englishmen, knowing that their wals were undermined, and like to be overthrowne (as one of their bulwarks was alredie, where the earles of Huntington and Kent had set up their banners) sent an officer at armes foorth about midnight after the feast daie of saint Lambert, which fell that yeare upon the tuesdaie, to beseech the king of England to appoint some certeine persons as commissioners from him, with whome they within might treat about some agreement. The duke of Clarence, to whome this messenger first declared his errand, advertised the king of their request, who granting thereto, appointed the duke of Excester with the lord Fitz Hugh, and sir Thomas Erpingham, to understand their minds, who at the first requested a truce untill sundaie next following the feast of saint Michaell, in which meane time, if no succour came to remoove the siege, they would undertake to deliver the towne into the kings hands, their lives and goods saved. The king advertised hereof, sent them word, that except they would surrender the towne to him the morow next insuing, without anie condition, they should spend no more in talke about the

matter...

"The king, neverthelesse was after content to grant a respit upon certeine conditions, that the capteins within might have time to send to the French king for succour (as before ye have heard) lest he intending greater exploits, might lose time in such small matters. When this composition was agreed upon, the lord Bacquevill was sent unto the French king, to declare in what point the towne stood. To whome the Dolphin answered, that the kings power was not yet assembled in such number as was convenient to raise so great a siege. This answer being brought unto the capteins within the towne, they rendered it up to the king of England, after that the third daie was expired. . . . All this done, the king ordeined capteine to the towne his uncle the Duke of Excester, who established his lieutenant there, one sir John Fastolfe, with fifteene hundred men, or (as some have) two thousand and thirtie six knights, whereof the baron of Carew, and sir Hugh Lutterell, were two councellors....

"King Henree, after the winning of Harflue, determined to have proceeded further in the winning of other townes and fortresses; but because the dead time of the winter approched, it was determined by advise of his councell, that he should in all convenient speed set forward, and march through the countrie towards Calis by land, least his returne as then homewards should of slanderous toongs be named a running awaie; and yet that journie was adjudged perillous, by reason that the number of his people was much minished by the flix and other fevers, which sore vexed and brought to death above fifteene hundred persons of the armie; and this was the cause that his returne was the sooner appointed and concluded. .

"At length the king approched the river of Some, and finding all the bridges broken, he came to the passage of Blanchetake, where his great grandfather king Edward the third a little before had stricken the battell of Cressie; but the passage was now so impeached with stakes in the botome of the foord, that he could not passe, his enimies besides there awaie so swarming on all sides. He therefore marched forwards to Arames, marching with his armie, and passing with his carriage in so martial a maner, that he appeared so terrible to his enimies, as they durst not offer him battell. And yet the lord Dalbreth constable of France, the marshall Boncequault, the earl of Vendosme great master of France, the duke of Alanson, and the earle of Richmont, with all the puissance of the Dolphin laie at Abuile, but ever kept the passages, and coasted aloofe, like a hauke though eager vet not hardie on her preie. The king of England kept on his journie till he came to the bridge of saint Maxence, where he found above thirtie thousand Frenchmen, and there pitched his field, looking suerlie to be fought withall. . . .

"The king the same daie found a shallow, between Corbie and Peron, which never was espied before, at which he with his army and carriages the night insuing, passed the water of Some without let or danger, and therewith determined to make haste towards Calis, and not to seeke for battell, except he were thereto constreined, because that his armie by sicknesse was sore diminished, in so much that he had but onelie two thousand horssemen, and thirteen thousande archers, bilmen, and of all

sorts of other footmen.

"The Englishmen were brought into some distresse in this jornie, by reason of their vittels in maner spent, and no hope to get more; for the enimies had destroied all the corne before they came. Rest could they

none take, for their enimies with alarmes did ever so infest them; dailie it rained, and nightlie it freesed; of fuell there was great scarsitie, of fluxes plentie; monie inough, but wares for their relecte to bestow it on, had they none. Yet in this great necessitie, the poor people of the countrie were not spoiled, nor anie thing taken of them without paiment, nor anie outrage or offense done by the Englishmen, except one, which was, that a souldiour tooke a pix out of a church, for which he was apprehended, and the king not once removed till the box was restored, and the offendoor strangled. The people of the countries thereabout, hearing of such zeale in him to the maintenance of justice, ministred to his armie victuals, and other necessaries, although by open proclamation so

to doo they were prohibited.

"The French king being at Rone, and hearing that king Henrie was passed the river of Some, was much displeased therewith, and assembling his councell, to the number of five and thirtie, asked their advise what was to be done. There was amongst these five and thirtie, his sonne the Dolphin, calling himselfe king of Sicill; the dukes of Berrie and Britaine, the earl of Pontieu the kings yoongest sonne, and other high estates. At length thirtie of them agreed that the Englishmen should not depart unfought withall, and five were of a contrarie opinion, but the greater number ruled the matter; and so Montjoy king at armes was sent to the king of England to defie him as the enimie of France, and to tell him that he should shortlie have battell. King Henrie advisedlie answered: Mine intent is to doo as it pleaseth God, I will not seeke your maister at this time; but if he or his seeke me, I will meet with them God willing. If anie of your nation attempt once to stop me in my journie now towards Calis, at their jeopardie be it; and yet wish I not anie of you so unadvised, as to be the occasion that I die your tawnie ground with your red bloud. When he had thus answered the herald, he gave him a princelie reward, and licence to depart. Upon whose returne, with this answer, it was incontinentlie on the French side proclaimed, that all men of warre should resort to the constable to fight with the king of England. Whereupon, all men apt for armor and desirous of honour, drew them toward the field. The Dolphin sore desired to have beene at the battell, but he was prohibited by his father; likewise Philip earle of Charolois would gladlie have beene there, if his father the duke of Burgognie would have suffered him: manie of his men stale awaie, and went to the Frenchmen. The king of England hearing that the Frenchmen approached, and that there was an other river for him to passe with his armie by a bridge, and doubting least if the same bridge should be broken, it would be greatlie to his hinderance, appointed certeine capteins with their bands, to go thither with all speed before him, and to take possession thereof, and so to keepe it, till his comming thither. . . .

"The cheefe leaders of the French host were these: the constable of France, the marshall, the admerall, the lord Rambures maister of the crosbowes, and other of the French nobilitie, which came and pitched downe their standards and banners in the countie of saint Paule, within the territorie of Agincourt, having in their armie (as some write) to the

number of threescore thousand horssemen, besides footmen, wagoners and other. They were lodged even in the waie by the which the Englishmen must needs passe towards Calis, and all that night after their comming thither made great cheare and were verie merie, pleasant, and full of game. The Englishmen also for their parts were of good comfort, and nothing abashed of the matter, and yet they were both hungrie, reconciling themselves with God by hoosell and shrift, requiring assistance at his hands that is the onelie giver of victorie, they determined rather to die, than to yeeld, or flee. The daie following was the five and twentieth of October in the year 1415, being then fridaie, and the feast of Crispine and Crispinian, a day faire and fortunate to the English, but most sorrowfull and unluckie to the French. . . .

"When he had thus ordered his battels, he left a small companie to keepe his campe and cariage, which remained still in the village, and then calling his capteins and soldiers about him, he made to them a right grave oration, mooving them to plaie the men, whereby to obteine a glorious victorie, as there was hope certeine they should, the rather if they would but remember the just cause for which they fought, and whome they should incounter, such faint-harted people as their ancestors had so often overcome. To conclude, manie words of courage he uttered, to stirre them to doo manfullie, assuring them that England should never be charged with his ransome, nor anie Frenchman triumph over him as a captive: for either by famous death or glorious victorie

would he (by Gods grace) win honour and fame.

"It is said that as he heard one of the host utter his wish to another thus: I would to God there were with us now so manie good soldiers as are at this houre within England! the king answered: I would not wish a man more here than I have; we are indeed in comparison to the enimies but a few, but if God of his clemencie doo favour us, and our just cause (as I trust he will) we shall speed well inough. But let no man ascribe victorie to our owne strength and might, but onelie to Gods assistance, to whome I have no doubt we shall worthilie have cause to give thanks therefore. And if so be that for our offenses sakes we shall be delivered into the hands of our enimies, the lesse number we be, the lesse damage shall the realme of England susteine; but if we should fight in trust of multitude of men, and so get the victorie (our minds being prone to pride), we should thereupon peradventure ascribe the victorie not so much to the gift of God, as to our owne puissance, and thereby provoke his high indignation and displeasure against us; and if the enimie get the upper hand, then should our realme and countrie suffer more damage and stand in further danger. But be you of comfort, and show your selves valiant, God and our just quarrell shall defend us, and deliver these our proud adversaries with all the multitude of them which you see, (or at least the most of them), into our hands. . . . The Frenchmen in the meane while, as though they had beene sure of victorie, made great triumph, for the capteins had determined before how to divide the spoile, and the soldiers the night before had plaid the Englishmen at dice. The noble men had devised a chariot, wherein they might trium-

phantlie conveie the king captive to the citie of Paris, crieng to their soldiers; Haste you to the spoile, glorie, and honor; little weening

(God wot) how soone their brags should be blowne awaie.

"Here we maie not forget how the French thus in their jolitie, sent a herald to king Henrie, to inquire what ransome he would offer. Whereunto he answered, that within two or three houses he hoped it would so happen, that the Frenchmen should be glad to common rather with the Englishmen for their ransoms, than the English to take thought for their deliverance, promising for his owne part, that his dead carcasse should rather be a prize to the Frenchmen, than his living bodie should paie anie ransome. When the messenger was come backe to the French host, the men of warre put on their helmets, and caused their trumpets to blow to the battell. They thought themselves so sure of victorie, that diverse of the noble men made such hast towards the battell, that they left manie of their servants and men of warre behind them, and some of them would not once staje for their standards; as amongst other the duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a baner to be taken from a trumpet and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him insteed of his standard. . .

"And so about foure of the clocke in the after noone, the king, when he saw no appearance of enimies, caused the retreit to be blowen; and gathering his armie togither, gave thanks to almightie God for so happie a victorie, causing his prelats and chapleins to sing this psalm, In exitu Israel da Aegypto, and commanded everie man to kneele downe on the grounde at this verse: non nobis Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam. Which doone, he caused Te Deum, with certeine anthems to be soong, giving laud and praise to God, without boasting of his owne force or anie humane power. That night he and his people tooke rest, and refreshed themselves with such victuals as they found in the French campe, but lodged in the same village where he laie the night before.

"In the morning Montjoie king at armes and foure other French heralds came to the K. to know the number of prisoners, and to desire buriall for the dead. Before he made them answer (to understand what they would saie) he demanded of them whie they made to him that request, considering that he knew not whether the victorie was his or theirs. When Montjoie by true and just confession had cleered that doubt to the high praise of the king, he desired of Montjoje to understand the name of the castell neere adjoining: when they had told him it was called Agincourt, he said, Then shall this conflict be called the battell of Agincourt.* . . .

"It was no marvell though this battell was lamentable to the French nation, for in it were taken and slaine the flower of all the nobilitie of

Henry is said to have posted his archers, who contributed so much to the victory.

The battle-field of Crécy (see ii. 4, 54) is only about twenty miles from that of Agincourt, being some twelve miles from Abbeville, on the route from Boulogne to Paris.

The windmill from which Edward III. watched the battle is still standing.

^{*} Agincourt, or Azincour, is about twenty miles south of Saint-Omer, a station on the railway from Calais to Paris. Of the "castell neere adjoining" only the foundations now remain. The hottest of the fight raged between Azincour and the neighbouring commune of Trammecour, where a wood still exists corresponding to that in which

France. There were taken prisoners, Charles duke of Orleance, nephue to the French king, John duke of Burbon, the lord Bouciqualt one of the marshals of France (he after died in England) with a number of other lords, knights, and esquiers, at the least fifteene hundred, besides the common people. There were slaine in all of the French part to the number of ten thousand men, whereof were princes and noble men bearing baners one hundred twentie and six; to these, of knights, esquiers, and gentlemen, so manie as made up the number of eight thousand and foure hundred (of the which five hundred were dubbed knights the night before the battell) so as of the meaner sort, not past sixteene hundred. Amongst those of the nobilitie that were slaine, these were the cheefest, Charles lord de la Breth high constable of France, Jaques of Chatilon lord of Dampier admerall of France, the Lord Rambures master of the crossebowes, sir Guischard Dolphin great master of France, John duke of Alanson, Anthonie duke of Brabant brother to the duke of Burgognie, Edward duke of Bar, the earle of Nevers an other brother to the duke of Burgognie, with the erles of Marle, Vaudemont, Grandpree, Roussie, Fauconberge, Fois and Lestrake, beside a great number of lords and barons of name. Of Englishmen, there died at this battell, Edward duke of Yorke, the earle of Suffolke, sir Richard Kikelie, and Davie Gamme esquier, and of all other not above five and twentie persons, as some doo report. . . .

"The king, like a grave and sober personage, and as one remembering from whom all victories are sent, seemed little to regard such vaine pompe and shewes as were in triumphant sort devised for his welcomming home from so prosperous a journie, in so much that he would not suffer his helmet to be caried with him, whereby might have appeared to the people the blowes and dints that were to be seene in the same; neither would he suffer anie ditties to be made and soong by minstrels of his glorious victorie; for that he would wholie have the praise and

thanks altogither given to God." . . .

A.D. 1420. — "Whilest these victorious exploits were thus happilie atchived by the Englishmen, and that the king laie still at Rone, in giving thanks to almightie God for the same, there came to him eftsoones ambassadours from the French king and the duke of Burgognie to moove him to peace. The king minding not to be reputed for a destroier of the countrie, which he coveted to preserve, or for a causer of Christian bloud still to be spilt in his quarrell, began so to incline and give ear unto their sute and humble request, that at length (after often sending to and fro) and that the bishop of Arras and other men of honor had beene with him, and likewise the earle of Warwike, and the bishop of Rochester had beene with the duke of Burgognie, they both finallie agreed upon certeine articles, so that the French king and his commons would thereto assent. Now was the French king and the queene with their daughter Katharine at Trois in Champaigne governed and ordered by them, which so much favoured the duke of Burgognie, that they would not, for anie earthlie good, once hinder or pull backe one jot of such articles as the same duke should seeke to preferre. And therefore what needeth manie words, a truce tripartite was accorded betweene the two kings and the

duke, and their countries, and order taken that the king of England should send in the companie of the duke of Burgognie his ambassadours into Trois in Champaigne, sufficientlie authorized to treat and conclude of so great a matter. The king of England, being in good hope that all his affaires should take good successe as he could wish or desire, sent to the duke of Burgognie his uncle, the duke of Excester, the earle of Salisburie, the bishop of Elie, the Lord Fanhope, the lord Fitz Hugh, sir John Robsert, and sir Philip Hall, with diverse doctors, to the number of five hundred horsse, which in the companie of the duke of Burgognie came to the citie of Trois the eleventh of March. The king, the queene, and the ladie Katharine them received, and hartilie welcomed, shewing great signes and tokens of love and amitie. After a few daies they fell to councell, in which at length it was concluded that king Henrie of England should come to Trois, and marie the ladie Katharine; and the king hir father after his death should make him heire of his realme, crown and dignitie. . . .

"King Henrie being informed by them of that which they had doone, was well content with the agreement, and with all diligence prepared to go unto Trois. . . . The duke of Burgognie accompanied with many noble men, received him two leagues without the towne, and conveied him to his lodging. All his armie was lodged in small villages thereabout. And after that he had reposed himselfe a little, he went to visit the French king, the queene, and the ladie Katharine, whome he found in saint Peters church, where was a verie joious meeting betwixt them (and this was on the twentith daie of Maie) and there the king of England,

and the ladie Katharine were affianced."*

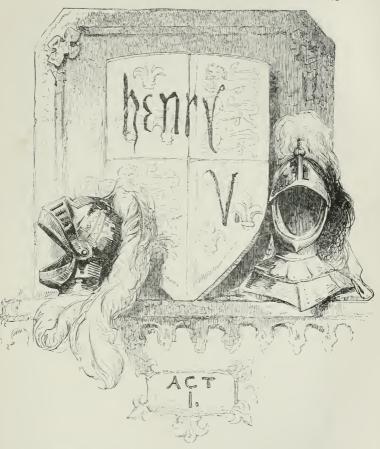
The marriage of Henry and Kathérine took place on the 2d of June, 1420, not in the cathedral where they had been affianced, but in the Church of Saint John, which was built in the 14th century. It is still standing, though in a comparatively ruinous condition. Within the church is a well which furnishes water to the people of that quarter

of the city.



^{*} Saint Peter's Church, or the Cathedral of Troyes, was begun in the early part of the 13th century, the choir being completed about A.D. 1250. The nave was added in the beginning of the 14th century; and the west front, which was never completed, was begun in 1506. The interior has been admirably restored in our day, under the direction of M. Viollet-le-Duc. The windows retain much of their original glass, which is remarkable for its beauty and brilliancy.

The marriage of Henry and Katherine took place on the 2d of June, 1420, not in the



 \mid Prologue.—The folio has "Enter Prologue;" but see line 32 : "Admit me <code>Chorus</code>," etc.

1, 2. Warb, sees here an allusion to the Peripatetic system with its several heavens, "the highest of which was one of fire;" but, as Douce remarks, the poet "simply wishes for poetic fire and a due proportion of inventive genius."

Invention is metrically a quadrisyllable. Gr. 479.

7. Leash'd in like hounds, etc. Cf. J. C. iii. 1. 273: "let slip the dogs of war;" and I Hen. VI. iv. 2. 10:

"You tempt the fury of my three attendants, Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire."

Holinshed says that Henry V. declared to the people of Rouen "that the goddesse of battell, called Bellona, had three handmaidens, ever of necessitie attending upon her, as blood, fire, and famine."

9. Flat, unraised spirit. "Opposed to the Muse of fire, etc." (Schmidt).

The folio has "spirits."

12. Vasty. For similar adjectives, see Gr. 450.

13. This wooden O. The Globe theatre (see cut, p. 131). Cf. A. and C. v. 2. 81: "The little O, the earth." See also M. N. D. p. 165.

The very casques. The mere casques, even the casques. Cf. T. of S. iv. 3. 32: "the very name of meat:" Rich. III. i. 4. 60: "with the very noise," etc.

14. Affright the air. Steevens quotes Prudentius, Psychomachia, 297:

"clypeo dum territat auras."

16. Attest. "Serve as a certificate for" (Schmidt); stand for.

18. Imaginary. Imaginative. Gr. 3.

22. Perilous. Steevens would make this an adverb (= very), as in B. and F., Humorous Lieutenant: "She is perilous crafty," etc.; but it is clearly an adjective. M. Mason cites M. of V. iii. 1. 4: "wracked on the narrow seas—the Goodwins, I think they call the place—a very dangerous flat," etc.

25. Puissance. Army; as in ii. 2. 190 below. Cf. K. John, iii. 1. 339: "draw our puissance together." S. makes the word a dissyllable or a trisyllable, as suits the measure. Cf. iii. prol. 21 below, and 2 Hen. IV.

ii. 3. 52.

30. Accomplishment. Work, performance; as in R. of L. 716. S. uses the word only twice.

31. The which. See Gr. 270.

Scene I. - The Archbishop of Canterbury was Henry Chicheley, a Carthusian monk, recently promoted to that see; the Bishop of Ely was

John Fordham, consecrated in 1388.

It appears from Hall and Holinshed (see p. 132 above) that the business of this scene was transacted at Leicester, where the king held a parliament in the second year of his reign; but the chorus at the beginning of the next act shows that the poet intended to make London the place of his first scene (Malone).

I. Self. Cf. C. of E. v. I. 10: "that self chain," etc. Gr. 20.

3. Was like. Was likely to pass. For the ellipsis, cf. Gr. 397.
4. Scambling. Scrambling. Cf. v. 2. 196 below. See also Much Ado, v. 1. 94 and K. John, iv. 3. 146. Steevens and Halliwell give many examples of the word from writers of the time.

5. Question. Debate, consideration. Cf. ii. 4. 17 below.

15. Lazars. Diseased beggars, lepers. Cf. T. and C. ii. 3. 36 and v. 1.72.

16. Corporal. Corporeal. See Mach. p. 162. 26. Mortified. Killed. See Mach. p. 247.

28. Consideration, etc. "As paradise, when sin and Adam were driven out by the angel, became the habitation of celestial spirits, so the king's heart, since consideration has driven out his follies, is now the receptacle of wisdom and of virtue" (Johnson).

33. In a flood. Alluding, as Johnson thinks, to the cleansing of the

Augean stables by Hercules, who turned a river through them.

34. Currance. Current (compare concurrence, occurrence, etc.). The later folios substitute "currant" or "current."

35. Nor never. For the double negative, see Gr. 406.36. All at once. "And all the rest, and everything else" (Schmidt). Cf. A. Y. L. iii. 5. 36:

"Who might be your mother, That you insult, exult, and all at once, Over the wretched?"

St. says it was a trite phrase in the time of S., and quotes F. Sabie, Fisherman's Tale, 1594: "She wept, she cride, she sob'd, and all at once;" and Middleton, Changeling, iv. 3: "Does love turn fool, run mad, and all at once?"

43. List. For the transitive use, see Gr. 199.

47. Familiar. Used adverbially. Gr. 1. For so omitted before that, see Gr. 283.

48. The air, etc. "This line is exquisitely beautiful" (Johnson). Malone quotes A. Y. L. ii. 7. 48:

> "I must have liberty Withal, as large a charter as the wind, To blow on whom I please.'

51. Practic. Practical. Used by S. nowhere else. Theoric (=theory) occurs in A. W. iv. 3. 162 and Oth. i. 1. 24. The meaning of the passage, as Johnson remarks, is "that his theory must have been taught by art and practice; which, says he, is strange, since he could see little of the true art or practice among his loose companions, nor ever retired to digest his practice into theory." On the "redundant object" in 53, see Gr. 414.

55. Companies. Companions. The use of the word here favours

Theobald's emendation of M. N. D. i. 1. 219.

57. Never noted. For the ellipsis, see Gr. 403.59. Popularity. "Vulgarity" (Schmidt); "plebeian intercourse" (Steevens). So in the only other instance in which S. uses the word,

I Hen. IV. iii. 2. 69: "Enfeoff'd himself to popularity."

60. The strawberry grows, etc. It was a common opinion in the time of S. that plants growing together imbibed each other's qualities. Sweet flowers were planted near fruit-trees with the idea of improving the flavour of the fruit, while ill-smelling plants were carefully cleared away lest the fruit should be tainted by them. But the strawberry was supposed to be an exception to the rule, and not to be corrupted by the "evil communications" of its neighbours. St. Francis de Sales says: "In tilling our garden we cannot but admire the fresh innocence and

purity of the strawberry, because although it creeps along the ground, and is continually crushed by serpents, lizards, and other venomous reptiles, yet it does not imbibe the slightest impression of poison, or the smallest malignant quality—a true sign that it has no affinity with poison;" and again: "In this manner you may remain innocent amidst the hissing of serpents, and, as a little strawberry, you will not suffer contamination from slimy things creeping near you.

63. Contemplation. His serious or thoughtful nature.

66. Crescive in his faculty. "Increasing in its proper power" (Johnson). S. uses crescive nowhere else; but he has crescent in the same sense in Ham. i. 3. 11, A. and C. ii. 1. 10, and Cymb. i. 4. 2. Steevens quotes Drant's Horace's Art of Poetry, 1567: "As lusty youths of crescive age doe flourishe freshe and grow." On his = its, see Gr. 228.

73. Swaying, etc. Inclining our way.

76. Upon. Used temporally, or perhaps = in pursuance of the decrees passed there (Schmidt).

81. Withal. See Gr. 196.

86. Severals is explained by Abbott (Gr. 433) as "details." It is opposed to "generals" in T. and C. i. 3. 180: "Severals and generals of grace exact." In W. T. i. 2. 226 ("some severals Of head-piece extraordinary") it is = individuals. M. Mason would read "several." Unhidden = open, clear. "The passages of his titles are the lines of succession by which his claims descend" (Johnson). Schmidt explains unhidden passages doubtfully as "open, manifest traces (?)."

Scene II.—2. Good uncle. "The person here addressed was Thomas Beaufort, Earl of Dorset, who was half-brother to King Henry IV., being one of the sons of John of Gaunt by Katharine Swynford. He was not made Duke of Exeter until after the battle of Agincourt, Nov. 14, 1416" (Malone).

3. Shall we, etc. The quartos begin the play here.

4. Be resolv'd. Be satisfied. Cf. J. C. iii. 1. 131, iii. 2. 183, iv. 2. 14, etc. 11. The law Salique. See extract from Holinshed, p. 132 above.

15. Or nicely charge, etc. "Take heed, lest by nice and subtle sophistry you burthen your knowing soul, or knowingly burthen your soul, with the guilt of advancing a false title, or of maintaining, by specious fallacies, a claim which, if shown in its native or true colours, would appear to be false" (Johnson). Miscreate = illegitimate. For the form, see Gr. 342; and for with, Gr. 193.

19. Approbation. Proving, establishing. Cf. T. N. iii. 4. 198: "more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him;" Cymb. i. 4.

134: "on the approbation of what I have spoke," etc.

21. Impawn. Pledge, engage. The meaning appears to be, Take care how you commit us to a policy involving such serious consequences.

27. Wrong gives. The folio has "wrongs gives," and in the next line "makes." See Gr. 247.

35. There is no bar, etc. How closely this speech follows Holinshed will be seen by comparing it with the chronicle, pp. 132, 133 above. 40. Gloze. Also spelled glose. It means to explain, though generally

with the added idea of sophistry. Cf. T. and C. ii. 2. 165: "Have gloz'd but superficially;" Rich. II. ii. 1. 10: "whom youth and ease have taught to gloze," etc.

46. Charles the great. That is, Charlemagne. Charlemain in 75 is Charles the Bald, who also assumed the title of Magnus, or Great.

57. Four hundred one and twenty years. No commentator has called attention to the error in subtracting 426 from 805, which leaves 379, not 421. S. follows Holinshed, who appears to have taken 405 from 826.

65. Which. See Gr. 265; and for of = from, in 67, Gr. 166.
72. To fine his title. The reading of the quarto of 1608; the folio has "To find his title." Johnson suggested "To line" (that is, to strengthen, as in Mach. i. 3. 112), but afterwards preferred "find"="to determine in favour of." The Coll. MS. has "found," but Coll. retains fine, as W. does, though both favour line. To fine, as Steevens remarks, is "to make showy or specious." Schmidt prefers find="to trace out."

74. Convey'd himself as heir. Managed to be considered the heir. Convey often means "to do or manage with secrecy" (Schmidt). See

Mach. p. 239, note on Convey your pleasures.

The Lady Lingare. No such person appears in French history. Ritson remarks that "these fictitious persons and pedigrees seem to have been devised by the English heralds, to 'fine a title with some show of truth' which 'in pure truth was corrupt and naught."

77. The tenth. It should be the ninth, as some modern eds. give it; but S. wrote the tenth, copying the error from Holinshed (see p. 133).

79. Conscience. Metrically a trisyllable. Gr. 479.82. Lineal of. Directly descended from.

88. King Lewis his. See Gr. 217.

93. Them. For the reflexive use, see Gr. 223.

94. Imbare. The quarto has "imbace;" the folio, "imbarre." Imbare (=lay open, expose to view) was suggested by Warb. and adopted by Theo.; also by Halliwell, D., W., and others. K. and the Camb. editors prefer "imbar" (=bar in, secure).

98. In the book of Numbers. See Numb. xxvii. 8. For the form writ,

see Gr. 343.

99. When the man dies. That is, without a son. The reading is that of the folio; the quarto has "the sonne," which is followed by some modern eds.

103. Great-grandsire's. That is, Edward III.

107. Defeat on. Cf. Ham. ii. 2. 597:

"Upon whose property and most dear life A damn'd defeat was made."

108. Whiles. See Gr. 137. The allusion here is to the battle of Cressy. as described by Holinshed: "The earle of Northampton and others sent to the king, where he stood aloft on a windmill-hill; the king demanded if his sonne were slaine, hurt, or felled to the earth. No, said the knight that brought the message, but he is sore matched. Well, (said the king,) returne to him and them that sent you, and saie to them, that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, so long as my son is alive; for I will that this journeye be his, with the honour thereof. The slaughter of the French was great and lamentable at the same battle, fought

the 26th August, 1346.'

114. Cold for action. Malone explains this "cold for want of action" (Gr. 154). Cf. Mach. i. 5. 37: "dead for breath;" Cymb. iii. 6. 17: "to sink for food." K. says: "The unemployed forces, seeing the work done to their hands, stood laughing by and indifferent for action-unmoved to action."

118. Renowned them. Made them famous. Cf. T. N. iii. 3. 24: "that

do renown this city."

119. Runs. S. often uses the singular inflection with two singular

nouns as subject. Gr. 336.

126. So hath, etc. The hath is emphatic; "your highness hath indeed what they think and know you have " (Malone).

132. For the measure, see Gr. 463.

137. Lay down our proportions. Assign the proper number of troops.

Cf. 304 below, also ii. 4. 45.

139. Advantages. This may mean "opportunities," as J. H. explains it (cf. iii. 6. 112), or "conditions favourable to success," as Schmidt gives

140. Marches. Borders, border country. Cf. 3 Hen. VI. ii. 1. 140:

"For in the marches here we heard you were."

142. Inland. The quarto has "England," which Coll. quotes in proof that the "copy" for that ed. was obtained by taking notes of the acted play.

144. Intendment. Intention. Cf. V. and A. 222, and A. Y. L. i. 1. 140. 145. Still. Always. Gr. 69. Giddy = excitable. Cf. 2 Hen. IV. iv.

5. 214:

"Be it thy course to busy giddy minds With foreign quarrels.'

See also T. A. iv. 4. 87 and v. 2. 78. The Coll. MS. substitutes "greedy." 150. Brim fulness. Virtually one word (as Schmidt gives it), though the preceding words compel us to print it as two.

151. Gleaned. Exhausted, laid bare (Schmidt), or "drained of soldiers" (J. H.). Assays = attacks, incursions.

153. That. So that. See on i. 1. 47 above.

154. At the ill neighbourhood. The folio reading; the quarto has "at the bruit thereof." For shook, see Gr. 343.

155. Fear'd. Frightened. Cf. M. of V. ii. 1.9:

"this aspect of mine Hath fear'd the valiant;"

and see note in our ed. p. 137.

162. Fame. The Coll. MS. substitutes "train."

163. Chronicle. "The similitude between the chronicle and the sea consists only in this, that they are both full, and filled with something valuable" (Johnson). The quarto has "your," the folio "their chronicle;" her is Johnson's emendation.

165. Sumless. Inestimable. The quarto has "shiplesse treasurie."

See Gr. 446.

166. The folio gives this speech to the Bishop of Ely, but it appears

from Holinshed that it belongs to the Earl of Westmoreland. As Warb. remarks, it is absurd to give it to one of the churchmen in confederacy to push on the king to war with France.

167. France. Metrically a dissyllable. Gr. 486.

173. Tear. The quarto has "spoile," and the folio "tame." The emendation is Rowe's, and is adopted by Coll., Sr., W., the Cambridge editors, Halliwell, and others.

175. Curst. The quarto reading; the folio has "crush'd," which Schmidt explains as "forced, strained." Curst="perverse, froward"

(Walker), or "sharp, bitter" (W.).

176. Safeguard. Also used as a verb in Rich. II. i. 2. 35: "to safe-

guard thine own life."

177. Pretty. Steevens wished to substitute "petty," but pretty is used colloquially in a diminutive sense (Schmidt). Cf. A. and C. v. 2. 243, etc. 178. While that. On that as "a conjunctional affix," see Gr. 287.

179. Advised. "Heedful, wary" (J. H.). Cf. M. of V. i. 1. 142: "with

more advised watch," etc.

181. Consent. Some editors here and in 206 read "concent" (=harmony); "a needless emendation," as Schmidt calls it.
182. Congreeing. Agreeing. The folio reading; the quarto has

"congrueth."

184. In. Into. Gr. 159.

185. Setting endeavour, etc. "The sense is, that all endeavour is to terminate in obedience, to be subordinate to the public good and general design of government" (Johnson).

189. The act of order. Malone explains this as "the law or statute of order;" but it probably means orderly action. Pope changed act to

"art," as does the Coll. MS.

190. They have a king, etc. Malone cites a long passage from Lyly's Euphues and his England, which S. may have had in mind. K. remarks: "This is probable; but, nevertheless, the lines before us are a remarkable instance of the power of S. in the improvement of everything he borrowed. It is not only in the poetic elevation of the description that the improvement consists, but in the rejection of whatever is false or redundant." Sorts = different kinds, or degrees.

191. Correct. Set things right. Not elsewhere used absolutely by S. 192. Venture trade. Johnson compares the phrase "hazard battle."

194. Make boot upon. Seek booty in, plunder. Cf. 2 Hen. VI. iv. 1. 13: "make boot of this." In A. and C. iv. 1.9, "make boot of"=take advantage of.

199. Civil. "Well-governed, peaceful" (Schmidt).

202. Sad-eyed. Sober-looking. For sad=grave, serious, see M. N. D.

203. Executors. Executioners. For the accent, see Gr. 490. Elsewhere it has the modern accent; as in Rich. II. iii. 2. 148, etc.

210. In. Into. See on 184 above.

212. End. Here the quarto enables us to correct the misprint "And" of the folio.

220. Hardiness. Bravery; as in Cymb. iii. 6. 22:

"Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever Of hardiness is mother."

S. uses the word only twice.

Policy="the art of managing public affairs" (Schmidt); as in i. 1.45 and ii. prol. 14, etc.

221. Dauphin. The folio has here, as elsewhere, "Dolphin," which

W. retains.

226. Empery. Empire, dominion; as in T. A. i. 1. 19, 22, 201. It is used in the concrete sense (=country under a prince) in Rich. III. iii. 7.

136 and Cymb. i. 6. 120.

233. Waxen. The folio reading; the quarto has "paper." Either = "easily effaced" (Schmidt). As Hunter remarks, worshipp'd is used in the sense of honoured, and the passage means "a grave without any inscription, not even one of the meanest and most fugitive."

239. Or shall we, etc. That is, shall we spare your feelings and state

our message indirectly? Cf. Rich. III. iii. 5. 93:

"But touch this sparingly, as 't were far off; Because you know, my lord, my mother lives."

245. In few. In few words, in brief. Cf. Temp. i. 2. 144; M. for M. iii. 1. 237; Ham. i. 3. 126, etc.

248. For the measure, see Gr. 469.

252. Galliard. A lively French dance. Cf. T. N. i. 3. 127: "What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?" Sir John Davies, in his Orchestra, describes the dance thus:

"But, for more divers and more pleasing show,
A swift and wandring daunce she did invent,
With passages uncertaine, to and fro,
Yet with a certaine answere and consent
To the quicke musicke of the instrument.
Five was the number of the musicks feet,
Which still the daunce did with five paces meet.
A gallant daunce, that lively doth bewray
A spirit, and a vertue masculine,
Impatient that her house on earth should stay,
Since she herselfe is fiery and divine:
Oft doth she make her body upward fline;
With lofty turnes and capriols in the ayre,
Which with the lusty tunes accordeth faire."

Halliwell quotes *Lanquettes Chronicle*: "About this time [1541] a new trade of daunsyng galiardes upon five paces, and vaunting of horses, was brought into the realme by Italians, which shortly was exercised commonly of all yonge men, and the old facion lefte."

256. Desires you let, etc. For the construction, see Gr. 349, 369.

258. Tennis-balls. In the old play of The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth (see p. 10) this present consists of a gilded tun of tennis-balls and a carpet. The answer of King Henry there is as follows:

"My lord, prince Dolphin is very pleasant with me.
But tell him, that instead of balls of leather,
We will toss him balls of brass and of iron:
Yea, such balls as never were toss'd in France.
The proudest tennis-court in France shall rue it."

Cf. Drayton's Battle of Agincourt:

"I'll send him balls and rackets if I live; That they such racket shall in Paris see, When over line with bandies I shall drive; As that, before the set be fully done, France may perhaps into the hazard run."

261. Rackets. The bat used for striking the ball at tennis. Cf. 2 Hen. IV. ii. 2. 23.

263. Shall strike. For the omission of the relative, see Gr. 244.

266. Chases. According to Douce, "a chace, at tennis, is that spot where a ball falls, beyond which the adversary must strike his ball to gain a point or chace." It seems to have been often used in this latter sense of a point gained in the game. Cf. Sidney's Arcadia, iii.: "Then Fortune (as if she had made chases enow on the one side of that bloody Tenis-court) went on the other side of the line," etc. Halliwell quotes a dialogue from the Marow of the French Tongue, 1625, of which the following is part: "I have thirty, and a chase. . . . And I, I have two chases. —Sir, the last is no chase, but a losse."

267. Comes o'er us. "Wakes us to sad remembrance" (Schmidt); or, perhaps, simply=reminds us. Cf. Oth. iv. 1. 20: "O, it comes o'er my

memory," etc.

269. This poor seat of England. The throne. Cf. i. I. 88 above: "the crown and seat of France." See also Rich. II. ii. I. 120, iii. 2. 119, iv.

1. 218, etc.

270. Living hence. Probably = "withdrawing from the court," as Steevens explains it. Cf. 1 Hen. IV. iii. 2. 32, where the king says to the prince:

"Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost, Which by thy younger brother is supplied, And art almost an alien to the hearts Of all the court and princes of my blood."

See also Rich. II. v. 3. 1, where Henry IV. asks:

"Can no one tell of my unthrifty son?
"T is full three months since I did see him last."

274. Sail. For the metaphor, cf. Sonn. 86. 1: "Was it the proud full sail of his great verse," etc. The Coll. MS. substitutes "soul." 276. For that, etc. "To qualify myself for this undertaking, I have

descended from my station, and studied the arts of life in a lower char-

acter" (Johnson).

282. Gun-stones. Cannon-balls were at first made of stone. Steevens quotes Holinshed: "About seaven of the clocke marched forward the light pieces of ordinance, with stone and powder." In the Brut of England, it is said that Henry "anone lette make tenes balles for the Dolfin in all the haste that they myght, and they were great gonnestones for the Dolfin to playe with alle. But this game at tenes was too rough for the besieged, when Henry playede at the tenes with his hard gonnestones," etc.

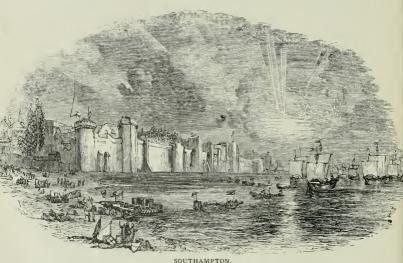
292. Venge. Not "'venge," as often printed. See Rich. II. p. 158.

300. Happy. Favourable, propitious; as often. Cf. Much Ado, iv. I. 285; Rich. II. i. 3. 276, etc.

304. Proportions. See on 137 above. 306. Reasonable. The Coll. MS. needlessly substitutes "seasonable." Steevens quotes T. and C. ii. 2. 44:

> "if he do set The very wings of reason to his heels."

307. God before. "God going before" (W.). Abbott (Gr. 203) explains it as a case of the preposition transposed. The expression occurs again iii. 6. 147. Johnson there quotes an old *Dialogue between a Herdsman* and a Maiden going on a Pilgrimage to Walsingham, in which the herdsman takes his leave in these words: "Now, go thy ways, and God before." 309. Task his thought. Cf. 6 above: "That task our thoughts," etc.



ACT II.

PROLOGUE.—3. Thrive. That is, are doing a good business. The Coll. MS. reads "strive."

6. The mirror, etc. Cf. I Hen. VI. i. 4. 74: "mirror of all martial men;" Hen. VIII. ii. 1. 53: "The mirror of all courtesy," etc.

8. For now sits, etc. Steevens remarks that the idea is taken from the

ancient trophies, in which swords were often encircled with naval or mural crowns. For the personification, cf. Milton, P. L. vi. 306:

> "while Expectation stood In horrour."

Henley says that the image is borrowed from a wood-cut in the 1st ed. of Holinshed.

19. Kind. True to their nature or kinship; "not degenerate and corrupt, but such as a thing or person ought to be" (Schmidt); nearly equivalent to natural. Cf. M. for M. iii. 1. 229: "in his love toward her ever most kind and natural."

21. Hollow bosoms. False hearts. Cf. Hen. VIII. iii. 1. 104: "hollow

hearts," etc.

23. Richard earl of Cambridge. Pichard de Coninsbury, younger son of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. He was father of Richard Duke of York, who was father of Edward IV.

24. Henry lord Scroop. Third husband of Joan Duchess of York, mother-in-law of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

26. The gilt of France. The gold of France; the only instance of this sense in S. Steevens quotes An Alarum for London, 1602:

> "To spend the victuals of our citizens, Which we can scarcely compass now for gilt."

For the play on gilt and guilt, cf. 2 Hen. IV. iv. 5. 129, and see Mach. p. 192. 28. This grace of kings. Used in a complimentary sense, like "mirror of all Christian kings" in 6 above. Steevens quotes Chapman's Homer:

> "with her the grace of kings, Wise Ithacus, ascended;"

and again:

"Idæus, guider of the mules, discern'd this grace of men."

31, 32. The folio reads:

"Linger your patience on, and wee 'l digest Th' abuse of distance; force a play:" etc.

The passage is "evidently corrupt" (Schmidt), and perhaps hopelessly so. Well, suggested by Pope, is generally adopted; and many editors accept his reading of the next line, "The abuse of distance, while we force a play." The Coll.-MS. has "and so force a play." K. believes that the lines were meant to be erased. Steevens explains force a play as "to produce a play by compelling many circumstances into a narrow compass." Force is used by S. in the sense of farce (=stuff, as in "force-meat" still) in T. and C. ii. 3. 232 and v. 1. 64.

35. Gentles. Gentlefolk. Compare L. L. L. iv. 2. 172: "the gentles are at their game." It is usually a vocative, as here. Cf. L. L. L. ii. I.

225; M. N. D. v. 1. 128, 436; M. W. iii. 2. 92, etc.

40. We'll not offend, etc. "That is, you shall pass the sea without the

qualms of sea-sickness" (Johnson).

41. Till the king come, etc. The meaning evidently is that the scene is not to be changed to Southampton until the king makes his appearance; but there seems to be a "confusion of construction." Cf. Gr. 409-416. Of the emendations suggested, Hanmer's "But when the king comes forth" is the only one worth mentioning.

Scene I.—2. Lieutenant Bardolph. Some commentators would make Bardolph a "corporal," and not a "lieutenant;" but, as K. remarks, they overlook the tone of authority which he uses both to Pistol and Nym. It appears from an old MS. in the British Museum, that Wm. Pistail and R. Bardolf were among the cannoniers serving in Normandy in 1435.

3. Ancient. Corrupted from ensign. In 1 Hen. IV. iv. 2. 34 it meant

the standard.

5. Smiles. Farmer suggested "smites" (also in the Coll. MS.), which W. adopts. Malone says: "Perhaps Nym means only to say, I care not whether we are friends at present; however, when time shall serve, we shall be in good humour with each other: but be it as it may."

18. Troth-plight. Betrothed. It is also an adjective in W. T. v. 3. 151: "Is troth-plight to your daughter." In W. T. i. 2. 278 it is a noun.

22. A tired mare. Steevens quotes Pierce's Supererogation: "Silence is a slave in a chain, and patience the common pack-horse of the world."

26. Tike. Cur. Cf. Lear, iii. 6. 73: "Or bobtail tike."

33. Drawn. The folio has "hewn." Theo. suggested drawn, which is adopted by the Camb. editors, D., W., and others. Halliwell retains hewn, which some explain as—drunk. Lady refers to the Virgin Mary.

hewn, which some explain as =drunk. Lady refers to the Virgin Mary. 39. Iceland. The folio has "Island," the quarto "Iseland." Steevens quotes Ram-Alley, 1611: "A baboon, a parrot, and an Izeland dog;" and Two Wise Men, etc., 1619: "these Iceland dogs." Halliwell says that Fleming in his English Dogges, 1576, mentions "Iseland dogges, curled and rough all over."

42. Shog. "Nym's word for jog" (Schmidt). Halliwell quotes examples of it from B. and F., and other writers of the time. Solus is of

course the Latin for alone.

44. Mervailous. The folio reading, probably="marvellous," which many eds. substitute for it. Schmidt calls it "an unintelligible word."

46. Perdy. A corruption of par Dieu. Cf. C. of E. iv. 4. 74; Ham.

iii. 2. 305, etc.

49. I can take. The quarto has "talk," which Malone prefers. As K. suggests, I can take may mean, as in modern slang, "I understand you; I know what you are about."

51. Barbason. A demon; also mentioned in M. W. ii. 2. 311. "The unmeaning tumour of Pistol's speech very naturally reminds Nym of the

sounding nonsense uttered by conjurers " (Steevens).

59. Exhale. The commentators are in doubt whether this means "draw your sword" or "die." Either makes sense—if it be necessary to make Pistol speak sense.

68. Couple a gorge! The folio reading, which some editors think it necessary to change to good French, "Coupe la gorge;" though, as we see in iv. 4, Pistol has but a poor smattering of that language.

70. Hound of Crete. Malone thinks that here is an insinuation that

Nym "thirsted for blood," as the Cretan hounds "appear to have been bloodhounds;" but as Steevens sagely remarks, "Pistol on the present, as on many other occasions, makes use of words to which he had no determinate meaning."

71. Spital. Hospital; as in the London Spitalfields. It occurs again in v. 1. 73. Powdering tub refers to the treatment of certain diseases

by sweating in a heated tub.

73. The lazar kite, etc. Steevens quotes Gascoigne, Dan Bartholomew of Bathe, 1587: "Nor seldom seene in kites of Cressid's kind;" and Greene, Card of Fancy, 1601: "What courtesy is to be found in such kites of Cressid's kind?" In The Forrest of Fancy, 1579, we find "any catte of Cressid's kind."

95. Compound. Agree, come to terms. Cf. iv. 3. 80 and iv. 6. 33

below.

116. Quotidian tertian. The dame jumbles together the quotidian fever, the paroxysms of which recurred daily, and the tertian, in which the period was three days.

121. Fracted. Broken. Cf. T. of A. ii. 1. 22: "his fracted dates." Strange to say, no critic has attempted to make sense of corroborate.

124. Lambkins. Cf. 2 Hen. IV. v. 3. 121: "thy tender lambkin now is king." The folio has "for (Lambekins) we will liue;" and some modern eds. give "for, lambkins, we," etc. Condole is used by S. only here and in Bottom's blundering talk in M. N. D. i. 2. 29, 43.

Scene II.-I. Fore. Usually printed "'fore" in the modern eds. We follow the early eds. and Schmidt in giving it fore. It occurs often in S. 2. By and by. Presently, soon; as often in S. Cf. V. and A. 347:

"But now her cheek was pale, and by and by It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky;"

T. G. of V. i. 3. 85:

"The uncertain glory of an April day, Which now shows all the beauty of the sun. And by and by a cloud takes all away."

Ham. iii. 2. 391:

"Polonius. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Hamlet. Then I will come to my mother by and by," etc.

See also Matt. xiii. 21 and Luke, xxi. 9.

8. His bedfellow. S. here follows Holinshed (see p. 135 above). Steevens quotes A Knack to Know a Knave, 1594: "Yet, for thou wast once bedfellow to a king," etc. Bedfellow was common as a familiar appellation among the nobility in olden time.

15. Powers. Forces. S. uses both the singular and the plural in this

sense. See 7. C. p. 168, note on Are levying powers.

23. Nor leave not. See Gr. 406.

31. Create. For the form, see Gr. 342. Cf. miscreate, i. 2. 16.

33. Shall forget, etc. Perhaps S. had in mind Psalms, cxxxvii. 5

36. Steeled sinews. Cf. iv. I. 274: "steel my soldiers' hearts."

43. His more advice. "His return to more coolness of mind" (Johnson). The Coll. MS. has "our" for his, but no change is called for. Cf. M. of V. iv. 2. 6: "upon more advice" (that is, upon reflection); M. for M. v. 1. 469: "after more advice," etc. Gr. 17.

44. Security. Carelessness, confidence. Cf. J. C. ii. 3. 8: "security gives way to conspiracy;" Mach. iii. 5. 32: "security Is mortals' chiefest

enemy," etc.

46. By his sufferance. By tolerating him. Cf. Cor. iii. 1. 24: "Against

all noble sufferance," etc.

53. Heavy orisons. Weighty petitions. Cf. Cymb. i. 3. 32: "to en-

counter me with orisons," etc.

54. Proceeding on distemper. "Committed in the state of drunkenness" (Schmidt). Cf. Gr. 180. Distemper often means mental derangement or excitement—in this case, due to intoxication. Cf. Oth. i. 1.99: "Full of supper and distempering draughts." Steevens quotes Holinshed: "gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith distempered and reeled as he went."

55. How shall we, etc. "If we may not wink at small faults, how wide

must we open our eyes at great?" (Johnson).

61. Late. Lately appointed; as in ii. 4. 31 below it means lately sent. The Coll. MS. substitutes "state."

74: Paper. That is, white as paper. Cf. Macb. v. 3. 16: "those linen cheeks of thine."

75. Cowarded. Not elsewhere used by S. as a verb. Gr. 290.

79. Quick. Living. Cf. Ham. v. 1. 137: "'t is for the dead, not for the quick," etc. See also Acts, x. 42; 2 Tim. iv. 1; Heb. iv. 12, etc.

87. Appertinents. Used by S. as a noun only here. We have the

adjective in L. L. L. i. 2. 17 and 2 Hen. IV. i. 2. 194.

95. Ingrateful. Used by S. oftener than ungrateful. Gr. 442.

98. Coin'd me into gold. Cf. J. C. iv. 3. 72:

"By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, And drop my blood for drachmas," etc.

102. Annoy. Harm. Cf. 7. C. i. 3. 22: "without annoying me," etc. 103. Stands off, etc. Stands out as distinctly, etc.

106. Either's. Each other's. Cf. Temp. i. 2. 450: "They are both in either's powers," etc.

107. Grossly. "Palpably; with a plain and visible connection of

cause and effect" (Johnson). For *cause* the Coll. MS, has "course." 108. *That admiration*, etc. That they excited no exclamation of surprise. Boswell quotes A. Y. L. iii. 2. 203: "wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!"

113. Voice. Verdict, judgment. Cf. M. of V. iv. 1. 356: "'gainst all

other voice," etc.

117. Glistering. S. does not use glisten. See Mer. p. 145.

118. Temper'd. Fashioned, moulded. Cf. T. G. of V. iii. 2. 64, etc.

122. Lion gait. Cf. 1 Pet. v. 8.

123. Vasty Tartar. On vasty, cf. i. prol. 12 and ii. 4. 105; and on Tartar=Tartarus, T. N. ii. 5. 225 and C. of E. iv. 2. 32.

127. Affiance. Confidence. Cf. Cymb. i. 6. 163. "One of the worst

consequences of breach of trust is the diminution of that confidence which makes the happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which is the poison of society" (Johnson).

·Show. Appear. Cf. V. and A. 366; R. of L. 252, 395; M. of V. ii. 2.

193, iv. 1. 196, etc.

134. In modest complement. "That is, in a corresponding outward appearance" (Schmidt). St. makes complement = "accomplishments; perfection, completeness; applied sometimes to mental, sometimes to physical attainments, and occasionally, as here, merely to the taste and elegance displayed in dress." He quotes a note of Drayton's upon the Epistle from Geraldine to Lord Surrey: "but Apparell and the outward Appearance intituled Complement." The modern distinction of complement and compliment is not found in the early eds. of S., the former being the only orthography.

135. Not working, etc. Not trusting the air or look of any man till he

had tried him by enquiry and conversation (Johnson).

136. And but in purged judgment, etc. And trusting neither eye nor

ear except after careful scrutiny of the reasons for doing so.

137. Bolted. Sifted, refined. Cf. Cor. iii. 1. 322: "bolted language." 139. To mark, etc. The folio has "To make." The emendation is due to Theo.

Full-fraught and best indued = most gifted and most richly endowed. Gr. 398. For the thought, cf. Cymb. iii. 4. 63:

> "so thou, Posthumus, Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men; Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd From thy great fall."

147. Henry. The quarto reading; the folio has "Thomas," which is wrong.

151. Discover'd. Uncovered, disclosed. Gr. 439.

159. Which. As to which. Gr. 272. Sufferance = suffering; or "death

by execution" (Schmidt).

165. My fault, etc. Reed quotes the words of Parry, a conspirator against Queen Elizabeth: "Discharge me a culpa, but not a pana, good ladie."

169. Earnest. Earnest money; "a part paid beforehand as a pledge" (Schmidt). Cf. W. T. iv. 4. 659: "Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it," etc.

175. Tender. Cherish, take care of. Cf. Rich. II. i. 1. 32: "Tendering the precious safety of my prince," etc.

176. You have sought. The quarto reading; the 1st folio omits have,

and the later folios have "you three sought."

181. Dear. Grievous. See Rich. II. p. 164, or Temp. p. 124.

188. Rub. Obstacle, impediment. Cf. Rich. II. iii. 4. 4: "the world is full of rubs;" and see note in our ed. p. 197.

190. Puissance. See on i. prol. 25.

191. Expedition. March. Cf J. C. iv. 3. 170: "Bending their expedition toward Philippi," etc.

192. Cheerly. Cheerfully, gladly. Cf. Temp. i. 1.6: "Cheerly, cheerly, my hearts!" Rich. II. i. 3. 66: "cheerly drawing breath," etc.

The signs of war = banners. On advance, cf. L. L. iv. 3. 367: "Advance your standards;" K. John, ii. 1. 207: "These flags of France, that are advanced here," etc.

Scene III.—I. Honey-sweet. Cf. T. and C. iii. I. 71: "honey-sweet

lord;" Id. iii. 1. 154: "honey-sweet queen."

Bring thee = accompany thee. Cf. W. T. iv. 3. 122: "Shall I bring thee on the way?" See also Gen. xviii. 16; Acts, xxi. 5; 2 Cor. i. 16, etc.

3. Yearn. Grieve, mourn. The word is "erne" in the 1st and 2d folios, "yern" in the 3d and 4th. See 7. C. p. 153, note on The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon.

8. Arthur's bosom. Mrs. Quickly is not strong on Scripture.

9. Finer. Johnson thought this a blunder for final, but it is more

likely = fine, as Malone and Schmidt make it.

10. Christom. A blunder for chrisom. The chrisom was the white vesture put upon the child after baptism, and worn until the mother came to be churched. Blount, in his Glossography, 1678, says that chrisoms in the bills of mortality are such children as die within the month of birth, because during that time they were to wear the chrisom cloth.

12. The turning o' the tide. Alluding to the old notion that nobody

dies except at the ebb of the tide.

15. A' babbled of green fields. The folio has "a Table of greene fields." The emendation is Theobald's, and is generally adopted. W. calls it * "the most felicitous conjectural emendation ever made of Shakespeare's text." It is sustained by the preceding "play with flowers." Various other corrections have been suggested, but they are hardly worth mentioning.

19. A' should not think of God. Malone suggests that S. may have been indebted to the following story in Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1595: "A gentlewoman fearing to be drowned, said, now Jesu receive our soules! Soft, mistress, answered the waterman; I trow, we are not

come to that passe yet."

23. Upward and upward. W. prints "up'ard, and up'ard," and says, "Thus the original, very characteristically." But the folio has "vppeer'd, and vpward;" and the quarto, "vpward, and vpward."

25. Of sack. For of=about, concerning, see Gr. 174.

- 30. Carnation. Mrs. Quickly confounds incarnate and carnation; but the former was sometimes used for the latter. Henderson quotes Questions of Love, 1566: "Yelowe, pale, redde, blue, whyte, graye, and incarnate;" and Reed adds from the Inventory of the Furniture to be provided for the Reception of the Royal Family, at the Restoration, 1660: "the rich incarnate velvet bed;" and again: "his majesty's incarnate velvet bed."
- 41. Pitch and pay. A proverbial expression of the time. Steevens quotes several examples of it; as from Blurt Master Constable, 1602: "will you pitch and pay, or will your worship run?" Farmer adds from Florio: "Pitch and paie, and go your waie."

44. Hold-fast, etc. Alluding to the old proverb, "Brag is a good dog, but hold-fast is a better" (Douce).

45. Caveto. Take care, be cautious. The quarto has "cophetua."

46. Clear thy crystals. Dry thine eyes; though Johnson thought it might better mean "wash thy glasses.

Scene IV.—I. Comes. For the singular form, see Gr. 335.

2. More than carefully. "With more than common care" (Johnson). 5. Make forth. Go forth. Cf. J. C. v. 1. 25: "Make forth; the generals would have some words," etc.

7. Line. Strengthen, fortify. Cf. Macb. i. 3. 112: "did line the rebel;" and see note in our ed. p. 164. See also on i. 2. 72 above.

9. England. The King of England. Cf. K. John, iii. 4. S: "And

bloody England into England gone," etc. See Mach. p. 239.

11. Fits. Befits, becomes. Cf. T. G. of V. i. 1. 81: "A silly answer and fitting well a sheep," etc.

13. Fatal and neglected. "Fatally neglected, neglected to our destruc-

tion" (Schmidt).

16. Dull. Make inert and careless. Cf. Oth. ii. 3. 394: "Dull not

device by coldness and delay." 18. Musters. Levies of troops. For the arrangement, cf. M. N. D.

iii. 1. 113, 114; Ham. iii. 1. 151; Macb. i. 3. 60, etc.

20. As were. See Gr. 107.

25. A Whitsun morris - dance. An ancient dance in which the performers were dressed in grotesque costume, with bells, etc. For a full description of it, see Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare.

26. King'd. Furnished with a king. In Rich. II. v. 5. 36 it is = made a king. Steevens quotes Warner's Albion's England, viii. 42: "and

king'd his sister's son."

28. Humorous. Capricious. In K. John, ii. 1. 119 Fortune is called

"her humorous ladyship."

31. Question your grace. For the "optative subjunctive," see Gr. 364. In exception. In taking exception, making objections. Cf. 1 Hen.

IV. i. 3. 78; Ham. v. 2. 242, etc.

35. Constant. Firm, unshaken; as in ii. 2. 133 above. Cf. 7. C. iii. 1. 22: "Cassius, be constant;" Id. iii. 1. 60: "constant as the northern star," etc.

36. Forespent. Past. In Cymb. ii. 3. 64, it is=previously bestowed: and in 2 Hen. IV. i. 1. 37, exhausted.

37, 38. Malone compares R. of L. 1807:

"Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side, Seeing such emulation in their woe Began to clothe his wit in state and pride, Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show. He with the Romans was esteemed so As silly-jeering idiots are with kings, For sportive words and uttering foolish things.

"But now he throws that shallow habit by, Wherein deep policy did him disguise, And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly," To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes."

Boswell remarks that the best commentary on the passage will be found

in Prince Henry's soliloquy in I Hen. IV. i. 2. 219-241.

46. Projection. Projecting, plan, calculation. Cf. Gr. 451. The construction is somewhat confused, but the meaning, as Malone suggests, evidently is, "which proportions of defence, when weakly and niggardly projected, resemble a miser who spoils his coat," etc.

50. Hath been flesh'd. Hath preyed. Cf. 2 Hen. IV. iv. 5. 133:

"the wild dog Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent."

For of him = his, see Gr. 225. Cf. 64 below.

51. Strain. Lineage, race. Cf. J. C. v. 1. 39: "the noblest of thy strain;" T. of A. i. 1. 259:

"The strain of man's bred out Into baboon and monkey."

53. For *much*, see Gr. 51.

54. Was struck. Schmidt compares Cymb. v. 5. 468: "the stroke of this battle." Steevens quotes the title of one of Sir David Lyndsay's poems: "How king Ninus began the first warres and strake the first battell."

55. Captiv'd. S. does not use the verb elsewhere. Gr. 290.

57. His mountain sire. Theo, would read "mounting" = high-minded, aspiring. The Coll. MS. has "mighty." Steevens quotes Spenser, F. Q. i. II. 4:

"Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill."

As Malone remarks, the repetition of *mountain* is much in the poet's manner. See Mach. p. 250, note on Stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff.

64. Fate. "Great good fortune ordained by destiny" (Schmidt). Cf.

A. and C. iii. 13. 169: "I will oppose his fate."

70. Most spend their mouths. "That is, bark; the sportsman's term" (Johnson). Cf. V. and A. 695: "Then do they spend their mouths." See also M. N. D. iv. 1. 128 and 1 Hen. VI. ii. 4. 12.

72. Good my sovereign. See Gr. 13.

80. Longs. Not "longs," as often printed. See Hen. VIII. p. 162, note on Longing. For the singular form, see Gr. 247.

85. Sinister. For the accent, see Gr. 490. Awkward = "perverse,

unbecoming" (Schmidt).

88. Line. Pedigree; as it is called two lines below.

90. Overlook. Look over, read. Cf. Ham. iv. 6. 13: "when thou shalt have overlooked this," etc.

91. Evenly. "In a straight line, directly" (Schmidt). Cf. 1 Hen. IV.

iii. 1. 103: "In a new channel, fair and evenly."

99. Fiery. The folio has "fierce," an easy misprint for "fierie." Walker made the correction, which is adopted by D., W., and others.

101. Will compel. See Gr. 311 and 348.
103. For "to omitted and inserted," see Gr. 350.

105. Vasty. See on ii. 2. 123; and for the use of and, Gr. 95.

113. For us. As for us. Gr. 149. 124. Womby. See Gr. 450.

125. Chide your trespass. That is, sound it abroad, proclaim it aloud.

Cf. Temp. iii. 3. 99: "it did bass my trespass." For chiding=resounding, cf. Hen. VIII. iii. 2. 197: "the chiding flood." See also I Hen. IV. iii. 1. 45: "the sea That chides the banks of England," etc.

126. Ordinance. Ordnance. Cf. K. John, ii. 1. 218, and see extract from Holinshed, p. 136 above. In iii. prol. 26, where the word is a dissyllable, the folio has "Ordenance;" so "Ordinance" in Ham. v. 2. 281, But we find "Ordnance" in T. of S. i. 2. 204 and I Hen. VI. i. 4. 15.

132. Louvre. According to some writers the ancient palace of the Louvre was built in the 7th century. What is now called the "Old Louvre" was begun in 1528 under Francis I., and completed by Henry

II. in 1548.

137. Masters. Possesses. Cf. Sonn. 106. 8: "Even such a beauty as you master now;" M. of V. v. 1. 174: "the wealth That the world masters," etc.

143. Footed. Landed. Cf. Lear, iii. 3. 14 and iii. 7. 15.



HEIGHTS BETWEEN HAVRE AND HARFLEUR.

ACT III.

PROLOGUE. - With imagin'd wing. With the speed of imagination, Cf. M. of V, iii. 4. 52: "with imagin'd speed."

4. Well appointed. Well furnished, well equipped. Cf. 1 Hen. IV. i. I. 190, iv. I. 25, etc.

Hampton pier. The folio has "Douer peer," which is an obvious error.

See ii. prol. 30, 34, 42.

5. His royalty. His majesty. Cf. L. L. v. 2. 670; W. T. i. 2. 15; K. 70hn, v. 2. 129, etc.

6. Fanning. The folio has "fayning;" corrected by Rowe. Cf. Macb.

i. 2. 49:

"Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky And fan our people cold."

10. Threaden. Cf. L. C. 33: "her threaden fillet."
11. With. By. See Gr. 193. The Coll. MS. has "Blown" for Borne. 14. Rivage. Bank, shore (Fr. rivage). Cf. Spenser, F. Q. iv. 6. 20:

> "The which Pactolus with his waters shere Throwes forth upon the rivage round about him nere."

The folio has here, as elsewhere, "Harflew." 17. Harfleur.

18. Sternage. "Stern, steerage" (Schmidt). Holinshed has the verh stern = steer; and Chapman the noun = rudder. See Wb.

21. Puissance. For the pronunciation, see on i. prol. 25. On pith =

strength, cf. Oth. i. 3. 83 and Ham. iii. 1. 86.

30. To dowry. On to=for, see Gr. 189.

32. Likes not. Pleases not. Cf. iv. 3. 77: "Which likes me better,"

etc. Gr. 297.

33. Linstock. "The staff to which the match is fixed when the ordnance is fired" (Johnson). In the stage-direction that follows, chambers = small cannon. Cf. 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4. 57: "the charged chambers." See Hen. VIII. p. 9. On devilish cannon, cf. Spenser, F. Q. i. 7. 13: "that divelish yron Engin."

35. Eke. In the folio "eech." In M. of V. iii. 2. 23, we have "ich." In Per. iii. prol. 13, it rhymes with speech. W. believes, however, that in

this case speech was pronounced like speak, and not eke like each.

Scene I .- 7. Summon. Rowe's correction of the "commune" of the early eds.

8. Hard-favour'd. Hard-featured, ill-looking. Cf. V. and A. 133:

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old," etc.

9. Aspect. For the accent, see Gr. 490.

10. Portage. Port-hole.

II. O'erwhelm. Lower above. Cf. V. and A. 183: "His louring

brows o'erwhelming his fair sight," etc.

13. Jutty. Project beyond. Used by S. as a verb nowhere else. Confounded = wasted, wave - worn. Cf. Temp. ii. 1. 120: "wave - worn basis." On confound = destroy, see Mach. p. 189.

14. Swill'd with. Swallowed by. S. uses swill only here and in Rich.

III. v. 2. 9:

"The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar, That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines, Swills your warm blood," etc.

On ocean, see Gr. 479.

15. Now set the teeth. Cf. Cor. i. 3. 70 and A. and C. iii. 13. 181.

16. Bend up, etc. "A metaphor from the bow" (Johnson). Cf. Macb. i. 7. 79.

17. Noble. The 1st folio has "noblish;" the later folios "noblest,"

which some modern eds. adopt. K. has "nobless."

18. Fet. Fetched. Cf. Spenser, F. Q. v. 3. 11: "soone the prisoner fet." The 1st folio has "fet" in Rich. III. ii. 2. 121. "Deep-fet" occurs in 2 Hen. VI. ii. 4. 33, and "far-fet" in Id. iii. 1. 293.

21. Argument. Matter, business in hand (Schmidt). Cf. T. and C.

i. 1. 95: "I cannot fight upon this argument," etc.

31. Slips. Nooses in which the dogs were held until started for the game. Cf. Gascoigne, Absent Lady's Complaint:

"The greyhound is aggreev'd, although he see his game,
If still in slippe he must be stayde, when he would chase the same."

To let slip was to loose the hound from the slip. Cf. 1 Hen. IV. i. 3. 278: "Before the game's afoot thou still let'st slip." See also Cor. i. 6. 39 and 7. C. iii. 1. 273.

Scene II.—3. A case of lives. A pair of lives; as a case of pistols. 4. Plain-song. In music "the simple melody, without any variations."

Cf. M. N. D. iii. 1. 134 and Hen. VIII. i. 3. 45.
18. Preach. The folio has "breach" here, and elsewhere it is not uniform in marking the peculiarities of Fluellen's pronunciation. None of the modern editors have made this perfectly consistent throughout, and we have not attempted to do it. Capell remarks: "The poet thought it sufficient to mark his [Fluellen's] diction a little, and in some places only; and the man of taste will be of the same opinion."

19. Duke. Perhaps = commander (Latin dux), as Malone explains it. See M. N. D. p. 125. More likely it is a bit of Pistol's peculiar English. Men of mould. "Men of earth, poor mortal men," as Johnson and

Schmidt explain it. W. understands it to mean men "of large frame, and so of strength, of prowess."

22. Bawcock. "A term of endearment, synonymous to chuck, but always masculine" (Schmidt). Cf. iv. 1. 44 below; also T. N. iii. 4. 125 and W. T. i. 2. 121.

25. Swashers. Braggarts, bullies. Used by S. nowhere else; but we have swashing=swaggering, in A. Y. L. i. 3. 122 and R. and J. i. 1. 70.

28. Antics. Buffoons, fools. See Rich. II. iii. 2. 162; T. and C. v. 3. 86, etc.

29. White-liver'd. Cowardly. Cf. M. of V. iii. 2. 86: "livers white as milk." See Macb. p. 249, note on lily-liver'd.

38. Call it purchase. "This was the cant term for money gained by

cheating, as we learn from Greene's Art of Coneycatching" (Boswell). 42. To carry coals meant "to endure affronts" (Johnson). Cf. R. and 7. i. 1. 1: "we'll not carry coals." Nares says that the phrase arose from the fact that the carriers of wood and coals were esteemed the very lowest of menials, the servi servorum.

43. Handkerchers. The folio has "Hand-kerchers" here, as in sundry other places; but "Handkerchiefe" in Oth. iv. 1. 10, 18, 22, etc.

49. Fluellen. An approximation to the Welsh pronunciation of Llewellyn.

56. Plow up. That is, blow up.

76. God-den. Good evening; as in K. John, i. 1. 185; Cor. ii. 1. 103, etc. Cf. Macb. p. 175, note on God 'ield. Pioners in 78=pioneers.

93. Quit you. Requite you, answer you; or, perhaps, "tell you also interesting things" (Schmidt). Cf. Rich. II. v. 1. 43:

> "to quit their grief, Tell thou the lamentable tale of me," etc.

103. By the mess. That is, by the mass.

110. Of my nation, etc. The folio gives the passage thus: "Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a Villaine, and a Basterd, and a Knaue, and a Rascall. What ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?" K. suggested that there had been an accidental transposition of the type here, and corrected it as in the text. The change, as W. remarks, is supported by the fact that while the other clauses are marked as interrogations, the transposed clause has a period after it. St. thinks, however, that "the incoherence of the original was designed to mark the impetuosity of the speaker."

Scene III.—2. Parle. Parley. Cf. Rich. II. i. 1. 192; K. John, ii. 1. 205, etc.

5. On the measure, see Gr. 503.

10. The gates of mercy. Cf. 3 Hen. VI. i. 4. 177: "Open thy gate of mercy, gracious Lord!" As Steevens notes, Gray has borrowed the expression in his Elegy, 68: "And shut the gates of mercy on mankind."

II. Flesh'd. "Fierce, hardened" (Schmidt). Cf. Rich. III. iv. 3. 6:

"flesh'd villains, bloody dogs."

14. Fresh-fair. On "compound adjectives," see Gr. 2. In this case the hyphen is not in the folio, and might perhaps as well be omitted.

17, 18. All fell feats, etc. "All the savage practices naturally concomitant to the sack of cities" (Johnson).

24. Bootless. Used adverbially; as in M. N. D. ii. I. 37, 7. C. iii. I.

75, etc.

26. Precepts. For the accent, see Gr. 490. According to Schmidt, the accent is on the first syllable when the word means "instruction, lesson;" on the second when it means "mandate, summons." This is the only case in which the latter sense occurs in verse. We have it in prose in 2 Hen. IV. v. 1. 14.

28. Take pity of. For the preposition, see Gr. 174; and cf. 45 below.

29. Whiles. See Gr. 137.

31. O'erblows. Blows over, or away. Cf. Rich. II. iii. 2. 190: "This ague-fit of fear is overblown;" T. of S. v. 2. 3: "scapes and perils over-

blown," etc.

32. Heady. "Impetuous, precipitate" (Schmidt). Cf. i. 1. 34 above; also I Hen. IV. ii. 3. 58 and Lear, ii. 4. III. The 1st folio has "headly" here; the later folios, "headdy" or "heady." Malone suggested "dead. ly," which W. adopts.

35. Defile. Rowe's emendation for the "Desire" of the folio. It is lso found in the Coll. MS.

Jewry. Judea. Cf. Rich. II. ii. 1. 55, etc. See also John, vii. 1.

43. In defence. That is, in keeping up your resistance.

46. Returns us. Sends us back word. Cf. Rich. II. iii. 3. 121: "say thus the king returns," etc. For powers = forces, cf. ii. 2. 15 above.

54. For. See Gr. 149.

58. Addrest. Prepared, ready. Cf. 7. C. iii. 1. 29: "He is address'd," and see note in our ed. p. 156. Steevens quotes Heywood, Brazen Age, 1613: "these champions are addrest for war."

Scene IV.—Warb. considered this scene "ridiculous," and Hanmer rejected it. Johnson says: "The scene is indeed mean enough when it is read; but the grimaces of two French women, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, made it divert on the stage. may be observed that there is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon her knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. Throughout the whole scene there may be found French servility and French vanity." W. remarks: "Shakespeare sought to enliven his History by humour; and his intention here was to excite mirth by the exhibition of a Frenchwoman in the ridiculous emergency of sudden preparation for amorous conquest of an Englishman. This could best be done by making her attempt to learn his language, in doing which she must of course speak French; and Shakespeare here, as in the subsequent scene between Pistol and the French soldier, instinctively preserved dramatic propriety at the expense of the mere verbal consistency of his work. That the scene is Shakespeare's the promise in the epilogue to 2 Hen. IV., that in the continuation of the story the audience shall be made 'merry with fair Katherine of France,' is sufficient evidence, as Tyrwhitt remarked. Shakespeare's design was known to the writer of that epilogue."

The French is very blunderingly printed in the quarto, but is quite

correct in the folio.

Scene V.—I. The folio has here the stage-direction, "Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Constable of France, and others." To the speeches beginning with lines 10 and 30 it prefixes "Brit." But the Duke of "Britaine" does not appear elsewhere in the play, and the editors generally follow Theo. in substituting Bourbon. The stage-direction in the quarto is "Enter King of France Lord Constable, the Dolphin, and Burbon" (given incorrectly in the notes of the Camb. ed.); and "Bur." is prefixed to the first of these speeches, the second being omitted in the quarto. The Camb. ed. remarks: "In Holinshed (p. 1077, ed. 1577), the Dukes of Berry and Britaine are mentioned as belonging to the French king's council, and not the Duke of Bourbon. Shakespeare probably first intended to introduce the Duke of Britaine, and then changed his mind, but forgot to substitute Bour. for Brit. before the two speeches."

2. Withal. "The emphatic form of with." See Gr. 196.

6. Luxury. Lust; the only meaning of the word in S. Cf. M. W. v. 5, 98; Ham. i. 5, 83, etc.

7. Savage. Uncultivated (Johnson).

9. Overlook. Look down on, tower above. For a different sense, see ii. 4. 90 above.

12. But. See Gr. 126.

13. Slobbery. "Wet and foul" (Schmidt). S. uses the word only here; but we find the verb slubber in Oth. i. 3. 227 and M. of V. ii. 8. 39,

and beslubber in 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4. 341.

14. Nook-shotten. Warb. and Schmidt make this=shooting out into capes and necks of land; K. and W. think it more probably means "thrust into a corner apart from the rest of the world"—the "penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos" of Virgil. Halliwell compares "cup-shotten"=full of cups, intoxicated.

19. Sur-rein'd. Over-ridden. S. uses the word only here. Steevens quotes Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601: "A sur-rein'd jaded wit, but he rubs on." There is an allusion to the custom of giving horses over-ridden or feverish a mash; that is, a mixture of ground malt and hot

water.

Barley broth. A contemptuous term for beer.

31. Lavoltas. A kind of dance, in which there was much lofty capering. Cf. T. and C. iv. 4. 88: "Nor heel the high lavolt." It is thus described by Sir John Davies, in his Orchestra:

"Yet is there one the most delightful kind,
A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,
Where arm in arm, two dancers are entwin'd,
And whirl themselves in strict embracements bound,
And still their feet an anapest do sound:
An anapest is all their musick's song,
Whose first two feet is short, and third is long.

"As the victorious twins of Leda and Jove,
That taught the Spartans dancing on the sands
Of swift Eurotas, dance in heaven above,
Knit and united with eternal hands,
Among the stars their double image stands,
Where both are carried with an equal pace,
Together jumping in their turning race."

The coranto, or corranto (from the Italian correre, Latin currere, to run), was also a lively dance. Davies says of it:

"What shall I name those current traverses,
That on a triple dactyl foot do run,
Close by the ground, with shiding passages,
Wherein that dancer greatest praise hath won
Which with best order can all order shun:
For every where he wantonly must rauge,
And turn and wind with unexpected change."

Cf. A. W. ii. 3. 49: "he 's able to lead her a coranto;" T. N. i. 3. 137: "go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto."

33. And that. On that, see Gr. 285.

37. More sharper. See Gr. 11.

38. Delabreth. S. follows Holinshed's spelling of the name, the modern D'Albret.

43. Foix. Capell's emendation for the "Loys" of the folio. The latter was not the name of any French family of distinction at that time.

44. Knights. The folio has "kings;" corrected by Theo. Cf. iv. 8. 85 below: "princes, barons, lords, knights, squires."

45. Quit you. Free or clear yourselves. Cf. ii. 2. 166 above; also

2 Hen. VI. iii. 2. 218, etc. 47. Pennons. Schmidt thinks that the meanings of wing and flag are

here combined. 50. Void his rheum. Cf. M. of V. i. 3. 118: "did void your rheum upon my beard." Steevens quotes Fur. Bibac. ap. Hor.: "Juppiter

hibernas cana nive conspuit Alpes." 53. Rouen. Spelt "Roan" in the early eds., which probably indicates

the English pronunciation of the time. Cf. Holinshed's "Rone," p. 138

above. 58. For achievement. For the exploit (Schmidt). Malone explains it: "instead of achieving a victory over us;" and Abbott refers to Gr. 148.

Scene VI.—2. The bridge. The reference here is to an historical fact. After Henry had passed the Somme, the French attempted to break down the only bridge over the Ternoise, at Blangy, and thus cut off his passage to Calais; but Henry, learning their design, sent forward troops who put the French to flight, and guarded the bridge until the English had crossed.

11. An aunchient. See on ii. 1. 3, and cf. 28, 47, and 50 below. The

folio reads "an aunchient Lieutenant," the quarto "an Ensigne."
24. Buxom. "Lively, fresh, brisk" (Schmidt). S. uses the word only here; unless we are to add Per. prol. 23: "buxom, blithe, and full of face." Cf. Milton, L'All. 24: "buxom, blithe, and debonair." Spenser uses it in the sense of yielding, obedient; as in F. Q. i. 11. 37: "the buxome aire;" Id. iii. 2. 23: "Of them that to him buxome are and prone." For the derivation, see Wb.

26. That goddess blind, etc. Ritson quotes The Spanish Tragedy, 1594: "Fortune is blind-

Whose foot is standing on a rolling stone."

Apparently here = a bandage over the eyes. In M. W. 29. Muffler. iv. 2, 73, 81, 205, it means "a wrapper worn by women and covering the

face" (Schmidt).

37. A pax. Altered to "pix" by Theo. Johnson says the two words mean the same, but this is not true. The pax, according to Nares, was "a symbol of peace, which, in the ceremony of the mass, was given to be kissed at the time of the offering." In Capt. Stevens's Spanish Dict., we are told that it was the cover of the sacred chalice. The pix was the box or shrine in which the consecrated wafers were kept; and the word is still used in the same sense. Cf. Longfellow, Nuremberg: "In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare," and see the author's note on the line. Steevens quotes Stowe's Chronicle: "palmes, chalices, crosses, vestments, pixes, paxes, and such like." In the present passage, S. follows Holinshed, who says (see p. 138 above) that "a souldiour tooke a pix out of a church," etc.; but, as the two words were often confounded, it.does not seem worth while to change the folio

reading.

54. Figo. The Spanish word for fig; often used as a term of contempt. For a full discussion of the origin and various meanings thereof, see Douce's Iliustrations of Shakespeare. In The fig of Spoin just below, Steevens sees an allusion to the use of poisoned figs, and quotes several passages in support of that explanation; as from Shirley, The Brothers, 1652: "I must poison him; one fig sends him to Erebus;" Ben Jonson, Every Man in His Humour: "The lye to a man of my coat is as ominous a fruit as the fico," etc. But the phrase here is probably a mere repetition of the contemptuous figo.

61. See in a summer's day. Cf. M. N. D. i. 2. 75, and see note in our

ed. p. 135.

67. Learn you. For the expletive use of the pronoun, see Gr. 220.

68. Sconce. Bulwark. In C. of E. ii. 2. 37, it is applied in jest to a

covering for the head (Schmidt).

72. New-tuned. The Coll. MS. has "new-coined." W. thinks it should probably be "new-found." Cf. T. G. of V. iv. 4. 134: "new-found oaths."

A beard of the general's cut. Certain professions and classes seem to have been distinguished by the cut of the beard. Thus we read of the bishop's beard, the judge's, the soldier's, the citizen's, etc. St. quotes Greene, Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 1592: "he [the barber] descends as low as his beard, and asketh whether he please to be shaven or no? whether he will have his peak cut short and sharp, amiable, like an inamorato, or broade pendante, like a spade, to be terrible, like a warrior and soldado?"

75. For on = of, see Gr. 182; and for *mistook*, just below, Gr. 343.

81. From the pridge. That is, about the bridge.

86. Passages. Acts, occurrences. Cf. T. N. iii. 2. 77: "such impossible passages of grossness;" Cymb. iii. 4. 94:

"It is no act of common passage, but A strain of rareness," etc.

96. Bubukles. "A corrupt word, formed half of carbuncle, half of bubo, probably meaning a red pimple" (Schmidt). Steevens quotes Chaucer, C. T. 623:

"A Sompnour was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fyr-reed [fire-red] cherubynes face.

Ther nas quyksilver, litarge, ne bremstone, Boras, ceruce, ne oille of tartre noon, Ne oynement that wold clense and byte, That him might helpen of his whelkes white, Ne of the knobbes sittyng on his cheekes."

101. We give express charge, etc. See Holinshed, p. 138 above.

104. Lenity. The folio has "Leuitie;" an obvious misprint.
107. Habit. The herald's coat. The person of a herald being invio

107. Habit. The herald's coat. The person of a herald being inviolable, he was distinguished by a peculiar dress.

108. Of thee. From thee. Gr. 166.

112. Though we seemed dead, etc. Malone quotes M. for M. ii. 2. 90: "The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept." Advantage = favourable opportunity.

115. Upon our cue. In our turn. See M. N. D. p. 156.

118. Proportion. Be in proportion to, correspond to. Digested=put up with.

120. In weight to re-answer. Fully to make amends for. Cf. M. for M. i. 2. 125: "Make us pay down for our offence by weight."

128. Quality. Profession. Cf. M.W. v. 5. 44: "your office and your

quality," etc.

133. Impeachment. Hindrance, impediment (the French empêchement). Cf. Holinshed's "impeached"=hindered, p. 137 above. Sooth=truth. See Mer. p. 127.

135. Of craft and vantage. That is, who is cunning, and is besides

favoured by circumstances (Schmidt).

142. This your air. This is to be added to the examples given in Mach. p. 179, note on That their fitness. See Gr. 239.

147. God before. See on i. 2. 307 above.

149. There's for thy labour, etc. Cf. Holinshed, p. 138 above. It was customary to reward a herald, whatever might be the character of his message.

158. Deliver so. Say so. Cf. Temp. ii. 1. 45: "as he most learnedly

delivered," etc.

SCENE VII .- I. The stage-direction of the folio here is, "Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs, Orleance, Dolphin, with others." The quarto has "Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebon;"* and it gives to Bourbon the speeches assigned by the folio to the Dauphin, or 'Dolphin." It is evident from iii. 5. 62 fol. that the Dauphin was not at the battle; and it has been suggested by Mr. Johnes that either the name of Sir Guichard Dauphin (cf. iv. 8. 91) led S. into the error, or the editors have confounded two persons meant by the poet to be distinct. It is curious that here (as in the substitution of *Bourbon* for *Britaine* in iii. 5, and some other instances pointed out by Mr. P. A. Daniel in his ed. of Henry V. published by the New Shakspere Society, 1877), the editor of the quarto appears to have corrected an historical error in the play.

13. As if his entrails were hairs. That is, as if he were a tennis-ball, stuffed with hair. Cf. Much Ado, iii. 2. 47: "the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls."

14. Pegasus. Cf. 1 Hen. IV. iv. 1. 109: "a fiery Pegasus." For chez ("ches" in folio) Capell substituted "qui a."

17. Hermes. The only instance in which S. calls Mercury by his Greek

name. Cf. ii. prol. 7, etc.

20. The dull elements, etc. Alluding to the old notion that all things

^{*} Gebon does not resemble any French name mentioned by the Chronicles in this connection. Possibly, as Mr. Daniel suggests, it was the name of the actor who played the part.

were composed of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water. See \mathcal{F} . C. p. 185, note on *His life was gentle*, etc. Cf. also \mathcal{T} . N. ii. 3. 10: "Does not our life consist of the four elements?" A. and C. v. 2. 292:

"I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life."

Fire and air were supposed to preponderate in the higher forms of life, as earth and water in the lower.

21. Jades. Warb. wished to transpose jades and beasts, on the ground that the former, not the latter, was the term of reproach. K. remarks that jade was not always contemptuous, and quotes Ford:

"Like high-bred jades upon a tilting day

In antique trappings."

But the word always has a depreciatory meaning in S., and we see no

difficulty in explaining it so here.

24. Absolute. Faultless, perfect. Cf. M. for M. v. 1. 54: "as grave, as just, as absolute As Angelo;" Ham. v. 2. 111: "an absolute gentleman," etc. W. remarks: "We have lost a very good word in losing absolute with its Elizabethan signification, if indeed it be hopelessly gone. It meant something more than perfect, or even unexceptionable, and was sometimes used to convey the idea that the thing of which it was predicated had standard or authoritative merit."

32. Argument. Subject. Cf. I Hen. IV. ii. 2. 100: "it would be ar-

gument for a week," etc.

35. Familiar to us, etc. That is, whether familiar to us or unknown; the whole world. The Camb. and Globe eds. print "the world, familiar to us and unknown to lay apart," etc., which is to us unintelligible.

42. Prescript. Normal; or, perhaps, prescriptive, immemorial.
45. Shrewdly. "In a high and mischievous degree (quite=the German adverb arg)" (Schmidt). Cf. 136 below; also A. W. iii. 5. 91, Ham.

i. 4. 1, etc.

47. Wears his own hair. Alluding to the custom of wearing false hair, to which S. seems to have had a special aversion. See Mer. p. 149.

51. Le chien, etc. See 2 Pet. ii. 22.

61. A many. Now obsolete, though we still say a few and many a in a distributive sense. Cf. iv. 1. 117 below; also M. of V. iii. 5. 73, Rich. III. iii. 7. 184, etc. Tennyson uses the expression in The Miller's Daughter: "They have not shed a many tears." Gr. 87.

71. Who will go to hazard, etc. Cf. iv. prol. 18 below.

97. But his lackey. That is, he has beaten nobody but his footboy

(Johnson).

'T is a hooded valour, etc. An allusion to the practice of keeping hawks hooded until they were to fly at the game. To bait was to flap the wings, as the bird did when unhooded. Here there is a pun on bait in this sense and bate = abate, diminish.

100. Cap. "Alluding to the practice of capping verses" (Johnson).

104. Well placed. Well put, well said.

105. Have at, etc. Cf. C. of E. iii. 1. 51: "Have at you with a proverb:" R. and J. iv. 5. 125: "have at you with my wit," etc. See also Hen. VIII. p. 174, note on I'll venture one have-at-him.

108. A fool's bolt. A bolt was a blunt-headed arrow.

118. Peevish. Silly, childish; its ordinary if not its only meaning in S. Cf. Rich. III. i. 3. 194, iii. 1. 31, iv. 2. 100, etc. Steevens (in his note on Cymb. i. 6. 54) gives many examples of this sense from other old writers. Schmidt does not recognize the modern meaning in his Lexicon; Wb., strangely enough, makes no reference to this obsolete one.

119. Fat-brained. Dull, stupid.
121. Apprehension. Capacity to apprehend, perception, intelligence. Cf. Ham. ii. 2. 319: "in apprehension how like a God!"

132. Robustious. Stout, sturdy. Cf. Ham. iii. 2. 10: "a robustious

periwig-pated fellow." Robust does not occur in S.
133. Give them, etc. Boswell quotes Otway, Venice Preserved:

"Give but an Englishman . . .
Beef, and a sea-coal fire, he's yours for ever."



PROLOGUE. - 2. Poring. "That is, straining its eyes and yet seeing only the nearest things, purblind" (Schmidt)

3. Fills. For the form, see Gr. 336.

5. Stilly. Softly. Used nowhere else by S. Cf. M. N. D. iv. 1. 80 (stage-direction), and see note in our ed. p. 174. St. quotes from an account of the baptism of Prince Frederick Henry, 1594: "After which ensued a still novse of recorders and flutes."

6. That. So that. Gr. 283. According to Holinshed, the armies

were only two hundred and fifty paces from each other.

9. Battle. Army; as in iv. 2. 54 below. Cf. K. John, iv. ii. 78: "two dreadful battles set," etc. In iv. 3. 69 below, battles = battalions; as in J. C. v. 1. 4, etc.

Umber'd. Schmidt explains this as "embrowned, darkened;" but it seems better to understand it as referring to the effect of the fire-light on their faces. Malone remarks that umber, "mixed with water, produces such a dusky yellow colour as the gleam of fire by night gives to the countenance." Taken in this sense, it is an exceedingly picturesque word.

11. The night's dull ear. Steevens quotes Milton, L'All. 42: "And

singing startle the dull night."

12. Accomplishing. Furnishing, making complete. According to Douce, closing rivets up refers to fastening the bottom of the casque to the top of the cuirass, which was done after both had been put on.

16. Name. The folio has "nam'd," which was corrected by Tyrwhitt. 18, 19. Cf. Holinshed's statement that "the soldiers the night before

had plaid the Englishmen at dice" (p. 139 above).

Over-lusty="too lively and merry" (Schmidt). Cf. Lear, ii. 4. 10: "over-lusty at legs."

20. Cripple tardy-gaited. The folio gives it "creeple-tardy-gated."

26. Investing. Attending (Schmidt). Warb. would read "invest in," that is, clothed in; and Heath, "in fasting."

27. Presenteth. Steevens's emendation of the "Presented" of the folio. 28. Who. The relative, not the interrogative, referring to him in 31.

Gr. 251.

35. No note. Nothing to indicate. Cf. Much Ado, iii. 2. 54: "The greatest note of it is his melancholy," etc.

36. Enrounded. Surrounded. Gr. 440.38. All-watched. "Watched throughout" (Schmidt), spent in watch-

ing. Gr. 374.

39. Freshly looks. Cf. A. Y. L. iii. 2. 243: "Looks he as freshly," etc. Overbears attaint = represses the anxiety that wears upon him. H. explains it, "overcomes all disposition on the part of the soldiers to blame or reproach him for the plight he is in;" but this does not agree so well with the context. The king puts on a cheerful look himself, and thus revives the drooping spirits of his soldiers. Cf. Virgil, Æn. i. 208:

> "Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus aeger, Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem."

41. That. So that. See on 6 above.

43. A largess, etc. Holt White quotes Quinctilian, Inst. i. 2: "Non enim vox illa preceptoris, ut coena, minus pluribus sufficit; sed ut sol, universis idem lucis calorisque largitur."

45. Then, mean and gentle all, etc. The folio has

"Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all Behold, as may vnworthinesse define. A little touch of *Harry* in the Night, And so our Scene," etc.

We have adopted (with D. and others) the emendation of Theo., who says: "As this stood, it was a most perplex'd and nonsensical passage; and could not be intelligible but as I have corrected it. The poet first expatiates on the real influence that Harry's eye had on his camp; and then addressing himself to every degree of his audience, he tells them,

he'll shew (as well as his unworthy pen and powers can describe it) a little touch or sketch of this hero in the night; a faint resemblance of that cheerfulness and resolution which this brave prince expressed in himself and inspired in his followers." K., W., and the Camb. editors retain the folio reading, with some changes in pointing. They understand mean and gentle to refer to the various ranks of the English army. That must then be =so that; and as may unworthiness define would appear to mean, so far as inferior natures can appreciate it. Perhaps, as Delius conjectures, a line is lost after 45.

51. Foils. Swords used in fencing; here = fencers, or swordsmen.

54. Minding. Calling to mind, thinking of.

Scene I.—7. Husbandry. Thrift, economy. Cf. T. and C. i. 2. 7:

"And, like as there were husbandry in war, Before the sun rose he was harness'd light."

10. Dress us. Prepare ourselves. Cf. 1 Hen. IV. iii. 2. 51: "And dress'd myself in such humility," etc. Some eds. print it "'dress," as if a contraction of address; but the original meaning of dress is to put in order, prepare. See Wb.

16. Likes me. Pleases me, suits me. See on iii. prol. 32; and cf. iv.

3. 77.

19. Upon example. "Through comparing them with what others en-

duré" (J. H.).

23. Časted. Cast off. Cf. T. N. ii. 5. 161: "cast thy humble slough." S. elsewhere uses cast for the participle; as in A. Y. L. iii. 4. 16, etc. Slough = the skin of a snake; as in the passage from T. N. just quoted. See also 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1. 229. Legerity = lightness, alacrity; used by S. only here.

26. Do my good morrow. Cf. 7. C. iv. 2. 5: "To do you salutation,"

etc. Gr. 303.

27. Desire. Invite. Cf. T. of C. iv. 5. 150:

"I would desire My famous cousin to our Grecian tents."

28, 29. For the measure, see Gr. 513.

32. I would. On would=wish, see Gr. 329.

- 34. God-a-mercy. A corruption of "God have mercy;" here, as often = gramercy, thank you (Schmidt). Cf. K. John, i. 1. 185; Ham. ii. 2. 172, etc.
- 38. *Popular*. Of the people, plebeian. Cf. Cor. ii. 1. 230, ii. 3. 109, iii. 1. 106, etc.

39. Gentleman. On the measure here and in 42, see Gr. 465.

40. Trail'st thou, etc. Farmer quotes Chapman, Revenge for Honour: "Fit for the trayler of the puissant pike."

44. Bawcock. See on iii. 2. 22.

45. *Imp.* Youngling. Used only by Armado, Holofernes, and Pistol. Cf. L. L. i. 2. 5, v. 2. 592, and 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 46. Steevens quotes Holinshed: "his sonne prince Edward, that goodlie impe,"

On the measure of the line, see Gr. 505.

60. The figo. See on iii. 6. 54 above.

63. Sorts. Agrees. Cf. M. N. D. v. 1. 53: "not sorting with a nup-

tial ceremony," etc.
65. Lower. The quarto of 1600 has "lewer," changed to "lower" in that of 1608; the folio has "fewer," which Steevens was inclined to favour as a provincialism=lower. He adds: "In Sussex I heard one female servant say to another: Speak fewer, or my mistress will hear you."

85. I think it be. Cf. C. of E. v. 1. 379: "I think it be, sir," etc. Gr.

91. Thomas. The folio has "John."

99. Element. Sky. Cf. 2 Hen. IV. iv. 3. 58. See also 7. C. i. 3. 128, and note in our ed. p. 140. Shows = appears, looks. Cf. ii. 2. 127 above. 101. Conditions. Qualities. Cf. Much Ado, iii. 2. 68: "his ill condi-

tions," etc.

105. Be. See Gr. 300.

106. Possess him, etc. Cf. 275 below: "Possess them not with fear;" 1 Hen. IV. ii. 2. 112: "possessed with fear," etc.

110. As cold a night as 't is. See Gr. 276.

113. My conscience. My judgment, my opinion. Cf. 2 Hen. VI. iii. 1. 68: "Shall I speak my conscience?"

117. A many. See on iii. 7. 61; and cf. iv. 3. 95 below.

118. To wish him. As to wish him. Gr. 281.

121. Quarrel. Often = cause or motive of quarrel (Schmidt). Cf. *Mach.* iv. 3. 137, and see note in our ed. p. 153.

131. Latter. Last; as often. Cf. 1 Hen. IV. v. 1. 92; 1 Hen. VI. ii.

5. 38; A. and C. iv. 6. 39, etc.

134. Rawly. "Without due preparation and provision" (Schmidt). Cf. rawness in Mach. iv. 3. 26.

Afeard. Used by S. interchangeably with afraid. Cf. M. N. D. iii. I.

28; Macb. i. 7. 39, etc.

136. When blood is their argument. When engaged in "bloody business" (Mach. ii. 1. 48, Oth. iii. 3. 469). See on iii. 1. 21 above.

138. Who to disobey. See Gr. 274.

139. All proportion of subjection. All "reasonable service."

141. Miscarry upon the sea. Be lost at sea. Cf. M. for M. iii. 1. 217: "who miscarried at sea;" M. of V. ii. 8. 29: "there miscarried a vessel of our country," etc.

151. Never so. See Gr. 52, 406.

- 154. Contrived murther. Plotted, preconcerted murder. Cf. Oth. i. 2. 3: "To do no contrived murther."
- 158. Native. In their own country. Cf. iv. 3. 96 below: "native graves."

161. Before-breach. See Gr. 429.

166. The which. See Gr. 270.169. Dying so. For the participle, see Gr. 378.

175. Man. For the "confusion of construction," see Gr. 417.

187. An elder gun. A pop-gun.

188. Go about. Attempt, undertake. Cf. M. N. D. iv. 1. 212; Much Ado, i. 3. 12, iv. 1. 65, iv. 2. 28, etc.

189. With. By. Gr. 193.

191. Round. Plain-spoken, blunt. Cf. T. N. ii. 3. 102: "I must be round with you;" Lear, i. 4. 58: "he answered me in the roundest manner," etc.
203. Take thee a box on the ear. Cf. iv. 7. 118 below; also M. for M.

ii. 1. 189, T. of S. iii. 2. 165, T. N. ii. 5. 75, etc.

211. French crowns. A French crown was a common expression for a bald head (cf. M. for M. i. 2. 52; M. N. D. i. 2. 99; A. W. ii. 2. 23, etc.); but the pun here, as Tyrwhitt remarks, may turn simply on the double meaning of crown. To cut French crowns is an allusion to the crime of clipping coin.

216. Careful. Full of care, anxious. Cf. Rich. II. ii. 2. 75: "careful

business;" C. of E. v. 1. 298: "careful hours," etc.

220. Wringing. Suffering. Cf. Much Ado, v. 1. 28: "To those that wring under the load of sorrow."

230. Thy soul of adoration. The soul of thy adoration, the essential nature which men adore in thee. The folio reads: "What? is thy soul of odoration?" Johnson wished to read, "What is thy soul, O adoration?"—that is, "O reverence paid to kings, what art thou within? What are thy real qualities? What is thy intrinsic value?" Malone reads, "What is the soul," etc.

245. Balm. The anointing-oil used in the coronation ceremony. Cf. Rich. II. iii. 2. 55, iv. 1. 207; 2 Hen. IV. iv. 5. 115. See also Hen. VIII.

iv. 1. 88. On ball, cf. Macb. iv. 1. 121.

248. The farced title, etc. "The extended or swollen title prefixed to the king, as for example His Most Gracious Majesty, the king" (J. H.). For fore, see on ii. 2. I above.

255. Distressful. Earned by painful labour.

260. Helps Hyperion to his horse. Is up before the sun.

265. Had the forehand, etc. Would have the advantage of a king.

267. Wots. Knows. Used only in the present tense and the participle wotting. Cf. M. N. D. iv. 1. 161, etc. Wots what watch would hardly be tolerated by modern rhetoric.

269. The peasant best advantages. Most benefit the peasant. For the verb, cf. Temp. i. 1. 34: "our own doth little advantage." See also V. and A. 950; 7. C. iii. I. 242, etc. For the form, see Gr. 412, and cf. 333. 273. Shall do't. Will do it. Gr. 315.

276. If. The folio has "of;" the emendation is Tyrwhitt's. had suggested "lest." K. and Sr. point the passage thus:

> "Take from them now The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers! Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord, O not to-day! Think not upon the fault," etc.

The Camb. editors suggest that a line may have been lost, which with the help of the quarto they supply as follows:

> "Take from them now The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers, Lest that the multitudes which stand before them Pluck their hearts from them.'

279. Compassing. Obtaining. Cf. T. G. of V. ii. 4. 214: "to compass

. her I'll use my skill," etc.

286. Chantries. "One of these monasteries was for Carthusian monks, and was called Bethlehem; the other was for religious men and women of the order of Saint Bridget, and was named Sion. They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of Sheen, now called Richmond" (Malone).

287. Still. Continually. Gr. 69.

288-290. Johnson explains the passage thus: "I do all this, says the King, though all that I can do is nothing worth, is so far from an adequate expiation of the crime, that penitence comes after all, imploring pardon both for the crime and the expiation." Heath's explanation is perhaps to be preferred: "I am sensible that everything of this kind (works of piety and charity) which I have done or can do, will avail nothing towards the remission of this sin; since I well know that, after all this is done, true repentance, and imploring pardon, are previously and indispensably necessary towards my obtaining it."

Scene II.—4. Via, etc. Begone "the dull elements of earth and water!" Cf. iii. 7. 20 above, and see note on the passage.

5. Rien puis? l'air, etc. "Can you add nothing more? Is he not air and fire? Yes, says the Dauphin, and even heaven itself" (Malone).

11. Dout. Do out, put out. Cf. Ham. iv. 7. 192: "this folly douts," etc. The folio in both passages has "doubt," which W. retains here, making it = to make to doubt, to terrify; a sense not found elsewhere in S.

14. Embattled. In battle array. Cf. K. John, iv. 2. 200: "embattled and ranked," etc. It is used intransitively in A. and C. iv. 1.93:

"and they say we shall embattle

By the second hour i' the morn."

17. Suck away their souls. Steevens quotes Dryden, Don Sebastian: "Sucking each other's souls while we expire," and Pope, Eloisa to Abelard: "Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul."

18. Shales. Shells. Used by S. nowhere else.

21. Curtle-axe. Cutlass (Schmidt). Cf. A.Y. L. i. 3. 119: "A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh."

28. Squares. Squadrons. Cf. A. and C. iii. 11. 40: "the brave squares of war.'

29. Hilding. Properly a noun=a base menial. Cf. T. of S. ii. 1. 26: "For shame, thou hilding," etc. It is used again as an adjective in 2 Hen. IV. i. 1. 57: "He was some hilding fellow."

31. Idle speculation. Inactive looking-on.

32. What's to say? Cf. T. N. iii. 3. 18: "What's to do?" Gr. 359. 35. Tucket sonance. A tucket was a flourish on a trumpet. Steevens quotes The Spanish Tragedy: "a tucket afar off." Sonance = sound. Cf. Heywood, Rape of Lucrece, 1630: "to hear their sonance."

36. Dare the field. "He uses terms of the field as if they were going out only to the chase for sport. To dare the field is a phrase in falconry. Birds are dared when by the falcon in the air they are terrified from rising, so that they will be sometimes taken by the hand. Such an easy capture the lords expected to make of the English" (Johnson). Cf. Hen. VIII. iii. 2. 282: "dare us with his cap like larks."

39. Desperate of their bones. Cf. Oth. ii. 3. 337: "I am desperate of

my fortunes."

41. Their ragged curtains. Their tattered banners.

44. Beaver. The visor of a helmet. Cf. 2 Hen. IV. iv. 1. 120: "their

beavers down;" Ham. i. 2. 230: "he wore his beaver up."

45. Like fixed candlesticks. "Grandpré alludes to the form of ancient candlesticks, which frequently represented human figures holding the sockets for the lights in their extended hands" (Steevens). Cf. Vittoria Corombona, 1612: "he showed like a pewter candlestick, fashioned like a man in armour, holding a tilting staff in his hand little bigger than a candle."

47. Lob down. Hang down, droop.

51. Gimmal bit. A bit made of rings or links. Steevens cites King Edward III. i. 2: "Nor lay aside their jacks of gymold mail." Gimmaled mail was armour composed of links like those of a chain. Malone quotes Minsheu, Dict., 1619: "A gimmal or gemmow from the Gal. gemeau, Lat. gemellus, double, or twinnes, because they be rings with two or more links."

60. Guidon. The folio has "guard; on," etc. The emendation is found in Rann's ed., and is adopted by the Camb. editors, K., and others. It is favoured by what follows; but the folio reading is defended by Malone, who considers that "guard means here nothing more than the men of war whose duty it was to attend on the Constable of France, and

among those his standard, that is, his standard-bearer."

62. For. Because of. Gr. 150.

63. Outwear. Are wearing away, wasting. Cf. V. and A. 841: "Her song was tedious and outwore the night;" L. L. L. ii. 1. 23: "Till painful study shall outwear three years," etc. S. uses the word only of the lapse of time.

Scene III.—2. Is rode. See Gr. 295, 343.

9. For the measure, see Gr. 469.
13. Mind. Remind. Cf. 84 below.

15. As full of valour, etc. Cf. Rich. II. v. 5. 114: "As full of valour as of royal blood."

16. O that we now, etc. Cf. extract from Holinshed, p. 139 above. 18. What 's he, etc. Gr. 254. For the measure, see Gr. 500.

20. Enow. The old plural of enough.

21. To do our country loss. Cf. T. of S. v. 2. 179: "do him ease;" T. N. v. 1. 136: "to do you rest;" R. of L. 597: "to do him shame," etc.

24. By Jove. "The king prays like a Christian, and swears like a

heathen" (Johnson).

26. It yearns. It grieves. Cf. M. W. iii. 5. 45: "it would yearn your heart to see it." We have had the word used intransitively in ii. 3. 3, 6 above.

35. That he, etc. For the "confusion of construction," see Gr. 415.

37. Convoy. Travelling expenses.

40. The feast of Crispian. The 25th of October, Saint Crispin's day, Crispin and Crispian were brothers, born in Rome; whence they travelled to Soissons, France, about A.D. 303, to propagate the Christian religion. They supported themselves by working at their trade of shoemaking; but the governor of the town, learning that they were Christians, caused them to be beheaded. They subsequently became the tutelar saints of the shoemakers.

41. The folio reads: "He that shall see this day, and liue old age." The transposition was made by Pope, and is favoured by the quarto

reading, "He that outlives this day and sees old age."

45. *The vigil.* The evening before the festival.
48. This line, omitted in the folio, is restored from the quarto.

50. With advantages. Advantage sometimes means interest upon money; as in M. of V. i. 3. 71, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 4. 599. Here it is used metaphorically in the same sense; as in K. John, iii. 3. 22: "And with advantage means to pay thy love."

63. Gentle his condition. "Advance him to the rank of a gentleman"

(Johnson). On gentle, see Gr. 290.

68. Bestow yourself. "Repair to your post" (Schmidt).

69. Bravely. With great display. Cf. Temp. v. i. 224: "bravely

rigged," etc. Battles = battalions. See on iv. prol. 9 above.

70. Expedience. Expedition, haste. Cf. Rich. II. ii. 1. 287: "making hither with all due expedience." So expediently = quickly in A.Y. L. iii. 1. 18: "Do this expediently," etc.

77. Likes me. Pleases me. See on iv. 1. 16 above. Gr. 297.

83. Englutted. Swallowed up. Cf. Oth. i. 3. 57: "it engluts and swallows other sorrows;" T. of A. ii. 2 175:

"How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants This night englutted!"

84. On thee, see Gr. 414; and on wilt mind, Gr. 348. See also on 13 above.

86. *Retire*. See Gr. 451.

91. Achieve. "Finish, kill" (Schmidt). Some make it=capture, get possession of; as in M. of V. iii. 2. 210, etc.

94. With. See Gr. 193.

95. A many. See on iii. 7. 61 above.

104. Abounding. Theo. preferred to read "a bounding," which some eds. adopt.

107. Relapse. For the accent, see Gr. 492.

109. For the working-day. Cf. i. 2. 277 above.
110. Gill. Gilding. Cf. T. of A. iv. 3. 302: "in thy gilt and thy perfume;" Rich. II, ii. 1. 294: "our sceptre's gilt," etc. W. misprints "guilt."

114 Slovenry. Slovenliness; used by S. nowhere else.

117. Or they will pluck, etc. Though they have to pluck, etc.

130. Vaward. Vanguard. Cf. Cor. i. 6. 53: "Their bands i' the va-

ward," etc. It is used metaphorically in M. N. D. iv. 1. 110 and 2 Hen. IV. i. 2. 199.

132. How. As. Gr. 46.

Scene IV.-4. Callino, etc. The folio has "Qualtitie calmie custure me." Various emendations had been proposed before Boswell found an old Irish song called "Callino, castore me," which, he suggests, Pis-

tol probably hums contemptuously.

9. Fox. A cant word for sword. The figure of a fox was often engraved on blades. Steevens quotes B. and F., *Philaster*: "I made my father's old fox fly about his ears;" and *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599: "I had a sword, ay the flower of Smithfield for a sword; a right fox, i' faith."

15. Rim. Steevens remarks that some part of the intestines was an-

ciently called the rim, and quotes Sir Arthur Gorges, Lucan, 1614:

"The slender rimme too weake to part The boyling liver from the heart."

The word is also used by Holland in his *Pliny*, and by Chapman in his Iliad. Cole, in his Dict., 1678, describes it as the caul in which the

bowels are wrapped.

19. Brass. As Sir W. Rawlinson notes, either S. had little knowledge of French or his fondness for punning led him here into an error; for the s in bras is silent. Johnson suggested that the pronunciation may have been different in the time of S., but Malone and Douce have proved that it was the same as now. Sir W. Davenant makes the word rhyme with draw; and Eliot, in his Orthoepia Gallica, 1593, directs that bras de fer be pronounced "bra de fer." K. thinks that though the Frenchman might have said bra, the sound might have suggested to Pistol the word which he had seen written bras; but this seems a little forced.

20. Luxurious. Lustful; as always in S. Cf. luxury in iii. 5. 6.

23. Moys. Apparently meant for money of some kind, and perhaps suggested by moidore, though Johnson is wrong in giving the derivation of that word as "moi d'or." Douce says that moy was a measure of corn, but it is not likely that it has that meaning here.

24. Ask me. For the omission of the preposition, see Gr. 201.
29. Firk. Beat, drub (Schmidt). Ferret=worry, as a ferret does its game. Schmidt quotes the old play of King Leir: "I'll ferret you ere

night for that word."

70. This roaring devil, etc. In the old "moralities" or comedies, the Vice or buffoon had a sword or dagger of lath with which he used to beat the devil, and sometimes attempted to pare his long nails. Cf. T. N. iv. ii. 134:

"Like to the old Vice,

Who, with dagger of lath, In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad," etc.

73. Adventurously. Daringly, boldly.

Scene V.—I. Here, as in iii. 7 above, the quarto omits the Dauphin from the list of speakers. The stage-direction is simply "Enter the foure French Lords"—that is, "Burbon, Constable, Orleance, and Gebon" (see on iii. 7. I).

7. Perdurable. Lasting. Cf. Oth. i. 3. 343: "cables of perdurable

toughness."

8. Be. Often so used in questions. Gr. 299.

11. Let us die in honour. The folio has "Let vs dye in once more backe againe." K. suggested the reading in the text. The quarto has "Lets dye with honour, our shame doth last too long."

12. Friend. Befriend. Gr. 290.

15. On heaps. Cf. v. 2. 39 below; also T. and C. iii. 2. 29, J. C. i. 3. 23, etc.

Scene VI.—8. Larding. Enriching (Schmidt). Cf. 1 Hen. IV. ii. 2. 116: "lards the lean earth," etc. The Coll. MS. substitutes "loading,"

9. Honour-owing. Honour-owning, honourable. Cf. Temp. iii. 1. 45: "the noblest grace she owed," etc.

'the noblest grace she owed," etc. 11. Haggled. Cut, mangled.

12. Insteep'd. See Gr. 440.

18. Well-foughten. See Gr. 344.

21. Raught. The old imperfect of reach, and the only one in S. Cf. L. L. L. iv. 2. 41; 3 Hen. VI. i. 4. 68, etc. We have the participle raught in 2 Hen. VI. ii. 3. 43 and A. and C. iv. 9. 30; but reached in Oth. i. 2. 24.

22. Dear my lord. See Gr. 13.24. So. Then. See Gr. 66.

33. Perforce. Necessarily; in this sense always joined with must. Cf. M. N. D. iii. 2. 90, etc.

34. Mistful. The folio has "mixtful;" the emendation is due to Warb.

Some eds. read "wistful."

35. The alarum was sounded by affrighted fugitives from the English camp, who declared that the French were making an attack in the rear. Henry, not knowing the extent of the danger, gave the order for killing the prisoners (Malone).

Scene VII.—I. Kill the poys, etc. The English baggage was guarded only by boys and lackeys, and some French runaways, learning this fact, attacked them and plundered the baggage. It is this villainy to which Fluellen alludes.

8. The king most worthily, etc. Johnson points out that the king gives one reason for killing the prisoners (iv. 6. 36), and Gower another; but S. follows Holinshed, who gives both these reasons for Henry's conduct.

49. I was not angry. For the tense, see Gr. 347.

55. Skirr. "Move rapidly, scour" (Schmidt). Cf. Macb. v. 3. 35: "skirr the country round."

56. Enforced. Thrown with force. Cf. 2 Hen. IV. iv. 1. 71, etc.

64. Fin'd. Fixed as the sum to be paid (Schmidt).

67. To look. To look for. Gr. 200. Cf. M. W. iv. 2. 79: "I will look some linen;" A. W. iii. 6. 115: "I must go look my twigs," etc. The

folio has "book" in the present passage; the emendation is from the Coll. MS. K. and St. retain "book."

69. Woe the while. Cf. W. T. iii. 2. 173, and J. C. i. 3. 83.

74. Yerk. Jerk, thrust. Cf. Oth. i. 2. 5: "to have yerk'd him here under the ribs."

79. A many. See on iii. 7. 61.

92. In a garden, etc. King Arthur won a great victory over the Saxons "in a garden where leeks did grow," and Saint David ordered that every one of the king's soldiers should wear a leek in his cap in honour thereof. Hence the Welsh custom of wearing the emblem on St. David's day, March 1st.

93. Monmouth caps. Fuller, in his Worthies of Wales, says: "The best caps were formerly made at Monmouth, where the Capper's chapel doth still remain." Reed quotes the old ballad of The Caps: "The sol-

diers that the Monmouth wear," etc.

108. Our heralds go, etc. For the construction of go, see Gr. 364.

109. Just notice. Exact information. Cf. M. of V. iv. 1. 327: "a just

pound;" Oth. i. 3. 5: "a just account," etc.
116. Swaggered with me. Bullied me. Cf. 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4. 107: "he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance." On who, see Gr. 249.

126. Great sort. High rank. Cf. iv. 8.71 below: "prisoners of good

sort," etc.

Quite from the answer, etc. "Quite debarred by the laws of the duello from answering the challenge of one of such inferior rank" (J. H.). On from = away from, cf. J. C. ii. 1. 196: "Quite from the main opinion," etc. Gr. 158. There is a play upon this sense of from in Rich. III. iv. 4. 258: "That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul," etc.

130. Jack-sauce. Fluellen's blunder for Saucy Jack. For Jack as a term of contempt, cf. 1 Hen. IV. iii. 3. 99, v. 4. 143; R. and J. ii. 4. 160;

M. of V. iii. 4. 77, etc.

144. When Alençon and myself, etc. This alludes to an historical fact. Henry was felled to the ground by the Duke of Alençon, but recovered himself and slew two of the Duke's attendants.

165. If that. See Gr. 287 (cf. v. prol. 17 below); and for as, Gr. 111.

168. Valiant. Metrically a trisyllable. Gr. 479. 169. Touch'd. See Gr. 377.

170. Will return. For the ellipsis of the nominative, see Gr. 399.

Scene VIII.—7. 'Sblood. A common oath, abbreviated from God's blood; usually omitted or replaced by other words in the folio (Schmidt).

20. In a summer's day. See on iii. 6. 61 above. 39. Bitter terms. Bitter words. Cf. v. 2. 99 below.

48. Lowliness. Humble bearing. Cf. L. L. iv. 1. 81: "thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness."

56. Needs. Of necessity. Gr. 25.

64. I will none, etc. See Gr. 53.

70. Sort. Rank. See on iv. 7. 126 above.84. Mercenaries. Hired soldiers, common soldiers.

100. Davy Gam, esquire. This gentleman, being sent by Henry, before the battle, to find out the strength of the enemy, made this report: "May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." He saved the king's life in the field (Malone).

101. Of name. Of eminence. Cf. Rich. II. ii. 3. 56: "None else of

name and noble estimate."

106. So great and little loss, etc. Cf. Macb. i. 3. 60:

"Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear Your favours nor your hate;"

and see note in our ed. p. 162.

109. Go we. Cf. 118 below: "Do we all holy rites," etc. Gr. 364. 121. We'll. The quarto reading, adopted by Capell, D., and others; the folio has "And."



PROLOGUE.—2. Of. From. Gr. 166.

3. Them. For the "redundant object," see Gr. 414.

7. For the measure, see Gr. 480.

10. Pales in. Encloses, encompasses. Cf. Cymb. iii. 1. 19:

"As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in With rocks unscalable and roaring waters."

12. Whiffler. "An officer who walks first in processions, or before persons in high stations, on occasions of ceremony" (Hanmer). In the play of Clyomon, 1599, a whiffler makes his appearance at a tournament, clearing the way before the king. Cf. The Isle of Gulls, 1606: "And Manasses shall go before like a whiffler, and make way with his horns."

17. Where that, etc. Where his lords wish him to have his bruised

helmet, etc., borne before him. See Holinshed, p. 141 above.

21. Giving full trophy, etc. "Transferring all the honours of conquest, all trophies, tokens, and shows, from himself to God" (Johnson). For quite from, see on iv. 7. 126 above.

25. Sort. Manner, style. Cf. T. of S. iii. 1. 67: "in a more fairer

sort," etc.

26. Antique. Spelt antick or antique in the old eds. without regard to the meaning, but always accented on the first syllable. Gr. 492.

29. Likelihood. Similitude.30. The general. The Earl of Essex. See Introduction, p. 10.

32. Broached. Spitted, transfixed. Cf. T. A. iv. 2. 85: "I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point."

34. Much more cause. With may be understood, or "and there was much more cause" may be a parenthesis (Gr. 202).

38. The emperor. The folio has "emperor's;" the emendation is M. Mason's. The reference is to the emperor Sigismond, who was married to Henry's second cousin.

41. Back-return. See Gr. 429, and cf. iv. 1. 161 above.

43. Remembering you. Reminding you. Cf. Temp. i. 2. 243: "Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd," etc.

Scene I.—5. Scald. Scurvy, scabby. Cf. A. and C. v. 2. 215: "scald rhymers;" M. W. iii. 1. 123: "This same scall [Evans's pronunciation of the word], scurvy, cogging companion."

18. Parca's fatal web. The Parcæ were the Fates. 25. Cadwallader. The last of the Welsh kings.

27. As eat it. For the ellipsis, see Gr. 353.

35. Astonished. Johnson and Steevens explain this as = stunned (with the blow); M. Mason and Schmidt as = confounded, amazed. K. says that the word is still a pugilistic term = stunned.

66. Gleeking. Scoffing, sneering. Cf. M. N. D. iii. 1. 150: "I can gleek upon occasion." Galling, which has much the same meaning, is

not elsewhere used intransitively by S.

70. Condition. Temper, disposition. Cf. M. of V. i. 2. 143: "the con-

dition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil," etc.

72. Huswife. The usual spelling of housewife in the folio (Schmidt). The word is here used contemptuously = hussy. Cf. A. and C. iv. 15. 44: "the false housewife Fortune."

73. Spital. Hospital. Cf. ii. 1. 71 above. So spital-house in T. of A.

iv. 3. 39.

77. Cudgell'd. The folio, which prints the passage as prose, has "Cudgeld" and "Ile turne." The quarto reads, "Bawd will I turne, and vse the slyte of hand," etc. Coll. and the Camb. ed. have "cudgelled" and "I'll turn;" W. has "cudgell'd" and "I'll;" D., K., H., and others

give the reading we have adopted.

81. Johnson remarks here: "The comick scenes of The History of Henry the Fourth and Fifth are now at an end, and all the comick personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure."

Scene II .- I. Wherefore. For which.

17. The fatal balls. The eyes of the basilisk were fabled to kill with a

glance. Cf. W. T. i. 2. 388: "Make me not sighted like the basilisk;" Rich. III. i. 2. 151:

> "Gloster. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine. Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!"

See also Cymb. ii. 4. 107, etc. J. H. remarks: "Balls is here used in word-play, implying comparison between eye-balls and cannon-balls."

19. Have. For the "confusion of proximity," see Gr. 412.

27. Barrier, place of congress (Johnson). On a previous occasion, Henry with his friends had had a conference with Katherine and her relatives in a field near Melun, where two pavilions were erected for the royal families, and a third between them for the interview. The Frenchmen, according to the Chronicle, "ditched, trenched, and paled their lodgings for fear of after-clappes; but the Englishmen had their parte of the field only barred and parted." Malone suggests that S. may here have had this former meeting in his thoughts. The present conference took place in St. Peter's Church at Troyes, but the editors agree in supposing it to occur in a palace; because, as Malone tells us, "St. Peter's Church would not admit of the French king and queen, etc., retiring, and then appearing again on the scene." See p. 142 above.

28. Mightiness. Plural. See Gr. 471. 31. Congrected. Met in a friendly way (Schmidt). 33. Rub. Hinderance. See on ii. 2. 188.

34. Why that. See Gr. 287; and cf. 46 below.

39. On heaps. See on iv. 5. 13 above.

40. It own. Its own. Cf. Temp. ii. 1. 163: "it own kind;" Ham. v.

1. 244: "it own life," etc. See Gr. 228, or Temp. p. 120.
42. Even-pleach'd. "Interwoven so as to have a smooth and even surface" (Schmidt). Cf. Much Ado, i. 2. 10: "a thick-pleach'd alley;" Id. iii. 1.7: "the pleached bower," etc.45. Fumitory. The plant Fumaria (five species are found in England),

called fumiter in Lear, iv. 4. 3. For doth in next line, see Gr. 334.

47. Deracinate. Uproot, extirpate. Cf. T. and C. i. 3. 99:

"rend and deracinate The unity and married calm of states Quite from their fixure!"

Savagery here = wild growth; in K. John, iv. 3. 48, it means savage conduct, atrocity.

49. Freckled cowslip. Cf. M. N. D. ii. 1. 10:

"The cowslips tall her pensioners be: In their gold coats spots you see; Those be rubies, fairy favours, In those freckles live their savours."

The burnet is the Poterium sanguisorba. It was valued as a salad plant, and Bacon (Essay of Gardens, ed. 1625) says of it: "But those which Perfume the aire most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being Troden upon and Crushed, are Three: That is Burnet, Wilde-Time, and Water-Mints. Therefore, you are to set whole Allies of them, to have the Pleasure when you walke or tread."

52. Kecksies. Properly the dried and withered stems of the hemlock.

but the name is occasionally applied to the living plant.

61. Diffus'd. The folio has "defus'd;" as in Rich. III. i. 2. 78. Schmidt would retain that form, explaining it as = "shapeless." Warb. defined diffus'd as "extravagant;" Johnson, as "wild, irregular, strange."

63. Favour. Aspect, appearance. Cf. J. C. i. 2. 91, ii. 1. 76, etc.
65. Let. Impediment, hinderance. Cf. R. of L. 330, 646, etc.
68. Would. Wish. Gr. 329.

73. Enschedul'd. Written down. Gr. 440.

77. Cursorary. Cursory, hasty. The folio has "curselarie," the quarto "cursenary."

78. Pleaseth. May it please. Gr. 361.

79. Presently. Immediately; as in iii. 2. 49. Cf. Temp. i. 2. 125, iv. I.

42, etc.

- 82. Pass our accept. Declare our acceptance. Malone conjectured "pass or accept" (=agree to, or take exception to), which is also in the Coll. MS.
- 84. Neither Clarence nor Huntington appear in the dramatis persona, as neither speaks a word. Huntington was John Holland, Earl of Huntington, who afterwards married the widow of Edmond Mortimer, Earl of March (Malone).
- 88. Advantageable. Profitable. The Coll. MS. reads "advantage." 90. Consign. Agree. Cf. 2 Hen. IV. v. 2. 143: "God consigning to my good intents," etc.

92. Our gracious brother. See Gr. 13.

94. Too nicely urg'd. Too sophistically pressed.

128. Clap hands. In token of betrothal. Cf. W. T. p. 152, note on 104.

131. You undid me. You would undo me.
133. In measure. That is, in dancing. There is a play on the different senses of the word; as in Much Ado, ii. 1.74, L. L. iv. 3. 384, and Rich. II. iii. 4. 7.

Cf. K. John, ii. 1. 465: 137. Buffet. Box.

"Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his But buffets better than a fist of France."

138. Jack-an-apes. An ape or monkey. Cf. M. W. iv. 4. 67; A. W. iii. 5. 88, etc.

139. Greenly. Foolishly. Cf. Ham. iv. 5. 83: "we have done but greenly," etc. See also iv. prol. 39: "But freshly looks."

140. Nor have I no. See Gr. 406.

145. I speak to thee plain soldier. Cf. K. John, ii. 1. 462: "He speaks plain cannon fire;" A. Y. L. iii. 2. 227: "speak sad brow and true maid," etc.

149. Plain and uncoined constancy. That is, like a plain piece of

metal, that has not yet received any impression.

Perforce. See on iv. 6. 33 above. 154. Will fall. Will fall away, shrink.

176. Saint Denis. The patron saint of France. Cf. L. L. L. v. 2. 87: "Saint Denis to Saint Cupid!"

196. Scambling. Scrambling, struggling. Cf. i. 1. 4 above.

204. Très-cher et divin. The error in gender may be intentional; but some editors print "très-chère et divine," though they do not correct the preceding mon. The folio has "trescher & deuin;" the passage is not found in the quartos.

210. Untempering. Not producing the desired effect, not moving or persuading. Cf. temper=fashion, mould; as in ii. 2. 118 above. See

also T. A. iv. 4. 109.

228. Broken music. Mr. Chappell (Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 246) explained this as "the music of a stringed band;" but, according to Mr. W. A. Wright (C. P. ed. of A. Y. L. p. 89), he has since altered his opinion, and now gives the following explanation: "Some instruments such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'consort,' but 'broken music.'" Cf. T. and C. iii. 1. 52 and A. Y. L. i. 2. 150, where, as here, there is a play upon the expression. See also Bacon, Essay 37: "accompanied with some broken Musicke."

240. D'une votre indigne serviteur. The folio has "d'une nostre Seigneur indignie serviteur," which is nonsense. The Var. of 1821, following Pope, reads, "d'une vostre indigne serviteure," which is adopted by K., W., H., and others; but we are not aware that there is any authority for the form serviteure. D. prints "serviteur." The Camb. editors give a reading of their own: "d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur."

We may remark here, by the way, that we see no more reason for retaining the old French orthography in the text than the old English.

We follow D. in giving the modern spelling.

255. List. Barrier, boundary. Cf. A. Y. L. ii. I. 53; I Hen. IV. iv. I.

51; Ham. iv. 5. 99, etc.

257. Find-faults. Fault-finders. For similar compounds, see Gr. 432. 269. Condition. Temper, disposition. See on v. 1. 70 above. Smooth = bland, gentle. Cf. 1 Hen. IV. i. 3. 7:

"my condition, Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down."

279. Consign. Agree. Cf. 90 above.

200. This moral. "That is, the application of this fable. The moral being the application of a fable, our author calls any application a moral" (Johnson). Cf. iii. 6. 35 above; also Much Ado, iii. 5. 78, M. N. D. v. I. 120, T. of S. iv. 4. 79, etc.

297. Perspectively. As through a perspective; an optical contrivance,

for which see Rich. II. ii. 2. 18, and note in our ed. p. 180.

299. Maiden walls, etc. Malone quotes R. of L. 468 and L. C. 176; to which might be added A. W. i. 1. 1737.

309. According, etc. That is, in the exact form in which they were

proposed.

315. Prædarissimus. It should be præcarissimus, as it is in the original treaty (printed in Rymer's Fædera); but S. copied the error (doubtless a typographical one) from Holinshed. The fact that the poet did not correct it confirms Ben Jonson's statement that he had "small Latin."

328. That never war, etc. So that war may never, etc. Gr. 368.

332. I kiss her. In accordance with the ancient ceremony of affiancing (J. H.). Cf. T. N. v. 1. 161: "Attested by the holy close of lips;" K. John, ii. 1. 534:

> "King Philip. It likes us well; young princes, close your hands. Austria. And your lips too;" etc.

339. Paction. Agreement, alliance. The folio has "pation;" the emendation is due to Theo.

340. Incorporate. Cf. M. N. D. iii. 2. 208, etc. Gr. 342.

EPILOGUE.

I. All-unable. Weak, impotent. Cf. Lear, i. 1. 61: "speech unable,"

2. Bending. "Unequal to the weight of his subject and bending beneath it; or he may mean, as in Hamlet [iii. 2. 160], 'Here stooping to your clemency" (Steevens). Schmidt is also in doubt between these two explanations, of which we are inclined to prefer the former.

4. By starts. That is, by a fragmentary representation.

7. The world's best garden. France. Cf. T. of S. i. 1. 4: "The pleasant garden of great Italy." Achiev'd=gained, won. Cf. iv. 3. 91 above.

II. The. The article "frequently precedes a verbal that is followed by an object" (Gr. 93).

14. Let this, etc. Let this play find acceptance.

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (Trans. of New Shaks. Soc. 1877-79, p. 297) as follows:

"The period of history included in this play commences in the second year of Henry's reign, 1414, and ends with his betrothal to Katherine, 20th May, 1420.

This period is represented on the stage by nine days, with intervals.

1st Chorus. Prologue.

Day 1. Act I. sc. i. and ii.

2d CHORUS. Interval.

Day 2. Act II. sc. i. Interval.*

" 3. Act II. sc. ii. and iii.

Interval. Time for the arrival of the English army in France, and for the further journey of Exeter to the French court.

^{* &}quot;Less time than one week for poor Sir John's sickness, death, and burial, cannot well be denied, and, but that kings must not be kept waiting, I should have set down at least a fortnight."

Day 4. Act II. sc. iv. 3d CHORUS. Interval. Day 5. Act III. sc. i.-iii.

Interval. March of King Henry towards Calais.

[Act III. sc. iv. Some time of the interval succeeding Day 4.]

6. Act III. sc. v.

Interval; a day or two.

7. Act III. sc. vi., * and first part of sc. vii. 8. Act III. sc. vii., second part. 4th Chorus, and Act IV. sc. i.-viii. 5th CHORUS. Interval.

[Act V. sc. i. Some time in the early part of the last Interval.[†]] Day 9. Act V. sc. ii.

6th Chorus. Epilogue."

Drawn (p. 154). Drawn = with drawn sword; as in Temp. ii. 1. 308: "Why are you drawn?" See also M. N. D. iii. 2. 402, R. and J. i. 1. 73,

etc. Gr. 374.

Of sack (p. 158). Sack was "the generic name of Spanish and Canary wines" (Schmidt); but sometimes the particular kind was specified. Cf. 2 Hen. IV. iv. 3. 104: "a good Sherris-sack;" that is, Sherry wine. Nares quotes the ballad of Mad Tom: "a cup of Malaga sack;" and Herrick:

"thy isles shall lack Grapes, before Herrick leaves Canarie sack."

The fatal balls (p. 183). There is also a play upon the word basilisk, which sometimes meant a piece of heavy ordnance. Cf. 1 Hen. IV. ii. 3. 56: "Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;" also Marlowe, Jew of Malta:

> "Which with our bombards, shot, and basilisk, We rent in sunder at our entry," etc.

* "In this scene we have a noticeable instance of the method in which time is fre-The third scene we have a moticable instance of the method in which there is requestly dealt with in these plays; the progress of events keeping pace with the dialogue in which they are narrated. Pistol comes to urge Fluellen to intercede with Exeter for Bardolph, who is sentenced to be hanged for stealing a pax of little price; Fluellen declines to interfere, and almost immediately after—without his quitting the stage, and without any break in the action which might assist the spectator in imagining the passes of the best particularly after the Vision between the vision that the contract the Vision between the vision that the progress of the vision that vision the vi sage of time—he is able to inform the King, who enters, that Bardolph's 'nose is executed, and his fire's out.'"

^{† &}quot;Yesterday, it seems, was St. David's Day, and Pistol, in fulfilment of his vow recorded in Act IV. sc. i., had taken advantage of Fluellen's presence in a place where he 'could not breed no contention,' to insult him about his leek. Fluellen now revenges himself, and cudgels Pistol into eating the leek he loathed. The locality of this scene is France; for in his last speech, Pistol says, 'to England will I steal?' its time, dramatically considered, should probably be imagined within a few days of Day 8. Pistol's braggardism had been pretty thoroughly exposed to the world already, and he could scarcely be expected to maintain the imposture for any longer time. Johnson, it may be observed, would place the scene at the end of Act IV., supposing it to occur before the return of the army to England. At a pinch, perhaps, we might imagine that Pistol, with Fluellen and Gower, had remained in garrison at Calais since the great battle, and, if we go by the Almanac, we might thus lengthen out Pistol's military career by four months and a half to this 2d March, the morrow of St. David's Day. This time and place, too, might be taken to agree pretty well with the news that Pistol has received from England that his 'Nell is dead i' the spital;' but it seems idle to assign any definite position in our timeplot to this scene, and I enclose it therefore within brackets; referring it to some time in the early part of the interval marked by Chorus 5."

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR. - The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

King Henry: i. 2(120); ii. 2(137); iii. 1(34), 3(51), 6(45); iv. 1(213), 3(95), 6(12), 7(65), 8(58); v. 2(233). Whole no. 1063.

Gloucester: iii. 6(1); iv. 1(2), 3(1), 7(1). Whole no. 5.

Bedford: i. 2(3); iv. 3(4). Whole no. 7.

Exeter: i. 2(16); ii. 2(11), 4(57), iv. 3(4), 6(27), 7(2), 8(5); v. 2(8). Whole no. 130.

York: iv. 3(2). Whole no. 2.

Salisbury: iv. 3(9). Whole no. 9.

Westmoreland: i. 2(14); ii. 2(3); iv. 3(7); v. 2(3). Whole no. 27.

Warwick: iv. S(1). Whole no. 1.

Canterbury: i. 1(82), 2(141). Whole no. 223. Ely: i. 1(20), 2(7). Whole no. 27.

Cambridge: ii. 2(15). Whole no. 15.

Scroop: ii. 2(13). Whole no. 13. Grey: ii. 2(13). Whole no. 13.

Erpingham: iv. 1(7). Whole no. 7.

Gorver: iii. 2(14), 6(23); iv. 1(4), 7(15), 8(1); v. 1(18). Whole no. 75. Fluellen: iii. 2(48), 6(66); iv. 1(17), 7(83), 8(43); v. 1(53). Whole no. 310.

Macmorris: iii. 2(24). Whole no. 24.

Jamy: iii. 2(12). Whole no. 12. Bates: iv. 1(21). Whole no. 21.

Court: iv. 1(2). Whole no. 2.

Williams: iv. 1(46), 7(12), 8(23). Whole no. 81.

Pistol: ii. 1(43), 3(16); iii. 2(13), 6(21); iv. 1(17), 4(30); v. 1(23). Whole no. 163.

Nym: ii. 1(42), 3(5); iii. 2(6). Whole no. 53.

Bardolph: ii. 1(26), 3(6); iii. 2(2). Whole no. 34.

Boy: ii. 1(5), 3(9); iii. 2(34); iv. 4(32). Whole no. 80.

English Herald: iv. 8(1). Whole no. 1.

French King: ii. 4(42); iii. 5(28); v. 2(26). Whole no. 96.

Dauphin: ii. 4(38); iii. 5(11), 7(56); iv. 2(10), 5(6). Whole no. 121. Constable: ii. 4(12); iii. 5(21), 7(60); iv. 2(29), 5(4). Whole no. 126.

Bourbon: iii. 5(9); iv. 5(9). Whole no. 18.

Orleans: iii. 7(41); iv. 2(3), 5(5). Whole no. 49. Burgundy: v. 2(68). Whole no. 68.

Rambures: iii. 7(9); iv. 2(2). Whole no. 11.

Grandpré: iv. 2(18). Whole no. 18.

Governor of Harfleur: iii. 3(7). Whole no. 7.

Montjoy: iii. 6(25); iv. 3(13), 7(16). Whole no. 54.

Ist Ambassador: i. 2(17). Whole no. 17. French Soldier: iv. 4(20). Whole no. 20.

Messenger: ii. 4(2); iii. 7(3); iv. 2(1). Whole no. 6.

Queen Isabet: v. 2(24). Whole no. 24.

Katherine: iii. 4(42); v. 2(31). Whole no. 73.

Alice: iii. 4(24); v. 2(9). Whole no. 33.

Hostess: ii. 1(17), 3(30). Whole no. 47.

"Chorus": prol. (34); prol. ii. (42); prol. iii. (35); prol. iv. (53); prol. v. (45); epil. (14). Whole no. 223.

"All": v. 2(2). Whole no. 2.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total of the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: prol. (34); i. 1(98), 2(310); prol. ii. (42); ii. 1(133), 2(193), 3(66), 4(146); prol. iii. (35); iii. 1(34), 2(153), 3(58), 4(66), 5(68), 6(181), 7(169); prol. iv. (53); iv. 1(326), 2(63), 3(132), 4(82), 5(23), 6(38), 7(191), 8(131); prol. v. (45); v. 1(94), 2(402); epil. (14). Whole number in the play, 3380.

King Henry V. speaks more lines than any other character in Shakespeare. Besides 1063 in this play, he has 616 in I Henry IV. and 308 in 2 Henry IV., making 1987 in all. Falstaff comes next, having 719 in I Henry IV., 688 in 2 Henry IV., and 488 in the Merry Wives, or 1895

in all.



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Fluellen. Stand away, Captain Gower: I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you (iv. 8. 11).





"THE MERRY WIVES" PERFORMED BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH AT WINDSOR

×

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY

OF

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR





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CHARLECOTE HALL, THE SEAT OF SIR THOMAS LUCY.

They may give the dozen white luces in their coat (i. 1. 13



WINDSOR CASTLE IN OUR DAY.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

The earliest edition of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* is a quarto printed in 1602, with the following title-page (as given in fac-simile by Halliwell):

A | Most pleasaunt and | excellent conceited Co- | medie, of Syr John Falstaffe, and the | merrie Wiues of Windsor. | Entermixed with sundrie | variable and pleasing humors of Syr Hugh | the Welch Knight, Iustice Shallow, and his | wise Cousin M. Slender. | With the swaggering vaine of Auncient | Pistoll, and Corporall Nym. | By William Shakespeare. | As it hath bene divers times Acted by the right Honorable | my Lord Chamberlaines servants Both before her | Maiestie, and else-where. | London | Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson; and are to be sold at | his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the | Flower de Leuse and the Crowne. | 1602.

It had been entered on the Stationers' Registers on the 18th of January, 1601-2, by John Busby, with an assignment by him to Arthur Johnson. A second quarto edition was brought out by Johnson in 1619.*

These quartos appear to be a pirated version of the play as first written by Shakespeare, probably in 1599, though Halliwell, Knight, and some other critics would date it as early as 1592 or 1593.† That it was written after 2 Henry IV., which is probably to be dated in 1597 or early in 1598, is evident from the fact that Falstaff in that play (see our ed. p. 10) was originally called Oldcastle, but not in this one (Fleav).

This early sketch was afterwards revised and enlarged to about twice the original length; ‡ and this is the form in which it appears in the folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 39-60 in the division of "Comedies." Internal evidence shows that this revision was made after James came to the throne, and probably about 1605. In i. 1. 100 "king" is substituted for the "council" of the quarto. "These knights will hack," in ii. 1. 45, is supposed to allude to the 237 knights created by James in 1603. "When the court lay at Windsor," in ii. 2. 56, may refer to July, 1603; the court was usually held at Greenwich in the winter. The mention of "coach after coach," in ii. 2. 50, is not likely to have been

^{*} A third quarto edition, "printed by T. H. for R. Meighen" in 1630, is from the folio text.

[†] Some of the reasons for this view will be referred to in the Notes below.

[†] The 1st quarto, as reprinted in the Camb. ed., has 1410 lines in all. Fleay, in his revised metrical tables in Ingleby's Shakespeare: the Man and the Book, Part II. (p. 110), gives the number as "7395," which is apparently a misprint for 1395. The folio version of the play, as printed in the Globe ed., has, according to Fleay's revised figures, 3029 lines. We make it 3018, as he did in the earlier Manual (pp. 135 and 259). There are evidently many omissions in the quarto, but these do not appear to amount to any considerable fraction of the whole.

made much before coaches came into general use, which, according to Howe's *Continuation of Stowe's Chronicle*, was in 1605. "Outrun on Cotsall," i. 1, 81, appears to allude to the reviving of the Cotswold games about 1603.

The entry in the Accounts of the Revels, according to which the play was acted at Whitehall on Sunday, Nov. 4th, 1604, is now known to be a forgery.* It is not unlikely, however, that the revision of the play was made for a court performance at Windsor. "The fairy scene at the close originally slight, gay, and satirical, such as the good folks of Windsor might have invented, when inspired by a spirit of frolicmischief, is discarded, in order to substitute a higher tone of fairy poetry, graceful and delicate, fanciful and grotesque. It seems probable that the author, when his play was about to be reproduced before the court, after some celebration of the Order of the Garter, rejected his former verses, in order to enrich his piece with a scene imitating and rivalling the high fanciful elegance of the masques, which had then become popular, and in which Ben Jonson was then exhibiting an exuberance of refined and original and delicate fancy, which could never have been anticipated from the stern satire, the coarse humour, and the learned imitations of his regular drama" (V.).

Tradition ascribes the origin of the play to Queen Elizabeth. Rowe, in the life of Shakespeare prefixed to his edition, first published in 1709, says that Elizabeth "was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff in the two parts of *Henry IV*. that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to show Falstaff in love." The same story had been given by John Dennis, in 1702 (in the preface to *The Comical Gallant*, a comedy founded on the *Merry Wives*), with unimportant variations, indicating that he derived his information from some other source. He adds that the queen was so eager to see the play acted

^{*} But it was, nevertheless, based on correct information.

"that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days, and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation." The anecdote was repeated by Gildon in 1710, and was accepted without controversy by Pope, Theobald, and other of the earlier editors.

"Modern criticism has, however, been more sceptical, and according as the tradition can be made to agree with one or other conjectural theory of the progress of Falstaff's character, the connection of his adventures here with those related in the historical plays, and the relative date of the composition and of this comedy, the story has been either rejected, as wholly apocryphal, or received with such modifications as might suit the critic's theory. Mr. Knight admits only the royal command and the rapid composition, but holds the Falstaff of Windsor to have been a previous conception to the Knight of Eastcheap; while Collier rejects the whole story, because 'Dennis had to make out a case in favour of his alterations, by showing that the comedy had been composed in an incredibly short period, and was consequently capable of improvement.'

"Yet, as Rowe relates his anecdote on the same authority with that on which most of the generally received facts of the poet's history are known, acknowledging his obligations to Betterton 'for the most considerable passages' of the biography; as Betterton was then seventy-four years of age, and thus might have received the story directly from contemporary authority; as Gildon was Betterton's friend and biographer, and as Dennis (a learned acute man, of a most uninventive and matter-of-fact mind) told his story seven or eight years before, 'with a difference,' yet without contradiction, so as to denote another and an independent source of evidence; as Pope, the rancorous enemy of poor Dennis, whom he and his contemporary wits have 'damned to everlasting fame,' received the traditions without hesitation; we have certainly, in the entire absence of any external or in-

ternal evidence to the contrary, as good a proof as any such insulated piece of literary history could well require or receive, although it may not amount to such evidence as might be demanded to establish some contested point of religious or legal or political opinion. The tradition, too, corresponds perfectly with the manner in which the printed copies of the comedy first appeared "(V.).

The date that we have assigned to the Merry Wives places its production between that of 2 Henry IV. and Henry V., and in this the majority of recent critics agree; but they have wasted much ink and ingenuity in trying to decide at what point in the career of Falstaff these Windsor adventures belong. Knight and Verplanck would place them before his introduction in the historical plays, Halliwell between the two parts of Henry IV., and Johnson between 2 Henry IV. and Henry V. Hudson thinks that room may be found for them somewhere in the ten years covered by 2 Henry IV. We are inclined, however, to agree with Collier, White, Dowden, and others, in considering the comedy as having a certain independence of the histories and not to be brought into chronological relations to them. As White remarks, "Shakespeare was not writing biography, even the biography of his own characters. He was a poet, but he wrote as a playwright; and the only consistency to which he held himself, or can be held by others, is the consistency of dramatic interest. And if when he deals with historic personages we find him boldly disregarding the chronological succession of events in favour of the general truthfulness of dramatic impression, with what reason can we expect to find him respecting that succession with regard to the time when such mere creatures of his will as Shallow, or Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol, lent money to or entered the service of Sir John Falstaff, or when Mrs. Quickly ceased to be maid, or wife, or widow?—if she were ever either. We must discard all deductions from the failure of the four plays to make a connected memoir of Falstaff and his friends and followers, as not only inconclusive but of no consequence."*

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The critics have pointed out several sources from which Shakespeare may have got some hints for the plot of the Merry Wives: two tales in Straparola's Le Tredici Piacevoli Notte, and a modified version of one of these, under the title of "The Lovers of Pisa" in Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie, 1590; the tale of Bucciolo and Pietro Paulo in the Pecorone of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino; and "The Fishwife's Tale of Brainford" from Westward for Smelts. This last, however, was probably not published till 1620 (see our ed. of Cymbeline, p. 11), though Malone refers to an edition of 1603.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Knight's "Pictorial Shakspere." †]

The critics have been singularly laudatory of this comedy. Warton calls it "the most complete specimen of Shakspere's comic powers." Johnson says, "This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated than perhaps can be found in any other play. Its general power, that power by which all works of genius shall finally

^{*} If we are to make a connected and consistent biography of Sir John out of the four plays, there is no alternative, to our thinking, but to adopt Verplanck's hypothesis (see p. 21 below) and put the Windsor exploits before all the other experiences of the fat knight recorded by Shakespeare. Elizabeth may have induced the poet to write a play "with Sir John in it" in the rôle she proposed, but after comparing the new Sir John with the old we are constrained to say "this is not the man." At some uncertain period before we meet him in Eastcheap he may indeed have been capable of such fatuity, but he was too old a bird then to be caught with the chaff of the merry wives.

† Vol. i. of Comedies, p. 206 fol. (by permission).

be tried, is such that perhaps it never yet had reader or spectator who did not think it too soon at the end." We agree with much of this; but we certainly cannot agree with Warton that it is "the most complete specimen of Shakspere's comic powers." We cannot forget As You Like It, and Twelfth Night, and Much Ado About Nothing. We cannot forget those exquisite combinations of the highest wit with the purest poetry, in which the wit flows from the same everlasting fountain as the poetry—both revealing all that is most intense and profound and beautiful and graceful in humanity. Of those qualities which put Shakspere above all other men that ever existed, the Merry Wives of Windsor exhibits few traces. Some of the touches, however, which no other hand could give, are to be found in Slender, and we think in Quickly. Slender, little as he has to do, is the character that most frequently floats before our fancy when we think of the Merry Wives of Windsor. Slender and Anne Page are the favourites of our modern school of English painting, which has attempted, and successfully, to carry the truth of the Dutch School into a more refined region of domestic art. We do not wish Anne Page to have been married to Slender, but in their poetical alliance they are inseparable. It is in the remodelled play that we find, for the most part, such Shaksperian passages in the character of Slender as, "If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves "—which resolve, as Evans says, shows his "virtuous mind." In the remodelled play, too, we find the most peculiar traces of the master-hand in Quickly-such as, "His worst fault is that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way:" and "the boy never need to understand any thing, for 't is not good that children should know any wickedness. Old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world;" and again, "Good hearts! what ado there is to bring you together; sure one of you does not serve heaven

well that you are so crossed." Johnson objects to this latter passage as profane; but he overlooks the extraordinary depth of the satire. Shakspere's profound knowledge of the human heart is as much displayed in these three little sentences as in his Hamlet and his Iago.

The principal action of this comedy—the adventures of Falstaff with the Merry Wives—sweeps on with a rapidity of movement which hurries us forward to the denouement as irresistibly as if the actors were under the influence of that destiny which belongs to the empire of tragedy. No reverses, no disgraces, can save Falstaff from his final humiliation. The net is around him, but he does not see the meshes; he fancies himself the deceiver, but he is the deceived. He will stare Ford "out of his wits," he will "awe him with his cudgel," yet he lives "to be carried in a basket like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown into the Thames." But his confidence is undaunted: "I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into the Thames, ere I will leave her;" yet "since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten till lately." Lastly, he will rush upon a third adventure: "This is the third time, I hope good luck lies in odd numbers;" yet his good luck ends in "I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass." The real jealousy of Ford most skilfully helps on the merry devices of his wife; and with equal skill does the poet make him throw away his jealousy, and assist in the last plot against the "unclean knight." The misadventures of Falstaff are most agreeably varied. disguise of the old woman of Brentford puts him altogether in a different situation from his suffocation in the buck basket; and the fairy machinery of Herne's Oak carries the catastrophe out of the region of comedy into that of romance

The movement of the principal action is beautifully contrasted with the occasional repose of the other scenes. The

Windsor of the time of Elizabeth is presented to us, as the quiet country town, sleeping under the shadow of its neighbour the castle. Amidst its gabled houses, separated by pretty gardens, from which the elm and the chestnut and the lime throw their branches across the unpaved road, we find a goodly company, with little to do but gossip and laugh, and make sport out of each other's cholers and weaknesses. We see Master Page training his "fallow greyhound;" and we go with Master Ford "a-birding." We listen to the "pribbles and prabbles" of Sir Hugh Evans and Justice Shallow, with a quiet satisfaction; for they talk as unartificial men ordinarily talk, without much wisdom, but with good temper and sincerity. We find ourselves in the days of ancient hospitality, when men could make their fellows welcome without ostentatious display, and half a dozen neighbours "could drink down all unkindness" over "a hot venison pasty." The more busy inhabitants of the town have time to tattle, and to laugh, and be laughed at. Mine Host of the Garter is the prince of hosts; he is the very soul of fun and good temper; he is not solicitous whether Falstaff sit "at ten pounds a week" or at two; he readily takes "the withered serving man for a fresh tapster;" his confidence in his own cleverness is delicious - "am I politic, am I subtle, am I a Machiavel?"—the Germans "shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them." When he loses his horses, and his "mind is heavy," we rejoice that Fenton will give him "a hundred pound in gold" more than his loss. His contrivances to manage the fray between the furious French doctor and the honest Welsh parson are productive of the happiest situations. Caius waiting for his adversary—"de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him"—is capital. But Sir Hugh, with his—

"There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry"—is inimitable.

With regard to the under-plot of Fenton and Anne Page—the scheme of Page to marry her to Slender—the counterplot of her mother, "firm for Doctor Caius"—and the management of the lovers to obtain a triumph out of the devices against them—it may be sufficient to point out how skilfully it is interwoven with the Herne's Oak adventure of Falstaff. Though Slender "went to her in white, and cried mum, and she cried budget, . . . yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy;" though Caius did "take her in green," he "ha' married un garçon, a boy, un paisan;" but Anne and Fenton

"long since contracted, Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve them."

Over all the misadventures of that night, when "all sorts of deer were chas'd," Shakspere throws his own tolerant spirit of forgiveness and content:

"Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire,— Sir John and all."

[From Verplanck's "Shakespeare."*]

There is a prodigal and glorious throng of incident and character in this very admirable comedy: for variety, and broad, unceasing effect, it stands perhaps unrivalled. Each individual member of the breathing group—the Wives, the Husbands, the Doctor, Parson, mine Host of the Garter, Shallow, Slender; every character, in short, from Falstaff and his satellites to Simple and Rugby—stands out in the clearest light, and assists in reflecting the sunshine of the author's intellect for the delight and instruction of the reader or spectator. It has been said, and truly, that Falstaff, in

^{*} The Illustrated Shakespeare, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. ii. pp. 4, 45 of $M.\ W.$

this play, is not so unctuous and irresistible as in the two parts of *Henry IV.*; but if the Falstaff of Windsor must succumb to him of Gadshill and Shrewsbury, it should in fairness be added,

"Nought but himself can be his conqueror."

Even the gullibility of the unfortunate old boy (as drawn forth of him by the witcheries of the wicked wives) places him in an amiable point of view, and raises a new sensation in his favour. Our choler would rise, despite of us, against Cleopatra herself, should she presume to make a dupe and tool of regal old Jack, the natural lord and master of all about him: and, although not so atrociously immoral as to wish he had succeeded with the Windsor gypsies, we yet plead guilty to the minor turpitude of sympathy when he tells his persecutors, with brightening visage and exultant twinkle of eye, "I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced."

The serious part of this play bears but a small proportion to the facetious, but is equally good in its kind. The softer sentiment is confined to Fenton and Anne Page, both of whom give indications of possessing very lovable natures, although their persons seem thrust into a corner (an arrangement to which the lovers themselves would probably start no objection) by the crowd of comic roisterers.

There are various old stories and dramas from which Shakespeare may have gathered hints for the dilemmas in which Falstaff is involved in the present play: but the tale of "The Lovers of Pisa," in a collection called Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie appears to have been the immediate source of his inspiration in this particular. The coincidences, however, do not extend to the characters. The lover in the tale is a handsome youth, and really favoured by the young lady, who plots with him to deceive her husband, a jealous old physician. In the play, literally speak-

ing, the lover is old, the wives not young, and their husbands of corresponding ages; but, poetically considered, they and the whole *dramatis personæ* are all dainty juveniles together, and can never lose their freshness while the language lasts in which they are embodied.

Assuming that Shakespeare, either in obedience to the command of his political sovereign—a lady somewhat tyrannical, and not a little fantastical, and yet a woman of genius and of letters, whose suggestions the most republican poet might be proud to receive-or to please that other manyheaded sovereign, the public, to whom the poet owed a still truer allegiance - after having exhausted the last days of Falstaff in the historical dramas, had revived him for a new display of his character, and surrounded him with his former companions, it is quite incredible that he should have done so without some regard to the incidents, adventures, and characteristics that he alone had bestowed upon each one of them. Had these personages been like the cunning slave, the parasite, and the bully, of the Latin stage, or like the Scapins and Sganarelles of the old French comedy (characters common to every dramatic author), he would not have cared for any such connection. But these were the children of his own fancy, and they had lived in a world of his own creation; so that, though like Cervantes in similar circumstances, he might fall into an occasional forgetful contradiction of his own story, it was every way improbable that he should not have had in his mind some plan of congruous invention. Now, he had already made his readers and audience familiar with the latter part of Falstaff's career. When he reproduced him, therefore, it was natural that he should return to a somewhat earlier period of his life, especially when he was to represent him as a lover. Who, indeed, does not assent to Johnson's remarks on Falstaff's appearance in this character?

"No task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakespeare knew what the queen seems not to have known, that by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement that little of his former cast could have remained. Falstaff could not love but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeit love. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having, perhaps, in the former plays completed his own ideas, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment."

Every one of Falstaff's acquaintances must feel his amusement at Windsor dashed with constant vexation, at seeing the hero of the Boar's Head "made an ass of," hunted and worried, and at last obliged to veil his triumphant wit even to "the Welch flannel." But we also feel that this same pleasant "villainous misleader of youth," that "grey iniquity" delighting to "take his ease in his own inn," could not easily have been made the sport and butt even of ladies as sprightly and malicious as those of Windsor. It is quite clear that in the days of Mrs. Hostess Quickly, he had rid himselt of all personal vanity that could lead him into any such selfdelusions. Yet, as the vanity of being thought acceptable to the other sex is one of the last that men get rid of, the author would naturally be led to paint Falstaff, in the perilous adventures to which he had destined him, as being still of an age (however ridiculous his courtship would seem to Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford) to be yet liable to the delusions of personal vanity, and exposed to its attendant mortifications. He is of course made to take his last lesson of experience in that matter, before settling down into the lazy luxury of the Boar's Head. He is accordingly, though substantially the same character, made more of a vivacious, dissolute old boy, and less of the sagacious Epicurean wit, than he appears in Henry IV. We have, then, only to imagine an indefinite

interval of two or three years, during which Pistol and Bardolph return to their old service, and Mrs. Quickly removes from the quiet shades of Windsor to the more congenial atmosphere of a London tavern, and nothing is wanted to make the whole consistent and probable.

[From Charles Cowden-Clarke's "Shakespeare Characters." *]

The Merry Wives of Windsor is one of those delightfully happy plays of Shakespeare, beaming with sunshine and goodhumour, that makes one feel the better, the lighter, and the happier for having seen or read it. It has a superadded charm, too, from the scene being purely English; and we all know how rare and how precious English sunshine is, both literally and metaphorically. The Merry Wives may be designated the "sunshine" of domestic life, as the As You Like It is the "sunshine" of romantic life. The out-door character that pervades both plays gives to them their tone of buoyancy and enjoyment, and true holiday feeling. We have the meeting of Shallow and Slender and Page in the streets of Windsor, who saunter on, chatting of the "fallow greyhound, and of his being outrun on Cotsal;" and, still strolling on, they propose the match between Slender and "sweet Anne Page." Then Anne brings wine out of doors to them; though her father, with the genuine feeling of old English hospitality, presses them to come into his house, and enjoy it with a "hot venison pasty to dinner." And she afterwards comes out into the garden to bid Master Slender to table, where, we may imagine, he has been lounging about, in the hope of the fresh air relieving his sheepish embarrassment. When Doctor Caius bids his servant bring him his rapier, he answers, "'T is ready, sir, here in the porch," conveying the idea of a room leading at once into the open air—such a room as used to be called "a summer parlour."

^{*} Shakespeare-Characters, by Charles Cowden-Clarke (London, 1863), p. 141 fol. (by permission).

Then we hear of Anne Page being at a "farm-house a-feasting;" and we have Mrs. Page leading her little boy William to school; and Sir Hugh Evans sees people coming "from Frogmore over the stile this way;" and we find that Master Ford "is this morning gone a-birding." Even the very headings to the scenes breathe of dear, lovely English scenery—"Windsor Park"—"A field near Frogmore." They talk, too, of Datchet Lane; and Sir John Falstaff is "slighted into the river." And, with this, come thronging visions of the "silver Thames," and some of those exquisite leafy nooks on its banks, with the cawing of rooks; and its little islands, crowned with the dark and glossy-leaved alder; and barges lapsing on its tranquil tide. To crown all, the story winds up with a plot to meet in Windsor Park at midnight, to trick the fat knight beneath "Herne's oak." The whole play, indeed, is, as it were, a village, or even a homestead pastoral.

The dramatis personæ, too, perfectly harmonize, and are in strict keeping with the scene. They are redolent of health and good-humour—that moral and physical "sunshine."

There are the two "Merry Wives" themselves. What a picture we have of buxom, laughing, ripe beauty! ready for any frolic "that may not sully the chariness of their honesty." That jealous-pate, Ford, ought to have been sure of his wife's integrity and goodness, from her being so transparent-charactered and cheerful; for your insincere and double-dealing people are sure to betray, some time or other, the drag that dishonesty claps upon the wheel of their conduct. The career of a deceitful person is never uniform. In the sequel, however, Ford does make a handsome atonement—that of a frank apology to the party whom he had abused by his suspicions; and he winds up the play with the rest, not the least happy of the group from having an enfranchised heart. He says well:

"Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt.

I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness. Now doth thy honour stand,
In him that was of late a heretic,
As firm as faith."...

Then, there is Page, the very personification of hearty English hospitality. You feel the tight grasp of his hand, and see the honest sparkle of his eye, as he leads in the wranglers with, "Come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness." If I were required to point to the portrait of a genuine, indigenous Englishman, throughout the whole of the works of Shakespeare, Page would be the man. Every thought of his heart, every motion of his body, appears to be the result of pure instinct; he has nothing exotic or artificial about him. He possesses strong yeoman sense, an unmistakable speech, a trusting nature, and a fearless deportment; and these are the characteristics of a true Englishman. He is to be gulled—no man more so; and he is gulled every day in the year-no proof, you will say, of his "strong yeoman sense;" but an Englishman is quite as frequently gulled with his eyes open as when they are hoodwinked. He has a conceit in being indifferent to chicanery. He confides in his own strength when it behooves him to exert it; and then he abates the nuisance. . . .

Page has been strangely enough spoken of, in combination with his comely partner, as "the foolish Page and his no less foolish wife." These are the terms in which the worthy yeoman of the Merry Wives of Windsor is mentioned by a German critic, who resolves all in Shakespeare's writings into an æsthetic truism, or a mere technicality of art. Can the right worshipful and very ponderous Herr Doctor Ulrici see nothing else than the "folly" of Page, because he makes a mistaken plan for his daughter's bestowal in marriage? Can he see nothing of the wisdom of non-malice-bearing, and a cheerful acquiescence with things that have been done when they

cannot be undone, in his prompt forgiveness of his child's young husband, when he finds they have stolen a match?-"Well, what remedy? Fenton, Heaven give thee joy! What cannot be eschewed must be embraced." Can he see nothing of the "wisdom" of frank English hospitality, with hearty English peace-making, and love of making quarrellers reconciled, in Page's "Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner-come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness?" Can he see nothing of the "wisdom" of Page's sturdy English confidence in his wife's honesty, where he says, upon hearing of Falstaff's proposed attempt upon her virtue, "If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head?" That the reliance is not a blind one, we have already learned from Mrs. Page's own words, just previously, where she says of her good man, "He 's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance." Such a speech as that argues but little "foolishness" in the "no less foolish wife." But we have plentiful evidence, too, of Mrs. Page being no fool. Witness the ready wit of her arch reply to Ford; when he says, alluding to the strong attachment subsisting between herself and his own wife, "I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry," she retorts, "Be sure of that—two other husbands." This is no slight to her own lord and master; but only a smart rap on the knuckles for her friend's jealous-pated one. There is anything but "foolishness" in the brisk way with which she carries on the jest, in concert with her gossip, Mrs. Ford, against the "greasy knight," as she calls Falstaff. There is anything but lack of wit in her exclamation, "Heaven guide him to my husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards." And though in anticipation, her sense of humour prompts this lively sally; yet, at the time, her sense of justice, and also her wise kindheartedness, will not see him beaten too unmercifully.

Upon my life, I can see nothing "foolish" in all this; but, on the contrary, a sprightly, sensible, quick-witted woman, who deserves her husband's confidence—and has it—by her faithful, true-hearted allegiance to him; who secures and preserves his love by her cheerful spirits, and blithe good-humour; and who seconds her husband in all his hospitable, peace-making schemes; for, at the end of the play, she says, "Let us every one go home, and laugh this sport o'er by a country fire—Sir John and all." In short, they are a perfectly worthy couple—worthy of each other, in their good temper, good faith, and excellent good sense. To call them "the foolish Page, and his no less foolish wife," is no less than flat blasphemy against the wisdom of good-nature. But many persons confound good-nature with weakness-often, perhaps, with the hope of finding it weak enough to be taken advantage of. It is, doubtless, infinitely more easy to write a flippant, undervaluing word of one of Shakespeare's characters than to discern and appreciate its multitudinous beauties. Both the Pages are people of kind-hearted common sense; which is as far removed from "foolishness"—quite as far removed—as a boring into the mere rules and strictnesses of dramatic art is from a clear perception of the poetry, the philosophy, the harmony, the consistency, the truth to nature, the knowledge of character, and a hundred things beside, that exist in Shakespeare's dramatic art. . . .

Slender comes out in this play with extraordinary force. He and Falstaff are the persons who at once present themselves to the imagination, when it is referred to. What a speaking portrait we have of Slender in the conversation between Mrs. Quickly and his man, Simple! His "little wee face, with a little yellow beard—a cane-coloured beard." He is a "tall fellow, too, of his hands, as any is, between this and his head." The humorous, quaint, and witty old Fuller says: "Your men that are built six stories high have seldom much in their cockloft." But Master Slender hath earned

a reputation, at all events, with his serving-man; he hath "fought with a warrener." And he doth not hide his pretensions to valour, especially from the women, or his station in society. He takes care that Anne Page shall know he "keeps three men and a boy, till his mother be dead;" and that he lives like a "poor gentleman born." He says this before Anne, not to her.

It is interesting to note the distinction that Shakespeare has made in drawing the two fools, Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Master Slender. The difference between them seems to be that Andrew is stupid, awkward, and incompetent, and fails in all cases from lack of ideas to help him in his need: if he had these, his stock of conceit would carry him through and over any thing; but he is a coward as well as a fool. Slender possesses not only the deficiencies of Aguecheek. but he is bashful, even to sheepishness. This quality makes him uniformly dependent on one or another for support. His spirit is so rickety that he cannot trust it alone; and yet, withal, in little non-essentials of conduct and character, Slender is not so perfect a fool but that he has the tact to display his accomplishments to win his mistress's favour. Some have not even that wisdom, who would, nevertheless. turn up their noses at Master Slender. Having insinuated his rank and "possibilities," what love-diplomacy can surpass the patronizing, and the magnanimous indifference with which he introduces the subject of his courage? Anne is sent to entreat him to dinner:

"I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slender. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence,—three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears in the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slender. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slender. That's meat and drink to me now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the zwomen have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed; but zwomen, indeed, can't abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things."

Does not this precisely fally with Mrs. Quickly's description of the man, that he "holds up his head, as it were, and struts in his gait?" . . .

That is an excellent touch of worldly prudence on the part of Anne's father, by the way, brought in to justify his objection to the addresses of Fenton; not only for his "riots past and wild societies," his being "galled in his expense," which he "seeks to heal" by an alliance with his daughter: but Page, moreover, being a plain, unaspiring yeoman, is also unfavourable to Fenton, on account of his being "too great of birth." This simple, fleeting expression places the whole character of the father before us in perfect integrity and consistency; and is alone, and in itself, a refutation of Ulrici's charge against him, for folly-"the foolish Page!" It is worth a whole scene of see-sawing and protesting. It also prepares us for Fenton's honest justification of himself. And here we have one of Shakespeare's lessons in wisdom viz., in the matrimonial contract to avoid every thing in the shape of duplicity and mental reservation—most especially before the fulfilment of it. This passage in Fenton's courtship is the only one which gives him an interest with us as a lover, because it raises him in our esteem; and with the confession, it is natural that Anne should promote his suit. In answer to his report of her father's objection to him, that "'t is impossible he should love her but as a property," like a sensible girl, she candidly replies, "May be he tells you true;" and he as candidly and fervently replies:

> "No, heaven so speed me in my time to come! Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne, Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value

Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags; And 't is the very riches of thyself That now I aim at."

And the consummation of his good sense and steadiness of character appears at the close of the play; and Shakespeare's own matrimonial morality is displayed, where Fenton succeeds in carrying off Anne, in the teeth of Page and his wife, who each wanted to force her into a money-match. Fenton's rebuke is excellent; and the father and mother's reconciliation perfectly harmonizes with their frank and generous dispositions. Fenton says:

"Hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love.

* * * * * * * * * *

The offence is koly that she hath committed;

And this deceit loses the name of craft,

Of disobedience, or unduteous title;

Since therein she doth evitate and shun

A thousand irreligious cursed hours,

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her."

Next in order comes the good-natured but peppery Welsh parson, Sir Hugh. Like the worthy Parson Adams, in Fielding's Foseph Andrews, he is thrown into various undignified attitudes by the author; and although we laugh with and sometimes at him, yet Shakespeare has never once committed his character in such a way that we should refuse cordially to grasp his hand. The country parish priests in those days were a different class of men from the present members of the Establishment: nevertheless, some scattered remnants of the old brotherhood may still be met with in those secluded villages where the high post and railroads swerve in the distance: men of almost indiscriminate sociality, taking an inoffensive part in the pastimes and homely mirth of the parishioners. I knew a gentleman who well remembered Dr. Young, the eminent author of the Night Thoughts, in his rectory at Welwyn, in Hertfordshire. He

had dined at his table on the Sunday, when he and any of his schoolfellows had acquitted themselves creditably during the week at the grammar-school. Among other personal anecdotes, he told me that he had constantly seen him playing at bowls on the Sunday, after he had preached the words of peace, and goodwill, and eternal salvation to his flock. He not only tolerated, but even promoted, that harmless recreation; at the same time he had a keen eye and a reproof for all who were truants at the hour of prayer.

Sir Hugh Evans stands not aloof from the plot to get Anne a good husband; and he is master of the band of fairies to pinch and worry the fat knight in the revelry under "Herne's

oak."

"Trib, trib, fairies; come, and remember your parts; be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: come, come; trib, trib!"

And he was an actor, too, as well as manager of the revels; for Falstaff says while they are tormenting him: "Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy! lest he transform me into a piece of cheese!" Even in the noted scene of the duel with Doctor Caius, although the honest preacher is forced into a ludicrous and "unhandsome fix" by the hoax of mine host of the Garter, yet our kindly feeling for Sir Hugh remains unimpaired. It is true, he waxeth into a tremendous Welsh passion: he is full of "melancholies" and "tremplings of mind;" moreover, not being a professed duellist, his self-possession is not conspicuous: he sings a scrap of a madrigal and a line of a psalm, and mixes both.

"Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and tremplings of mind!— I shall be glad if he have deceived me. How melancholies I am! pless my soul!

[Sings] 'To shallow rivers, to whose falls.'

Mercy on me! I have great dispositions to cry.

[Sings] 'Melodious pirds sing madrigals,

When as I sat in Pabylon,—

And a thousand fragrant posies.'"

But when the belligerents do meet, and he finds that they have been fooled by the whole party, he is the one to preserve their mutual self-respect.

"Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship; and I will one way or other make you amends. He has made us his vlouting-stog; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter."

And the way in which he revenges himself is—like a practical teacher of the "Sermon on the Mount"—to come and put the host on his guard against trusting the Germans with his horses. . . .

But although a "subordinate character," how very important a person in this play is Mistress Quickly, the housekeeper to Doctor Caius; or, as Sir Hugh designates her, "his nurse, or his dry-nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, or his wringer!" What a perfect specimen she is of a fussy, busy-bodying old woman! "That foolish carrion. Mrs. Quickly," as Mrs. Page calls her; making herself necessary to all, by reason of her fussiness; and conspicuous, by reason of her folly. A large family—the race of the Quicklies! Our Mrs. Quickly, the type of the whole breed, meddles and "trepots" in every one's affairs: with the seriousness and sincere dealing of a diplomatist, she acts the go-between for Falstaff with the two merry wives; she courts Anne Page for her master, undertaking the same office for Slender. She favours the suit of Fenton; and if the Welsh parson had turned an eye of favour upon the veoman's pretty daughter, she would have played the hymeneal Hebe to him too. Her whole character for mere busy-bodying, and not from any active kindness of heart-for they who are sweet to all alike have no principle worth a button-her whole character is comprised in that one little speech in the 4th scene of the 3d act, when Fenton gives her the ring for his "sweet Nan." After he has gone out, she says:

"Now heaven send thee good fortune! [She would have uttered the same benediction for Slender.] A kind heart he hath; a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three: for so I have promised, and I will be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton."

He was the last applicant to, and had paid her. . . .

Like a true potterer, she interferes in every conversation, and elbows herself in wherever she sees business going on. Sir Hugh cannot even examine the little boy Page in his Latin exercise but she must put in her comments. That little scene, by the way (the first of the 4th act), is an amusing specimen of what might be styled "closet comedy," and is an additional illustration of the farcical character of the woman.

Warton calls the Merry Wives of Windsor "the most complete specimen of Shakespeare's comic powers." Had he said low comic, humorous, or farcical powers, we should perhaps acknowledge the dictum of the critic. But although there is as much broad fun in the Twelfth Night, and in the Much Ado About Nothing, there is also a considerably stronger infusion of the most refined and quintessentialized wit in those two plays—an absolute desideratum in the legitimate comedy —to say nothing of the poetry and the sentiment, sublimating and imparting the most delicate rainbow tints to all that is graceful, and passionate, and lovely in human nature. We do not expect, and we do not meet with, these qualities in the present comedy. Yet the Merry Wives of Windsor is a wonderful production. It is all movement and variety, from the first scene to the very last; and the last ends in a rich piece of romance. Dr. Johnson is right in his estimate when he says, "Its general power, that power by which works of genius shall finally be tried, is such that perhaps it never vet had reader or spectator who did not think it too soon at an end."

[From Dowden's "Shakspere."*]

From among the plays so bright, so tender, so gracious. of these years [1598-1601], one play—the Merry Wives of Windsor-stands apart with a unique character. It is essentially prosaic, and is indeed the only play of Shakspere written almost wholly in prose. There is no reason why we should refuse to accept the tradition put upon record by Dennis and by Rowe that the Merry Wives was written by Shakspere upon compulsion, by order of Elizabeth, who, in her lust for gross mirth, required the poet to expose his Falstaff to ridicule by exhibiting him, the most delightful of egoists, in love. Shakspere yielded to the necessity. His Merchant of Venice might pass well enough with the miscellaneous gathering of upper, middle, and lower classes which crowded to a public theatre. Now he had to cater specially for gentle-folk and for a queen. And knowing how to please every class of spectators, he knew how to hit off the taste of "the barbarian." The Merry Wives of Windsor is a play written expressly for the barbarian aristocrats with their hatred of ideas, their insensibility to beauty, their hard efficient manners, and their demand for impropriety. The good folk of London liked to see a prince or a duke, and they liked to see him made gracious and generous. These royal and noble persons at Windsor wished to see the interior life of country gentlemen of the middle class, and to see the women of the middle class with their excellent bourgeois morals, and rough, jocose ways. The comedy of hearing a French physician and a Welsh parson speak broken English was appreciated by these spectators, who uttered their mother-tongue with exemplary accent. Shakspere did not make a grievance of his task. He threw himself into it with spirit. and despatched his work quickly—in fourteen days, if we ac-

^{*} Shakspere: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art, by Edward Dowden: American ed. (New York, 1881), p. 328 fol. (by permission).

cept the tradition. But Falstaff he was not prepared to recall from heaven or from hell. He dressed up a fat rogue, brought forward for the occasion from the back premises of the poet's imagination, in Falstaff's clothes; he allowed persons and places and times to jumble themselves up as they pleased; he made it impossible for the most laborious nineteenth-century critic to patch on the *Merry Wives* to *Henry IV*. But the Queen and her court laughed as the buckbasket was emptied into the ditch, no more suspecting that its gross lading was not the incomparable jester of Eastcheap than Ford suspected the woman with a great beard to be other than the veritable Dame Pratt.*

* With respect to the difficulty of identifying the characters of Mrs. Quickly, Pistol, Bardolph, and Sir John with the persons bearing the same names in the historical plays, see Mr. Halliwell's introduction to The First Sketch of the Merry Wives of Windsor (Sh. Soc. 1842). My impression of this play is confirmed by that of competent critics. Mr. Hudson writes: "That the free impulse of Shakespeare's genius, without suggestion or inducement from any other source, could have led him to put Falstaff through such a series of uncharacteristic delusions and collapses is to me well-nigh incredible" (Shakespeare: his Life, etc., vol. i. p. 298). See also Hazlitt's criticism of the play. Hartley Coleridge writes: "That Queen Bess should have desired to see Falstaff making love proves her to have been, as she was, a gross-minded old baggage. Shakespeare has evaded the difficulty with great skill. He knew that Falstaff could not be in love; and has mixed but a little, a very little, pruritus with his fortune-hunting courtship. But the Falstaff of the Merry Wives is not the Falstaff of Henry IV. It is a big-bellied impostor, assuming his name and style, or, at best, it is Falstaff in dotage. The Mrs. Quickly of Windsor is not mine hostess of the Boar's Head; but she is a very pleasant, busy, good-natured, unprincipled old woman, whom it is impossible to be angry with. Shallow should not have left his seat in Gloucestershire and his magisterial duties. Ford's jealousy is of too serious a complexion for the rest of the play. The merry wives are a delightful pair. Methinks I see them, with their comely, middleaged visages, their dainty white ruffs and toys, their half-witch-like conic hats, their full farthingales, their neat though not over-slim waists, their housewifely keys, their girdles, their sly laughing looks, their apple-red cheeks, their brows the lines whereon look more like the work of mirth

[From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's Introduction to the Play.*]

Of course Shakspere could n't make Falstaff really in love, or the man would have been redeemed by it. Even if he had been made a fool of in the process, love must have lifted him out of the degradation to which he had sunk; and though he had been made a fool of, we should have had to respect him. But he was past redemption. However, as the order was given, Shakspere had to carry it out. With whom could he make Falstaff in love? With women of high birth and noble life, such as the ladies and gentlewomen of Elizabeth's court whom Harrison so well describes, pp. 271-2 of my edition? Surely not. With the Mrs. Quicklys and Dame Ursulas he'd been already shown. So there were but the middle-class townsfolk left; and Shakspere accordingly takes them, and shows Falstaff baffled, mocked, befooled by these country burgess wives whom as a courtier he despised. Through self-conceit he loses his valued wit, and is turned into the most despicable of creatures, a pander, and an unsuccessful pander too. Even his men, Pistol and Nym, refuse to help him in his new form of baseness, which ends in his being both degraded and ridiculed. In this play, too, is ridiculed the old aristocratic notion of all citizens' wives being at well-born men's disposal. Compare the lesson of All's Well. And we're also shown, as in Twelfth-Night, the degradation of one class of the professed representative of chivalry, the knight, the professional soldier, debauched by self-indulgence and want of work during peace. Falstaff gets vain too. He really believes he's made a conquest of the women, and like Richard the Third says he'll make more

than years. And sweet Anne Page—she is a pretty little creature whom one would like to take on one's knee" (*Essays and Marginalia*, vol. ii. pp. 133, 134). It is noteworthy that Maurice Morgann, in his essay on Falstaff, avoids the *Merry Wives*.

^{*} The Leopold Shakspere (London, 1877), p. l. fol. (by permission).

of his old body than he has done. He also loses his shrewdness, swallows all Ford's praise of him, and believes he can do as he likes with Mrs. Ford, just as if she were Mrs. Quickly or old Dame Ursula. In his love-making he's frank and business-like; he makes no pretence of romance, or being one of those lisping hawthorn buds that smell like Bucklersbury in simple time. His only weapons are his power to make Mrs. Ford "my lady," were but her husband dead, and his flattery; wit he does n't try. In his description of the outcomes of his first and second attempts at seduction, we have the old humour as rich as ever; while at the end of his third attempt, he does begin to perceive that he is made an ass, and how wit may be made a Jack-o'-Lent when it is upon alien employment. He has laid his brain in the sun and dried it. He is ridden with a Welsh goat too. He is dejected, and not able to answer the Welsh flannel. Though he does get a laugh at Page and his wife, he has no hand in raising it. The only folk he can chaff and beat are Slender, in act i. sc. 1., and Simple. All that remains for him is for Theobald to make him babble of green fields, and then leave the world that he 's so abused and amused. But we must not let the offensiveness of Falstaff's part in the play represent the Merry Wives to us, any more than Venus's lust does Shakspere's first poem. The play is like Fenton; it "smells April and May." It has the bright, healthy country air all through it: Windsor Park with its elms, the glad lightgreen of its beeches, its ferns, and deer. There is coursing and hawking, Datchet Mead, and the silver Thames, and though not

"The white feet of laughing girls Whose sires have march'd to Rome,"

yet those of stout, bare-legged, bare-armed English wenches plying their washing-trade. There 's a healthy moral as well: "Wives may be merry and yet honest too." The lewd court hanger-on, whose wit always mastered men, is outwitted

and routed by Windsor wives. The play is slight and thin. It is only merry; there's no pathos in it; but it is admirably constructed. The double plot is worked without a hitch; the situations are most comical and first-rate. Still its tone is lower than in both earlier and later work. It is Shakspere's only play of contemporary manners and direct sketch of middle-class English life. Cotswold is there as in 2 Henry IV., and Shallow (Sir Thomas Lucy) and his nephew, country justices and asses, as some of the class still are. There are no grandees in it, though we have reflections of the court; the use of Windsor traditions in it points to a performance of the play at Windsor. There was a grand one (by great personages) at Frogmore in the last century. The short time in which it was written explains the slightness of the play, and the great quantity of prose in it. There's hardly any verse except for Fenton's love and the Elf scene. To me, born and bred within five miles of its scene, and to whom Windsor Park, Datchet Mead, and the Thames have been dear since my childhood, the play has of course a special attraction. The sweetness of "sweet Anne* Page" is all through it. A choice bud in the rose-bud garden of girls of Shakspere's time, she is, this young heiress, not seventeen, pretty virginity, brown-haired, small-voiced, whose words are so few, yet whose presence is felt all through the play. True to her love she is, ready-witted almost as Portia; dutiful to her parents, so far as she should be, and then disobeying them for the higher law of love. Her real value is shown by the efforts of her three lovers to get her. Why, oh why, didn't Shakspere give us a separate scene with her and Caius, and then with all three lovers together, and let her play them off one against the other? He had n't yet come to his Beatrice time. Fenton is a gay, wild young fellow. like Bassanio of The Merchant. He meant to marry for

^{*&}quot;It has always pleased me that Shakspere gave his own middle-class English heroine his own wife's name."—Constance O'Brien.

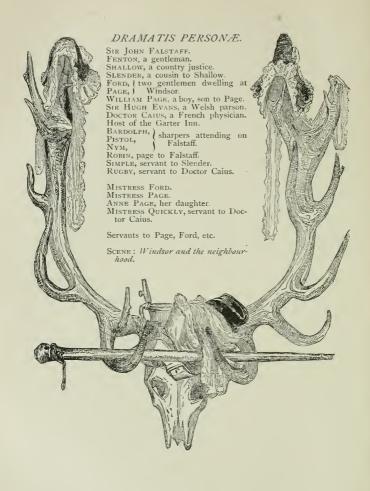
money, but is won from it by love. He's frank and resolute, a friend of the host too. Many a merry night had they had, we may be sure, at the Garter, so named, no doubt, from its Order, founded at Windsor. The young lover, with his eyes of youth and his writing verse, brings verse into the play, and his noble nature is shown in his defence of his love Anne's elopement:

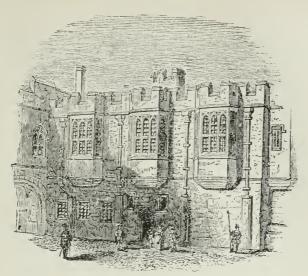
"The offence is holy that she hath committed," etc.

Slender is the best-worked figure in the play, although "that Slender, though well-landed, is an idiot." One need not do more than refer to Simple's description of him, of his willingness to marry Anne upon any reasonable commands, to his delightfully inimitable scenes with Anne herself, and then finding out that at Eton she 's a great lubberly boy. The mixture of the Welshman, the Frenchman, and the German, points to the greater freedom of intercourse in Elizabeth's days, while the individualities of Caius with his "It is not jealous in France," and of Evans, who may represent the Welsh schoolmaster at Stratford in Shakspere's time, with his "Well, I will smite his noddle," are well kept up.* Shakspere's sketches of the Kelts - Glendower, Fluellen, Lear—should be noted by the student of races. has some of the characteristics of Chaucer's host in the Canterbury Tales. Though he does talk like Pistol, he is yet a genial, good-hearted fellow. He keeps peace between Caius and Evans, as Harry Bailey did between the quarrelsome pilgrims. He helps the young lovers, Fenton and Anne. There 's a touch of poetry in his nature; he 's evidently, too, the centre of sociability in his town, as country innkeepers so often are. Although he, after the manner of his craft, means to overcharge his customers, they cheat him.

^{*} That the Welshman leaves off his dialect, and talks good English when he speaks in verse, is a necessity of art. Welsh-English would have spoiled the poetry.







PART OF WINDSOR CASTLE, BUILT IN THE TIME OF ELIZABETH.

ACT I.

Scene I. Windsor. Before Page's House.

Enter JUSTICE SHALLOW, SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Shallow. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Starchamber matter of it. If he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slender. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and coram.

Shallow. Ay, cousin Slender, and custalorum.

Slender. Ay, and ratolorum too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself armigero, in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, armigero.

Shallow. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slender. All his successors gone before him hath done 't, and all his ancestors that come after him may; they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shallow. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well: it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shallow. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slender. I may quarter, coz.

Shallow. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shallow. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shallow. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot. The council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shallow. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the swords should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it; and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it: there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slender. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and

gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed—Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!—give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old. It were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Shallow. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred

pound?

Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Shallow. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot

gifts.

Shallow. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page.—
[Knocks.] What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page. [Within] Who's there?

Enter PAGE.

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well.—I thank you

for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shallow. Master Page, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed.—How doth good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shallow. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slender. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slender. You 'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shallow. That he will not.—'T is your fault, 't is your fault;' 't is a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shallow. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shallow. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shallow. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath, believe me: Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, NYM, and PISTOL.

Falstaff. Now, Master Shallow, you'll complain of me to the king?

Shallow. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Falstaff. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

Shallow. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Falstaff. I will answer it straight; I have done all this. That is now answered.

Shallow. The council shall know this.

Falstaff. 'T were better for you if it were known in counsel; you'll be laughed at.

Evans. Pauca verba, Sir John; goot worts.

Falstaff. Good worts? good cabbage!—Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

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Slender. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pockets.

Bardolph. You Banbury cheese!

Slender. Ay, it is no matter.

Pistol. How now, Mephostophilus!

Slender. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca; slice! that's my humour. Slender. Where's Simple, my man?—Can you tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Evans. Fery goot; I will make a prief of it in my notebook, and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Falstaff. Pistol!

Pistol. He hears with ears.

Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, he hears with ear? why, it is affectations.

Falstaff. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slender. Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shillings and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Falstaff. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pistol. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo .--

Word of denial in thy labras here!

Word of denial! froth and scum, thou liest!

Slender. By these gloves, then, 't was he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you run the nuthook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slender. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Falstaff. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bardolph. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Evans. It is his five senses; fie, what the ignorance is!

Bardolph. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careers.

Slender. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 't is no matter. I 'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick. If I be drunk, I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Evans. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Falstaff. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen ; you hear it.

Enter Anne Page, with wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [Exit Anne Page.

Slender. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Falstaff. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [Kisses her.

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Excunt all except Shallow, Slender, and Evans. Slender. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book

of Songs and Sonnets here.-

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Simple. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shallow. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz; marry, this, coz: there is, as 't were, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Stender. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shallow. Nay, but understand me.

Slender. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender. I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slender. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says. I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shallow. Ay, there's the point, sir,

Evans. Marry, is it, the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Stender. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shallow. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slender. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shallow. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Siender. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shallow. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid? 220

Slender. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another. I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save the fall is in the ort dissolutely: the ort is, according to our meaning,

resolutely. His meaning is goot.

Shallow. Ay, I think my cousin meant well. 230 Slender. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

Shallow. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.-

Re-enter Anne Page.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shallow. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.

Evans. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [Exeunt Shallow and Evans.

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slender. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slender. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth.—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow.—[Exit Simple.] A justice of peace sometimes may be

beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship; they will not sit till you come.

Slender. I' faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Stender. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence—three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes—and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slender. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

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Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slender. That 's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slender. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.

Slender. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slender. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slender. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slender. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la! [Exeunt.

Scene II. The Same.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way; and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simple. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet.—Give her this letter; for it is a oman that altogether 's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone. I will make an end of my dinner; there 's pippins and seese to come.

[Exeunt.

Scene III. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Falstaff. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.

Falstaff. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Falstaff. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

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Falstaff. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow.—[To Bardolph] Let me see thee froth and lime. I am at a word; follow. [Exit.

Falstaff. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade; an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bardolph. It is a life that I have desired. I will thrive. Pistol. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

[Exit Bardolph.

Nym. He was gotten in drink; is not the humour conceited?

Falstaff. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest.

Pistol. Convey, the wise it call. Steal! foh! a fico for the phrase!

Falstaff. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pistol. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Falstaff. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch, I must shift.

Pistol. Young ravens must have food.

Falstaff. Which of you know Ford of this town? Pistol. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Falstaff. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pistol. Two yards, and more.

Falstaff. No quips now, Pistol!—Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift.—Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation. I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.'

Pistol. He hath studied her well, and translated her ill-

out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep; will that humour pass?

Falstaff. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.

Pistol. As many devils entertain, and 'To her, boy,' say I. Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Falstaff. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious œillades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pistol. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Falstaff. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here 's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both.—Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page;—and thou this to Mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pistol. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all.

Nym. I will run no base humour; here, take the humourletter. I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Falstaff. [To Robin] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.— Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go; Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! Falstaff will learn the humour of the age,— French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page.

Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.

Pistol. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,

And high and low beguiles the rich and poor.

Tester I'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack, Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head which be humours of revenge.

Pistol. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin and her star!

Pistol. With wit or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I;

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pistol. And I to Ford shall eke unfold

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold, And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool. I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pistol. Thou art the Mars of malecontents. I second thee; troop on. [Exeunt.]

Scene IV. A Room in Doctor Caius's House. Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, and Rugby.

Quickly. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rugby. I'll go watch.

Quickly. Go; and we'll have a posset for 't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire.—[Exit Rugby.] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal, and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breedbate. His worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass.—Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Simple. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quickly. And Master Slender's your master?

Simple. Ay, forsooth.

Quickly. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Simple. No, forsooth; he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard, a Cain-coloured beard.

Ouickly. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Simple. Ay, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quickly. How say you?—O, I should remember him; does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Simple. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quickly. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master. Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rugby. Out, alas! here comes my master. [Exit. Quickly. We shall all be shent.—Run in here, good young man; go into this closet: he will not stay long.—[Shuts Simple in the closet.] What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say!—Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home.

[Singing] And down, down, adown-a, etc.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier vert, a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quickly. Ay, forsooth; I 'll fetch it you.—[Aside] I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais a la cour—la grande affaire.

Quickly. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Oui ; mette le au mon pocket : dépêche, quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quickly What, John Rugby! John!

Re-enter Rugby.

Rugby. Here, sir!

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Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

Rugby. 'T is ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long.—Od 's me! Qu'ai-j'oublié! dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quickly. Ay me, he 'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—Villain! larron!—[Pulling Simple out.] Rugby, my rapier! 60

Quickly. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Quickly. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quickly. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Simple. Ay, forsooth; to desire her to-

Quickly. Peace, I pray you.

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Caius. Peace-a your tongue.—Speak-a your tale.

Simple. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quickly. This is all, indeed, la! but I'll ne'er put my fin-

ger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, baille me some paper.—Tarry you a little-a while. [Writes.

Quickly. [Aside to Simple] I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I 'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself,—

Simple [Aside to Quickly] 'T is a great charge to come

under one body's hand.

Quickly. [Aside to Simple] Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear,—I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page; but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that 's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack-a-nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here.—By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his-dog.

[Exi: Simple.

Quickly. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a vor dat; do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself? By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon. By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quickly. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate; what, the good-year!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door.

—Follow my heels, Rugby. [Exeunt Caius and Rugby. Quickly. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that; never a woman in Windson

knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fenton. [Within] Who's within there? ho!

Quickly. Who 's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fenton. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quickly. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fenton. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne? 121

Quickly. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fenton. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? shall I not lose my suit?

Quickly. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above; but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fenton. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quickly. Well, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread: we had an hour's talk of that wart. I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But indeed she is given too much to allicholy and musing; but for you—well, go to.

Fenton. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there 's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.

Quickly. Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fenton. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

Quickly. Farewell to your worship.—[Exit Fenton.] Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon 't! what have I forgot?



ACT II.

Scene I. Before Page's House. Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What, have I scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them?. Let me see.

[Reads] 'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me,—'t is not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight, By day or night, Or any kind of light, With all his might For thee to fight,

For thee to fight, JOHN FALSTAFF.' What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth.—Heaven forgive me!—Why, I 'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What 's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honour. What is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These

knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article

of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight: here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear, praised women's modesty, and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words, but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here 's the twin-brother of thy letter; but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more,—and these are of the second edition. He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I 'll never to sea again. Let 's be revenged on him; let 's appoint him a meeting, give him a show of comfort in his suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too. He's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let 's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [They retire.

Enter FORD with PISTOL, and PAGE with NYM.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pistol. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs; Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pistol. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor, Both young and old, one with another, Ford.

He loves the gallimaufry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife!

Pistol. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,

Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels.

O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pistol. The horn, I say. Farewell.

Take heed, have open eye, for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes or cuckoo-birds do sing.—

Away, Sir Corporal Nym!-

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [Exit. Ford. [Aside] I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [To Page] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours; I should have borne the humoured letter to her, but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak and I avouch; 't is true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humour of bread and cheese, and there's the humour of it. Adieu.

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'! here's a fellow frights

English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it,—well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'T was a good sensible fellow; well.

Page. How now, Meg?

[Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forward.

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melan-choly?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you

home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head.—

Now, will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You 'll come to dinner, George?—[Aside to Mrs. Ford] Look who comes yonder; she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford. [Aside to Mrs. Page] Trust me, I thought on

her; she 'll fit it.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quickly. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see; we have an hour's talk with you. [Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.

Page. How now, Master Ford!

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me? Ford. Do you think there is any truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it. But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife, but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident. I would have nothing lie on my head. I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes; there is either liquor in his pate or money in his purse when he looks so merrily.—

Enter Host.

How now, mine host!

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou 'rt a gentleman.—Cavalero-justice, I say!

Enter Shallow.

Shallow. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shallow. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

[Drawing him aside.

Host. What sayest thou, my bully-rook?

Shallow. [To Page] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

[They converse apart.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him and tell him my name is Brook,—only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress; —said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight.—Will you go, mynheers?

Shallow. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shallow. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 't is the heart, Master Page; 't is here, 't is here. I have seen the 'time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. — I had rather hear them scold than fight. [Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily. She was in his company at Page's house, and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into 't; and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her

honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 't is labour well bestowed. [Exit.

Scene II. A Room in the Garter Inn. Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Falstaff. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pistol. Why, then the world 's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Falstaff. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coachfellow Nym, or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pistol. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Falstaff. Reason, you rogue, reason; thinkest thou I 'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you. Go. A short knife and a throng! To your manor of Pickt-hatch! Go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honour. Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, ay, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you!

Pistol. I do relent; what would thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Sir, here 's a woman would speak with you. Falstaff. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

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Quickly. Give your worship good morrow.

Falstaff. Good morrow, good wife.

Quickly. Not so, an 't please your worship.

Falstaff. Good maid, then.

Quickly. I'll be sworn,

As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Falstaff. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

Quickly. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Falstaff. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quickly. There is one Mistress Ford, sir,—I pray, come a little nearer this ways.—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius,—

Falstaff. Well, one Mistress Ford, you say,-

Quickly. Your worship says very true.—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Falstaff. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people,

mine own people.

Quickly. Are they so? God bless them and make them his servants!

Falstaff. Well, Mistress Ford,—what of her?

Quickly. Why, sir, she 's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship 's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you and all of us, I pray!

Falstaff. Mistress Ford; come, Mistress Ford,—

Quickly. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 't is wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there

has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches, I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her. I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels, in any such sort, as they say, but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Falstaff. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quickly. Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Falstaff. Ten and eleven?

Quickly. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him: he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Falstaff. Ten and eleven.—Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quickly. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too: and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other; and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Falstaff. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quickly. Blessing on your heart for 't!

Falstaff. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quickly. That were a jest indeed! they have not so little grace, I hope; that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it, for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Falstaff. Why, I will.

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Quickly. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 't is not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Falstaff. Fare thee well; commend me to them both. There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—[Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.] This news distracts me!

Pistol. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers.—
Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights!

Give fire! she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [Exit.

Falstaff. Sayest thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 't is grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bardolph. Sir John, there 's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you and be acquainted with you, and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Falstaff. Brook is his name?

Bardolph. Ay, sir.

Falstaff. Call him in.—[Exit Bardolph.] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor.—Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; via!

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Falstaff. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Falstaff. You 're welcome. What 's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [Exit Bardolph.

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Falstaff. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance

of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours; not to charge you, for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Falstaff. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me; if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Falstaff. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your

porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Falstaff. Speak, good Master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection; but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Falstaff. Very well, sir; proceed.

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Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

Falstaff. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance, engrossed opportunities to meet her, feed every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me, which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

'Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues; Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.'

Falstaff. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Falstaff. Have you importuned her to such a purpose? Ford. Never.

Falstaff. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground;

so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Falstaff. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me? Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many warlike, courtlike, and learned preparations.

Falstaff. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have, only give me so much of your time in exchange of it as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife. Use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Falstaff. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Me-

thinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

Falstaff. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gen-

tleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir.

Falstaff. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Falstaff. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment,—even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me,—I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Falstaff. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not.—Yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer, and there 's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Falstaff. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night.—Ford 's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold.—Come to me soon at night.

[Exit.

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names! Amaimon sounds well, Lucifer well, Barbason well; yet they are devils' additions,

the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself. Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold!

Scene III. A Field near Windsor.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rugby. Sir?

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rugby. 'T is past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rugby. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack: I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rugby. Alas, sir, I cannot fence. Caius. Villany, take your rapier. Rugby. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page. Host. Bless thee, bully doctor!

Shallow. Save you, Master Doctor Caius!

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slender. Give you good morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian, King Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shallow. He is the wiser man, master doctor. He is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions.—Is it not true, Master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great

fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shallow. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices and doctors and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'T is true, Master Shallow.

Shallow. It will be found so, Master Page.—Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice. — A word, Mounseur Mockwater.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as mush mock-vater as de Englishman.—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—but first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

[Aside to them.]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there. See what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shallow. We will do it.

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Page, Shallow, and Slender. Adieu, good master doctor.

[Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest, for he speak for a

jack-a-nape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die. Sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler; go about the fields with me through Frogmore. I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting, and thou shalt woo her. Cried game? said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat; by gar, I love you, and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne

Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 't is good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[Exeunt.



Nay, keep your way, little gallant (iii. 2. 1).

ACT III.

Scene I. A Field near Frogmore.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's servingman, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Simple. Marry, sir, the pitty-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

Simple. I will, sir. [Exit.

Evans. Pless my soul, how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad if he have deceived me.—How melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals

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about his knave's costard when I have good opportunities for the ork.—Pless my soul!

[Sings] To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.-

[Sings] Melodious birds sing madrigals— Whenas I sat in Pabylon— And a thousand vagram posies. To shallow—

Re-enter SIMPLE.

Simple. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Evans. He's welcome.-

[Sings] To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Simple. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shallow. How now, master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slender. [Aside] Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Evans. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shallow. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still! in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Evans. Fery well; what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shallow. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibbocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides, a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

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Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slender. [Aside] O sweet Anne Page!

Shallow. It appears so by his weapons.—Keep them asunder.—Here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shallow. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. [Aside to Caius] Pray you, use your patience; in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape. Evans. [Aside to Caius] Pray you, let us not be laughing-

stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends.—[Aloud] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable! Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jarteer,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christians soul now, look you, this is the place appointed. I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

'Caius. Ay, dat is very good; excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so.—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shallow. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow. Stender. [Aside] O sweet Anne Page! 100

[Exeunt Shallow, Slender, Page, and Host.

Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

Evans. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring

me vere is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles.—Pray you, follow.

[Exeunt.

Scene II. A Street.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Robin. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man

than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home? Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Robin. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on 's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir. I am sick till I see her. [Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination, he gives her folly motion and advan-

tage; and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind.— And Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots, they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim.—[Clock strikes.] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there. I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Sir Hugh Evans, Caius, and Rugby.

Shallow, Page, etc. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shallow. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slender. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shallow. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slender. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender, I stand wholly for you;—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ah, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a

Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May. He will carry 't, he will carry 't; 't is in his buttons; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman

is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go;—so shall you, Master Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

Shallow. Well, fare you well.—We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's. [Exeunt Shallow and Slender.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[Exit Rugby.

Host. Farewell, my hearts. I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. [Exit.

Ford. [Aside] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance.—Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [Exeunt.

Scene III. A Room in Ford's House.

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John !- What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket-

Mrs. Ford. I warrant.-What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge

with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no direction.—Be gone, and come when you are called.

[Exeunt Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

Robin. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door,

Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

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Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Robin. Ay, I 'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for he swears he 'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou 'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I 'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so.—Go tell thy master I am alone.—[Exit Robin.] Mistress Page, remember you your cue. 30
Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

Exit.

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Falstaff. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition. O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Falstaff. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy hus-

band were dead,—I 'll speak it before the best lord,—I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a piti-

ful lady!

Falstaff. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond; thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the shiptire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John; my brows become

nothing else,-nor that well neither.

Falstaff. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semicircled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there 's no such thing in me.

Falstaff. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there 's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee, and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mis-

tress Page.

Falstaff. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you, and you shall one day find it.

Falstaff. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Robin. [Within] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here 's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Falstaff. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she 's a very tattling wom-Falstaff hides himself. an.-

Re-enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now!

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Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you 're overthrown, you 're undone for ever!

Mrs. Ford. What 's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! - Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what 's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'T is not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 't is most certain your husband 's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand 'you had rather' and

'you had rather;' your husband 's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or —it is whiting-time—send him by your two men to Datchetmead.

Mrs. Ford. He 's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Falstaff. [Coming forward] Let me see 't, let me see 't, O, let me see 't! I 'll in, I 'll in. Follow your friend's counsel. I 'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your let-

ters, knight?

Falstaff. I love thee. Help me away. Let me creep in here. I'll never—

[Gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy.—Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! [Exit Robin.

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly.—Where 's the cowlstaff? look, how you drumble!—Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this?

Servants. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of

the season too, it shall appear.—[Exeunt Servants with the basket.] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox.—Let me stop this way first.—[Locking the door.] So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented; you wrong your-self too much.

Ford. True, Master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [Exit.

Evans. This is fery fantastical humours and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 't is no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [Exeunt Page, Caius, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford: I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked what was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it; let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. [Aside to Mrs. Ford] Heard you that? Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Av, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts! Ford. Amen!

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'T is my fault, Master Page; I suffer for it.

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promised you a dinner.—Come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, Mistress Page.—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let 's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company. Caius. If dere be one or two, I shall make-a de tird.

Fora. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart! 210

Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! [Exeunt.

Scene IV. A Room in Page's House. Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

Fenton. I see I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fenton. Why, thou must be thyself.

He doth object I am too great of birth,
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies,—
And tells me 't is a thing impossible

I should love thee but as a property.

Anne. May be he tells you true.

Fenton. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come! Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne, Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags; And 't is the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir. If opportunity and humblest suit Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither!

[They converse apart

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shallow. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slender. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't. 'Slid, 't is but venturing.

Shallow. Be not dismayed.

Slender. No, she shall not dismay me; I care not for that, —but that I am afeard.

Quickly. Hark ye; Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. — [Aside] This is my father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults

Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quickly. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shallow. She 's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slender. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him.—Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shallow. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slender. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shallow. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slender. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shallow. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself. 50 Shallow. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort.—She calls you, coz; I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender,-

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Slender. Now, good Mistress Anne,-

Anne. What is your will?

Slender. My will! 'od's heartlings, that 's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me? Slender. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE and MISTRESS PAGE.

Page. Now, Master Slender!-Love him, daughter Anne.-Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house;

I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fenton. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you. Fenton. Sir, will you hear me?

No, good Master Fenton.— Page.

Come, Master Shallow; -come, son Slender, in.-Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton.

[Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Ouickly. Speak to Mistress Page.

Fenton. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daugh-

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,

I must advance the colours of my love,

And not retire; let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Ouickly. That 's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth And bowl'd to death with turnips!

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. — Good Master Fenton,

I will not be your friend nor enemy;

My daughter will I question how she loves you,

And as I find her, so am I affected.

Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in;

Her father will be angry.

Fenton. Farewell, gentle mistress.-Farewell, Nan.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.

Quickly. This is my doing, now.—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool and a physician? Look on Master Fenton.—This is my doing.

Fenton. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night Give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.

Quickly. Now heaven send thee good fortune !—[Exit Fenton.] A kind heart he hath; a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her. I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word;—but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses; what a beast am I to slack it!

[Exit.

Scene V. A Room in the Garter Inn. Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff. Bardolph, I say,— Bardolph. Here, sir.

Falstaff. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't.— [Exit Bardolph.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have

my brains ta'en out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man, and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH with sack.

Bardolph. Here 's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you. Falstaff. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly 's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins.—Call her in.

Bardolph. Come in, woman!

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quickly. By your leave; I cry you mercy: give your worship good morrow.

Falstaff. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bardolph. With eggs, sir?

Falstaff. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage.—[Exit Bardolph.] How now!

Quickly. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Falstaff. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough; I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quickly. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Falstaff. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quickly. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly; she 'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Faistaff. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then

judge of my merit.

Quickly. I will tell her.

Falstaff. Do so. Between nine and ten, sayest thou?

Quickly. Eight and nine, sir.

Falstaff. Well, be gone; I will not miss her.

Quickly. Peace be with you, sir.

[Exit.

Falstaff. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Falstaff. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Falstaff. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

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Falstaff. Very ill-favouredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination? Falstaff. No, Master Brook, but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

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Falstaff. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you? Falstaff. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket?

Falstaff. By the Lord, a buck-basket! rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Falstaff. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane. They took me on their shoulders, met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease. Think of that,—a man of my kidney, think of that,—that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that, -hissing hot, -think of that, Master Brook. 106 Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Falstaff. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'T is past eight already, sir.

Falstaff. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [Exit.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake! Master Ford! there 's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 't is to be married! this 't is to have linen and buck-baskets? Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot scape me, 't is impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame; if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me,—I 'll be horn-mad.





Out of my door, you witch! (iv. 2. 161).

ACT IV.

Scene I. A Street.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quickly. Sure he is by this, or will be presently; but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 't is a playing-day, I see.—

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quickly. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come. Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

William. Two.

Quickly. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, 'od 's nouns.

Evans. Peace your tattlings!—What is 'fair,' William?

William. Pulcher.

Quickly. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity oman; I pray you, peace.—What is 'lapis,' William?

William. A stone.

Evans. And what is 'a stone,' William?

William. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is 'lapis;' I pray you, remember in your prain.

William. Lapis.

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

William. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.

Evans. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?

William. Accusativo, hinc.

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Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; accusativo, hung, hang, hog.

Quickly. Hang-hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans. Leave your prabbles, oman.—What is the focative case, William?

William. O!-vocativo, O!-

Evans. Remember, William; focative is caret.

Quickly. And that 's a good root.

Evans. Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

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Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William?

William. Genitive case!

Evans. Ay.

William. Genitive,-horum, harum, horum.

Quickly. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans. For shame, oman.

Quickly. You do ill to teach the child such words:—He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they 'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call horum.—Fie upon you! 60

Evans. Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

William. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is qui, quæ, quod; if you forget your quies, your quæs, and your quods, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress

Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh.—[Exit Sir Hugh.] Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long. [Exeunt.

Scene II. A Room in Ford's House. Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

Falstaff. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [Exit Falstaff.

Enter MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who 's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed!

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly.—[Aside to her] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again; he so takes on yonder with my husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him, and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! The knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him! better shame than murther.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Falstaff. No, I 'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Falstaff. What shall I do?-I'll creep up into the chim-

ney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Falstaff. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note; there is no hiding you in the house.

Falstaff. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no wom-

an's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Falstaff. Good hearts, devise something; any extremity

rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she 's as big as he is: and there 's her thrummed hat and her muffler too.—Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John; Mistress Page and I

will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we 'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. [Exit Falstaff.

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll try that; for I 'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he 'll be here presently; let 's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I'll bring linen for him straight. [Exit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

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We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

We do not act that often jest and laugh;

'T is old, but true, still swine eat all the draff. [Exit.

III

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him. Quickly, dispatch. [Exit.

I Servant. Come, come, take it up.

2 Servant. Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

1 Servant. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and SIR HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villains!—Somebody call my wife.—Youth in a basket!—O you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me; now shall the devil be shamed.—What, wife, I say! Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go

loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog! Shallow. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah! [Pulling clothes out of the basket.

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone. Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'T is unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say! Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket; why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable.—Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here 's no man.

Shallow. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart; this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he 's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no colour for my extremity; let me forever be your table-sport; let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman 's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what 's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our element; we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband!—Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter Falstaff in woman's clothes. and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand. Ford. I'll prat her.—[Beating him] Out of my door, you witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [Exit Falstaff.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have

killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it.—'T is a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy. If I cry out thus upon no

trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further. Come, gentlemen. [Exeunt Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Evans.

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

 $\it Mrs.\ Ford.$ Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant they 'll have him publicly shamed; and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he

not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.

Scene III. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bardolph. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses; the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court.—Let me speak with the gentle-

men; they speak English?

Bardolph. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay; I'll sauce them. They have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. 'T is one of the pest discretions of a oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;

3'.

I rather will suspect the sun with cold Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand, In him that was of late an heretic, As firm as faith.

Page. 'T is well, 't is well; no more:

As in offence.

But let our plot go forward; let our wives Yet once again, to make us public sport, Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow, Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they 'll meet him in the park at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll never come.

Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers and has been grievously peaten as an old oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner.
You have heard of such a spirit, and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Receiv'd and did deliver to our age

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak;
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device; That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us, Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come; And in this shape when you have brought him thither, What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:

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Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we 'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands. Upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly.
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight,
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth, Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound

And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known, We'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit, And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Evans. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-a-napes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go and buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies, Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy.—[Aside] And in that time Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away

And marry her at Eton.—Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I 'll to him again in name of Brook. He 'll tell me all his purpose; sure, he 'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties And tricking for our fairies.

Evans. Let us about it; it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries.

[Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.]

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,

Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.—

Exit Mrs. Ford.

I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects.
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [Exit.

Scene V. A Room in the Garter Inn. Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simple. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed and truckle-bed; 't is painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Simple. There 's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber. I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed; I'll call.—Bully knight! bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military; art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Falstaff. [Above] How now, mine host!

Host. Here 's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Filstaff. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Simple. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Falstaff. Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell; what would you with her?

Simple. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Falstaff. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simple. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Falstaff. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Simple. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Falstaff. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Simple. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Simple. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Falstaff. 'T is, 't is his fortune.

Simple. What, sir?

Falstaff. To have her,—or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

Simple. May I be bold to say so, sir? Falstaff. Ay, sir; like who more bold?

Simple. I thank your worship. I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit.

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Falstaff. Ay, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it, neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bardolph. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bardolph. Run away with the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire, and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozengermans that has cozened all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you; you are wise and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs, and 't is not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well.

[Exit,

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteer?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat the court is know to come. I tell you for good vill; adieu.

[Exit.

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go!—Assist me, knight. I am undone!—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! 81

[Exeunt Host and Bardolph.

Falstaff. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop and liquor fishermen's boots with me. I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now, whence come you?

Quickly. From the two parties, forsooth.

Falstaff. The devil take one party and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quickly. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Falstaff. What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that

my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quickly. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber; you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Falstaff. Come up into my chamber.

[Exeunt.

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Scene VI. Another Room in the Garter Inn. Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fenton. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fenton. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page, Who mutually hath answer'd my affection, So far forth as herself might be her chooser, Even to my wish. I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof so larded with my matter, That neither singly can be manifested, Without the show of both;—fat Falstaff Hath a great scene: the image of the jest I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host. To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen; The purpose why, is here: in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot,

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Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry; she hath consented. Now, sir,

Her mother, ever strong against that match And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her; to this her mother's plot She seemingly obedient likewise hath Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it rests: Her father means she shall be all in white, And in that habit, when Slender sees his time To take her by the hand and bid her go, She shall go with him; her mother hath intended, The better to denote her to the doctor,-For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,— That quaint in green she shall be loose enrob'd, With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head; And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe, To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token, The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother? Fenton. Both, my good host, to go along with me; And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one, And, in the lawful name of marrying, To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to the vicar.

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fenton. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;

Besides, I'll make a present recompense.

[Exeum.



WINDSOR FOREST.

ACT V.

Scene I. A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Falstaff. Prithee, no more prattling; go. I'll hold.—This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers.—Away! go.—They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away!

Quickly. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can

to get you a pair of horns.

Falstaff. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.—

[Exit Mrs. Quickly.

Enter FORD.

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me

you had appointed?

Falstaff. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man; but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you: he beat me grievously in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what 't was to be beaten till lately. Follow me; I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow. [Exeunt.]

Scene II. Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slender. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her and we have a nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry 'mum;' she cries 'budget,' and by that we know one another.

Shallow. That 's good too; but what needs either your 'mum' or her 'budget?' the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

[Execunt.

Scene III. A Street leading to the Park.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Doctor Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir.—[Exit Caius.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 't is no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heartbreak.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Windsor Park.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS disguised, with others as Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts. Be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib.

[Exeunt.

Scene V. Another Part of the Park. Enter Falstaff disguised as Herne.

Falstaff. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in some other a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast. O Jove, a beastly fault! And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on 't, Jove; a foul fault!—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool ruttime, Jove!—Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Falstaff. My doe with the black scut!—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of 'Green Sleeves,' hail kissing-comfits and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart. 20 Falstaff. Divide me like a bribed buck, each a haunch; I

will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! | Noise within.

Mrs. Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Falstaff. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. Away, away!

[They run off.

Falstaff. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, as a Satyr; another person, as Hobgoblin; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her Brother and others as Fairies, with tapers.

Anne. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white, You moonshine revellers, and shades of night, You orphan heirs of fixed destiny, Attend your office and your quality.—

Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

Hobgoblin. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys!—Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap.

Where fires thou find'st unrak'd and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry;

Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Falstaff. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die.

I'll wink and couch. No man their works must eye.

Lies down upon his face.

Evans. Where 's Bede?—Go you, and where you find a maid

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said, Raise up the organs of her fantasy,

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Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Anne. About, about!

Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out. Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room; That it may stand till the perpetual doom, In state as wholesome as in state 't is fit. Worthy the owner, and the owner it. The several chairs of order look you scour With juice of balm and every precious flower; Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest, With loyal blazon, evermore be blest! And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing, Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring. The expressure that it bears, green let it be, More fertile-fresh than all the field to see; And 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' write In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white; Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery, Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee: Fairies use flowers for their charactery. Away! disperse! but till 't is one o'clock, Our dance of custom round about the oak Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be, To guide our measure round about the tree.— But, stay! I smell a man of middle-earth.

Falstaff. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Hobgoblin. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

Anne. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:

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If he be chaste, the flame will back descend

And turn him to no pain; but if he start, It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Hobgoblin. A trial, come!

Come, will this wood take fire? Evans. They burn him with their tapers.

Falstaff. Oh, oh, oh!

Anne. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!-About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme; And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Song.

Fie on sinful fantasy! Fie on lust and luxury! Lust is but a bloody fire, Kindled with unchaste desire, Fed in heart, whose flames aspire As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher. Pinch him, fairies, mutually; Pinch him for his villany; Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,

Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

During this song they pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way and steals away a fairy in green; Slender another way and takes off a fairy in white; and Fenton comes and steals away Anne Page. A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE, and MISTRESS FORD.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now. Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher -Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?-See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who 's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff 's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will

always count you my deer.

Falstaff. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass. Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Falstaff. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 't is upon ill employment!

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Falstaff. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'T is time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Falstaff. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would

have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns and sack and wine and metheglins, and to drinkings and swearings and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Falstaff. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel. Ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander; over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight; thou shalt eat a posset tonight at my house, where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [Aside] Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter SLENDER.

Slender. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched? Slender. Dispatched! I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slender. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i'

the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 't is a postmaster's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him. 180

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how

you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slender. I went to her in white, and cried 'mum,' and she cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a postmaster's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry; I knew of your purpose, turned my daughter into green, and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 't is a boy; by gar, I 'll raise all Windsor. [Exit.

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me. Here comes Master Fenton.—

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, Master Fenton!

Anne. Pardon, good father!—good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid? Fenton. You do amaze her; hear the truth of it. You would have married her most shamefully, Where there was no proportion held in love.

The truth is, she and I, long since contracted. Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title, Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours,

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her. Ford. Stand not amaz'd; here is no remedy.

In love the heavens themselves do guide the state; Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Falstaff. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy?—Fenton, heaven give thee joy! What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

Falstaff. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further.—Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire,—
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so.—Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.

[Exeunt.





ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR CASTLE.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar (third edition).

A. S., Anglo-Saxon.

A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).

B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.

B. I., Ben Ionson.

Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.

Cf. (confer), compare.

Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowder Marke (London, n. d.).

Coll., Collier (second edition).

Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.

D., Dyce (second edition).

H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).

Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).

Id. (idem), the same.

K., Knight (second edition).

Nares, Glossary, edited by Halliwell and Wright (Lridon, 1859).

Prol., Prologue.

S., Shakespeare.

Schmidt, A. Schmidt's Shakespeare-Lexicon (Berlin, 1874).

Sr., Singer.

St., Staunton.

Theo., Theobald.

V., Verplanck.

W., R. Grant White.

Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespear. (London, 1860).

Warb., Warburton.

Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).

Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as T. N. for Twelfth Night, Cor. for Coriolanus, 3 Hen.VI. for The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth, etc. P.P. refers to The Passionate Pilgrin; V. and A. to Venns and Adonis; L. C. to Lover's Complaint; and Sonn. to the Sonnets.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to page, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed

NOTES.



Bucklersbury in simple time (iii. 3.61).

ACT I.

Scene I.—1. Sir Hugh. The title Sir was formerly applied to priests and curates in general. "Dominus, the academical title of a bachelor of arts, was usually rendered by Sir in English at the universities; therefore, as most clerical persons had taken that first degree, it became usual

to style them Sir" (Nares). Cf. "Sir Topas" in T. N. iv. 2. 2, etc. Halliwell quotes the Register of Burials at Cheltenham: "1574, August xxxi, Sir John Evans, curate of Cheltenham, buried."

A Star-chamber matter. Steevens quotes B. J., Magnetic Lady, iii. 4:

"There is a court above, of the Star-chamber, To punish routs and riots."

Halliwell adds from Sir John Harington's Epigrams, 1618:

"No marvel men of such a sumptuous dyet Were brought into the Star-Chamber for a ryot."

This word and armigero (the ablative case of armiger, bearer of arms, or esquire) occur in the form for attestations which Slender had seen; wherein his cousin's name would thus appear: "Coram me Roberto Shallow armigero," etc. Slender also confuses the word

with Quorum (Clarke).

6. Custalorum. Probably a corruption of custos rotulorum, keeper of the rolls. Ratolorum seems also to have been suggested by rotulorum. Farmer conjectured that Slender says "and custos," and that Shallow adds "Ay, and rotulorum too;" but the old reading, with its muddling of the Latin terms, is in keeping with the characters.

10. That I do, etc. Steevens adopted Farmer's conjecture of "we" for I; but Shallow speaks for "his successors gone before him" as well

as himself.

14. Luces. Pikes. The fish figured in the coat-of-arms of the Lucy family, and there is probably a hit here at Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, associated with the tradition of the poet's youthful poaching exploits. Evans takes the word to refer to another animal, which "signifies love," Boswell tells us, "because it does not desert man in distress, but rather sticks more close to him in his adversity."

19. The luce is the fresh fish, etc. An inexplicable passage. Farmer transfers "the salt fish," etc., to Evans, and says: "Shallow had said just before that the coat is an old one; and now that it is the luce, the fresh fish. No, replies the parson, it cannot be old and fresh too-the

salt fish is an old coat."

21. Quarter. A term in heraldry for combining the arms of another family with one's own by placing them in one of the four compartments of the shield. This, as Shallow intimates, was often done by marriage.

23. Marring. There is an obvious play on marrying; as in A. W.

ii. 3. 315: "A young man married is a man that's marr'd."

25. Py'r lady. The folios print "per-lady." They do not make Evans's "brogue" consistent throughout, and the modern editors generally have not attempted to do it. Probably, as Capell says of Fluellen in Hen. V., "the poet thought it sufficient to mark his diction a little, and in some places only."

29. Compremises. Changed by Pope to "compromises," but the

blunder is probably intentional.

31. The council. That is, "the court of Star-chamber, composed chiefly of the king's council sitting in Camera stellata, which took cognizance of atrocious riots" (Blackstone). Cf. 1 above.

34. Vizaments. That is, advisements (=consideration), a common word then, though not used by S. Cf. Spenser, F. Q. ii. 5. 13: "Tempring the passion with advizement slow," etc.

41. George. The folios have "Thomas" here, but George in ii. 1. 133,

141, and v. 5. 186. The correction is due to Theo.

43. Mistress Anne Page. Mistress was the title of unmarried women down to the beginning of the last century. A MS. dated 1716 (mentioned by Halliwell) refers to "Mistress Elizabeth Seignoret, spinster." De Foe uses the term in this way in The Fortunes of Moll Flanders, 1722.

44. Speaks small. The later folios omit small. Cf. M. N. D. i. 2. 52:

"you may speak as small as you will," etc.

50. Pribbles and prabbles. Pribbles is a word of the Welshman's own coining. For prabbles (=brabbles, quarrels, as in T. N. v. 1. 68: "In private brabble," etc.) cf. Fluellen's "prawls and prabbles" in Hen. V.

iv. 8. 69.

52. Did her grandsire, etc. The folios give this speech and the next but one to Slender, but the context clearly favours Capell's transfer of them to Shallow, and the emendation is generally adopted. Coll., the Camb. editors, and V. follow the folio; and V. remarks: "though they suit Shallow very well, yet it seems a more natural touch of humour to make Slender, so negatively indifferent to all other matters, struck with admiration at the legacy."

57. Possibilities. "Possessions" (Halliwell). A MS. in Dulwich College (of about the year 1610) reads: "if we geete the fathers good will first, then may we bolder spake to the datter, for my possebeletis is abel to manteyne her." In the present passage, however, the word may refer

to what she is likely to receive from her father.

80. Fallow. Pale yellow. Halliwell quotes the Mirror for Magis-

trates, 1587: "Although my face bee falloe, puft, and pale."

81. On Cotsall. That is, on the Cotswold downs in Gloucestershire, celebrated for coursing, for which their fine turf fitted them, and also for other rural sports. The allusion is not in the first sketch of the play, and is one of the little points indicating that it was not revised until after the accession of James, in the beginning of whose reign the Cotswold games were revived. See p. 11 above. Cf. Rich. II. ii. 3. 9 and 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2. 23.

84. Fault. Explained by Malone and Schmidt as=misfortune, bad luck; as perhaps in iii. 3. 190 below. Schmidt compares Per. iv. 2. 79.

103. But not kissed your keeper's daughter? Some of the critics have supposed this to be a quotation from an old ballad. Sir Walter Scott, in Kenilworth, suggests that it was part of the charge made against S. by Sir Thomas Lucy.

108. In counsel. There seems to be a play on counsel = secrecy. Malone quotes Howel's Proverbial Sentences: "Mum is counsell, viz.

silence."

111. Worts. "The ancient name of all the cabbage kind" (Steevens). Cf. the modern colewort, and see also Wb. Baret, in his Alvearie, 1580, defines worts as "all kind of hearbes that serve for the potte."

114. Cony-catching. Thieving, cheating. Cf. T. of S. p. 154. Robert Greene published a pamphlet exposing the "Frauds and Tricks of Coney-catchers and Couzeners."

115. They carried me . . . my pockets. This is not found in the folio, but was supplied by Malone from the 1st quarto. That it belongs here

is evident from 136 below.

117. You Bandury cheese! A hit at the thinness of Slender, Banbury cheese being proverbially thin. Steevens quotes Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601: "Put off your cloathes, and you are like a Banbury cheese—nothing but paring;" and Heywood, Epigrams:

"I never saw Banbury cheese thick enough,
But I have oft seen Essex cheese quick enough."

Camden, in his *Britannia*, speaks of Banbury as "nunc autem conficiendo caseo notissimum." Holland, in his translation, 1610, renders this: "Now the fame of this towne is for zeale, cheese, and cakes." There is a story that Holland wrote "ale" instead of "zeale," and that Camden, happening to see it as the sheet was going through the press, and thinking the expression too light, made the change; but Camden himself contradicted this and said that "zeale" was inserted by the compositor or printer.

119. Mephostophilus. The Mephistopheles of the legend of Faust, to which there is another allusion in iv. 5. 61 below. Warton and Steevens give several contemporaneous examples of the use of the word as a term

of abuse.

121. Pauca, pauca! That is, pauca verba (few words), as in 110 above. Cf. Hen. V. ii. 1. 83 (Pistol's speech): "and, pauca; there's enough."

Slice is probably a slang verb = cut (either in the sense of "cut and run," be off, as Clarke explains, or of cutting with a sword, as others make it); but Schmidt takes it to be a noun, and another hit at the thin Slender.

That 's my humour. The word humour was worn threadbare in the fashionable talk of the time, as is evident from many allusions and satirical hits in contemporary literature. Steevens quotes the following epigram from Humors Ordinarie, 1607:

"Aske HUMOURS what a feather he doth weare, It is his humour (by the Lord) he'll sweare; Or what he doth with such a horse-taile locke, Or why upon a whore he spends his stocke,—He hath a humour doth determine so: Why in the stop-throte fashion he doth goe, With scarfe about his necke. hat without band,—It is his humour. Sweet Sir, understand, What cause his purse is so extreme distrest That oftentimes is scarcely penny-blest; Only a humour. If you question, why His tongue is ne'er unfurnish'd with a lye,—It is his humour too he doth protest: Or why with sergeants he is so opprest, That like to ghosts they haunt him ev'rie day; A rascal humour doth refuse to pay. Object why bootes and spurres are still in season, His humour answers, humour is his reason.

If you perceive his wits in wetting shrunke, It cometh of a humour to be drunke. When you behold his lookes pale, thin, and poore, The occasion is, his humour and a whoore: And every thing that he doth undertake, It is a veine, tor senseless humour's sake."

134. The tevil and his tam. We have several allusions to "the devil's

dam" in S. Cf. T. of S. p. 152.

135. It is affectations. Puttenham, in his Art of English Poesie, 1589, gives it as an example of "pleonasmus," or "too full speech"—" as if one should say, I heard it with mine eares, and saw it with mine eyes, as if a man could heare with his heeles, or see with his nose." Some of the critics have taken the trouble to point out that it is a Scriptural expression.

138. Great chamber. Hall, saloon. Cf. M. N. D. iii. 1. 58: "Leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in;" and R. and J. i. 5. 14: "You are looked for . . . in the great chamber."

139. Mill-sixpences. Old English coin, first milled, or coined, in 1561. The groat was fourpence; and making seven groats in sixpences is of

course an intentional blunder.

Edward shovel-boards were the broad shillings of Edward VI., which were generally used in playing the game of shovel-board or shove-board. See 2 Hen. IV. p. 169, note on Quoit him. Nares remarks that the wisdom of Slender is shown by his paying "two shillings and twopence" for a smooth or well-worn shilling; but it is possible that these old shovel-boards commanded a premium on account of being in demand for the game. We find allusions to their being carefully kept for this purpose. An old shovel-board was long preserved at the Falcon inn at Stratford (we believe it is the one now shown in the house at New Place), which tradition says was used by S. himself.

145. Latten bilbo. Latten was a soft alloy of copper and calamine; and bilbo was a name applied to a sword, from Bilboa in Spain, a place famous for its blades. Cf. iii. 5. 96 below: "like a good bilbo." Latten bilbo is a hit at Slender's cowardice, implying that he was as weak and edgeless as a blade of latten; with possibly the added idea that he was

as thin as a sword-blade.

146. In thy labras. Literally, in thy lips; an expression like "in thy teeth," "in thy face," etc. The 1st quarto reads here:

"Pistol. Sir Iohn, and Maister mine, I combat craue Of this same laten bilbo. I do retort the lie Euen in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge."

H. says that labras is "Spanish for lips." It is a corruption of labios, the Spanish for lips; perhaps suggested by palabras, for which see Much Ado, p. 151. Johnson conjectured "my labras."

149. Be avised. Be advised = listen to reason. Cf. i. 4. 89 below.

150. Marry trap. Johnson says: "When a man was caught in his own stratagem, I suppose the exclamation of insult was marry, trap!" Nares remarks that it is "apparently a kind of proverbial exclamation,

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as much as to say, 'By Mary, you are caught!'... but the phrase wants further illustration." No other instance of it has been pointed out, and the meaning can be only guessed at. Marry was originally a mode of swearing by the Virgin Mary, but this had doubtless come to be forgotten in the time of S.

Nut-hook was "a term of reproach for a catch-pole" (Johnson). Cf. 2 Hen. IV. v. 4. 8: "Nuthook, nuthook, you lie!" Steevens makes if you run the nuthook's humour on me="if you say I am a thief;" that is, as

a constable might.

155. Scarlet and John. "The names of two of Robin Hood's men; but the humour consists in the allusion to Bardolph's red face" (Warb.). Cf. the ballad of Robin Hood's Delight:

"But I will tell you of Will Scarlet, Little John and Robin Hood."

159. Fap. A cant term for drunk. Some have attempted to derive it from the Latin vappa, and have assumed that Slender recognized it as Latin; but the origin of the word is uncertain. That Slender should take Bardolph's fantastic dialect for Latin is a humorous touch which

the dullest of critics ought to appreciate.

160. Conclusions passed the careers. This bit of boozy rhodomontade has been "Greek" to the commentators, as it was Latin to Slender, and they have worried much over the interpretation of it. Johnson says it "means that the common bounds of good behaviour are overpassed," which is very like Bardolph! To pass the career, according to Douce, was, like running a career, a technical term for "galloping a horse violently backwards and forwards, stopping him suddenly at the end of the career." Malone and Schmidt think that Bardolph means to say, "and so in the end he reeled about like a horse passing a career." Clarke suggests that the idea is, "and their words ran high, at full gallop." The reader may take his choice, or expound the passage for himself. For careers the folios have "car-eires," which was "Englished" by Capell. 162. But in honest, civil, godly company, etc. See p. 15 above.

178. Book of Songs and Sonnets. "He probably means the Poems of Lord Surrey and others, which were very popular in the age of Queen Elizabeth. They were printed in 1567 with this title: 'Songes and Sonnettes, written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey, and others.' Slender laments that he has not this fashionable book about him, supposing it might have assisted him in paying his ad-

dresses to Anne Page" (Malone).

The Book of Riddles, mentioned just below, was another popular book. Reed says it is enumerated with others in The English Courtier, and Country Gentleman, 1586. Halliwell gives a fac-simile of the title-page of one edition, which reads thus: "The | Booke of | Meery. | Riddles. | Together with proper Que- | stions, and witty Prouerbs to | make pleasant pastime, | No lesse vsefull than behoouefull | for any yong man or child, to know if | he bee quick-witted, or no. | London, | Printed by T. C. for Michael Sparke, | dwelling in Greene-Arbor, at the | signe of the blue Bible, | 1629." He quotes many of the riddles, and we copy a few of the shortest as samples:

"The li. Riddle .- My lovers will

I am content for to fulfill; Within this rime his name is framed; Tell me then how he is named?

Solution .- His name is William; for in the first line is will, and in the beginning of the second line is I am, and then put them both together, and it maketh William.

The liv. Riddle.—How many calves tailes will reach to the skye? Solution.—One,

if it be long enough.

The lxv. Riddle.-What is that, round as a ball, Longer than Pauls steeple, weather-cocke, and all?

Solution .- It is a round bottome of thred when it is unwound.

The lxvii. Riddle.-What is that, that goeth thorow the wood, and toucheth never a twig? Solution .- It is the blast of a horne, or any other noyse.

For bottom = ball of thread, see T. of S. p. 164. It will be noted that the book was printed by Thomas Creede, who printed the 1st quarto of M.

W. See p. 9 above.

184. Michaelmas. As All-hallowmas is almost five weeks after Michaelmas, Theo. changed this to "Martlemas." He says: "The simplest creatures (nay, even naturals) generally are very precise in the knowledge of festivals, and marking how the seasons run." This is true; but the blunder here may nevertheless be intentional.

197. Simple though I stand here. A common phrase of the time, of which Halliwell gives many examples; as from The Returne from Parnassus, 1606: "I am Stercutio, his father, sir, simple as I stand

here."

208. Parcel of the mouth. That is, part of it; as in the phrase "part and parcel." This sense of parcel is very common in S. Cf. 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2. 159: "Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow," etc.; Cor. iv. 5. 231: "A parcel of their feast." For mouth Pope reads "mind."

225. Contempt. The folios have "content;" but Theo. is probably right in seeing here a blundering use of the familiar proverb. As Steevens points out, we have a similar misuse of contempt in L. L. L. i. I. 191: "Sir, the contempts thereof [that is, of the letter] are as touching me."

227. Fall. Used by Evans for fault. Hanmer prints "faul'," Sr.

"fall'," and D. "faul."

242. Attends. Waits for; as in Rich. II. i. 3. 116: "Attending but

the signal to begin," etc. 246. Beholding. "Beholden" (Pope's reading, but a word never used

by S.). See M. of V. p. 135, or Gr. 372.

256. A master of fence. According to an old MS. in the British Museum, there were three degrees in the "noble science of defence," namely, a master's, a provost's, and a scholar's (Steevens). A veney (also spelt venew, venue, etc.) was a thrust or hit in fencing. Cf. L. L. v. 1. 62: "a quick venue of wit." Here the dish of stewed prunes was the wager which was to be paid by him who received three hits. Malone quotes Bullokar, English Expositor, 1616: "Venie. A touch in the body at playing with weapons;" and Florio, Ital. Dict. 1598: "Tocco. A touch or feeling. Also a venie at fence; a hit." The word came also to mean a bout or turn at fencing.

265. That's meat and drink to me. A popular phrase that has come down to our day. Cf. A. Y. L. v. 1. 11: "It is meat and drink to me to see a clown."

266. Sackerson. A famous bear exhibited at Paris Garden (see Hen.

VIII. p. 202) in Southwark. Malone quotes an old epigram:

"Publius, a student of the common law, To Paris-garden doth himself withdraw; Leaving old Ployden, Dyer, and Broke, alone, To see old Harry Hunkes and Sacarson."

For the bear to get loose was a serious matter. Halliwell quotes Machyn's *Diary* for 1554: "The sam day at after-non was a berebeytyn on the Bankesyde, and ther the grette blynd bere broke losse, and in ronnyng away he chakt a servyngman by the calff of the lege, and bytt a gret pesse away, . . . that with-in iij days after he ded."

268. Passed. That is, passed description. Cf. iv. 2. 120 below: "This passes." See also T. and C. i. 2. 182: "all the rest so laughed that it passed." Boswell quotes The Maid of the Mill:

"Come, follow me, you country lasses, And you shall see such sport as passes."

273. By cock and pie. A petty oath of the time, occurring again in 2 Hen. IV. v. 1. 1. Its origin is matter of dispute. See a long note on the subject in 2 Hen. IV. p. 195.

Scene II .- 4. Wringer. The folios have "Ringer." II. Seese. The folios have "cheese;" corrected by D. See on i. I. 25 above.

Scene III.—2. Bully-rook. A favourite epithet with mine host, and, as used by him, equivalent to plain bully. It was sometimes a term of reproach (="a hectoring, cheating sharper," as an old dictionary, quoted by Douce, defines it), and was often spelt "bully-rock," as in some of the modern eds. of S.

7. I sit at ten pounds a week. My expenses are ten pounds a week. Halliwell quotes The Man in the Moone, etc., 1609: "they sit at an un-

merciful rent."

8. Keisar. Another form of Cæsar, added like Pheezar (a word of the host's own coining, perhaps suggested by pheeze, for which see T. of S. p. 124) for the sake of the rhyme.

9. Entertain. Take into service; as in 48 below. Cf. Much Ado, i. 3. 60: "entertained for a perfumer;" and see our ed. p. 127.

13. Froth and lime. The folios have "line" for lime; corrected by Steevens from the 1st quarto, which has "lyme." Frothing beer and liming sack, or putting lime in it (see I Hen. IV. p. 165, note on Lime) were tapster's tricks in the time of S. The frothing is said to have been done by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard when the beer was drawn. Cotgrave's Wits Interpreter says that the trick can be thwarted if the customer will watch his opportunity and rub the inside of the tankard with the skin of a red herring.

18. Hungarian. The reading of the folios. The quartos have "Gongarian." Hungarian was a cant term for "a hungry, starved fellow." So says Malone, who cites Hall, Satires, iv. 2:

"So sharp and meager that who should them see Would sweare they lately came from Hungary."

Steevens quotes, among other illustrations of the word, Dekker, *News from Hell*, 1606: "the lean-jawed Hungarian would not lay out a penny pot of sack for himself."

20. Is not the humour conceited? Theo. adds here, from the quarto,

"His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it."

25. At a minim's rest. The folios have "minutes," but the preceding reference to music favours Langton's conjecture of minim's, which is adopted by many of the editors. Cf. R. and J. ii. 4. 22; "rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom."

26. Convey. A cant term for steal. See Rich. II. p. 206.

A fice for the phrase! That is, a fig for it. Cf. Hen. V. iii. 6.60: "and figo for thy friendship!" See our ed. p. 54. Fice is the Italian, as figo is the Spanish, for fig.

29. Kibes. Chaps or sores in the heel. Cf. Temp. ii. 1. 276, Ham. v.

I. 153, and Lear, i. 5. 9. For cony-catch, see on i. 1. 114 above.

31. Young ravens must have food. A proverb in Ray's collection.

37. Waste. Steevens remarks that the same play upon waste and waist is found in Heywood's Epigrams, 1562:

"Where am I least, husband? quoth he, in the waist; Which cometh of this, thou art vengeance strait lac'd. Where am I biggest, wife? in the waste, quote she, For all is waste in you, as far as I see."

He might have added that we find it again in Falstaff's own mouth, in 2 Hen. IV. i. 2. 160:

"Chief-justice Your means are very slender, and your waste is great. Falstaff. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slender."

39. Carves. To carve for a person was considered a mark of favour or affection, as is evident from C. of E. ii. 2. 120, and the quotations given in the note on that passage in our ed. p. 120; but other allusions to carving in writers of the time show that the word also meant certain gestures expressing recognition and favour. D. quotes Day's Ile of Gulls, 1606: "Her amorous glances are her accusers; . . . she carves thee at boord, and cannot sleepe for dreaming on thee in bedde." W. adds, from Overbury, A Very Woman: "Her lightnesse gets her to swim at the top of the table, where her wie little finger bewraies carving; her neighbours at the latter end know they are welcome," etc. See also Littleton's Latin-English Lexicon, 1675: "A carver: chironomus;" "Chironomus: one that useth apish motions with his hands;" "Chironomia a kind of gesture with the hands, either in dancing, carving of meat, or pleading." This is probably the meaning of the word here.

43. Well . . . ill. The conjecture of the Camb. editors. The folios have "will . . . will;" and the quartos well, omitting what follows.

45. Anchor. Johnson conjectured "author," since he could not see "what relation the anchor has to translation;" but as Malone suggests, Nym probably means nothing more than that "the scheme for debauch-

ing Ford's wife is deep."

47. Angels. The angel was an English gold coin, worth about ten shillings. It took its name from having on one side a figure of Michael piercing the dragon. The device is said to have originated in Pope Gregory's pun on Angli and Angeli, and it gave rise to many puns. See C. of E. iv. 3. 41, Much Ado, ii. 3. 35, M. of V. ii. 7. 56, and 2 Hen. IV. i. 2. 187.



GOLDEN ANGEL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

48. Entertain. Take into your service. See on 9 above.

50. Writ me. For the me, see Gr. 220. Cf. ii. 1. 204 below.

52. Œillades. Amorous glances; as in Lear, iv. 5. 25:

"She gave strange œillades and most speaking looks To noble Edmund."

See our ed. p. 242. Halliwell adopts Pope's conjecture of "eyelids." The spelling of the word in the folios is "illiads."

The spelling of the word in the folios is "illiads."

55. Then did the sun on dunghill shine. Holt White quotes Lyly, Eu-

phues: "The sun shineth upon the dunghill."

58. Intention. Bent, aim; as in the only other instance of the word in S., W. T. i. 2. 138: "Affection! thy intention stabs the centre." Some, however, make intention here = intentness.

60. Guiana. The only allusion to the country in S. Sir Walter Raleigh had returned in 1596 from his expedition to South America, and had published glowing accounts of the great wealth of Guiana in his book entitled "The Discoverie of the Large, Rich, and Bewtiful Empyre of Guiana, with a relation of the great and golden Citie of Manoa, which the Spanyards call El Dorado," etc. But long before this, in 1569, John Hawkins had published the account of his voyage to "the Parties of Guynea and the West Indies."

61. Bounty. The Coll. MS. has "beauty;" omitted in the collation

of the Camb. ed.

Cheater. Escheator; an officer of the exchequer, whose duty it was

to collect forfeitures to the crown. Cheater was the vulgar corruption of the name. Cf. 2 Hen. IV. p. 167, note on A tame cheater.

69. Haviour. Equivalent to behaviour, but not a contraction of that

word. See Wb. s. v.

70. Tightly. "Cleverly, adroitly" (Malone); as in ii. 3. 57 below. Cf. the adjective in A. and C. iv. 4. 15, and see our ed. p. 203. The 1st folio has tightly, but the later folios "rightly." The former reading is confirmed by the "titely" of the 1st quarto.

71. Pinnace. A small vessel, chiefly used, according to Rolt's Dict. of Commerce, "as a scout for intelligence, and for landing of men" (Malone).

74. Humour. The folios have "honour;" corrected by Theo. from

the 1st quarto.

75. French thrift, etc. "Falstaff says he shall imitate an economy then practised in France of making a single page serve in lieu of a train of attendants" (Clarke).

76. Guts. Not so offensive a word in olden times as now. See Ham.

p. 241.

Gourds were a kind of false dice, probably with a secret cavity in them, and fullams such as had been loaded. High men and low men were cant terms for high and low numbers on dice (Malone). Steevens quotes Dekker's Belman of London, where among the false dice are mentioned "a bale of fullams" and "a bale of gordes, with as many high-men as low-men for passage."

78. Tester. Sixpence. Cf. 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2. 296, and see our ed. p. 179. 84. To Page. The folio has "to Ford" and "to Page" in the next line; corrected by Steevens from the 1st quarto. That the latter is

right is evident from ii. 1. 97 fol. below.

90. Yellowness. Changed by Pope to "jealousies;" but as Johnson

notes, "yellowness is jealousy."

91. The revolt of mine. Apparently Nym's "humour" for my revolt; but the commentators have changed it to "this revolt of mine," "the revolt of mien" (=appearance, look), etc., to make it less fantastical.

Scene IV.—4. An old abusing. For this colloquial use of old as a mere intensive, cf. Macb. ii. 3. 2: "old turning of the key;" and see our ed. p. 197.

7. Soon at night. "This very night" (Schmidt); as in ii. 2. 250, 253

below. Cf. M. for M. i. 4. 88, 2 Hen. IV. v. 5. 96, etc.

A posset, according to Randle Holme, in his Academy of Armourie, 1688 (quoted by Malone in note on Mach. ii. 2. 6), is "hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients, boiled in it, which goes all to a curd." This explains why the posset is often spoken of as eaten; as in v. 5. 161 below.

8. At the latter end of a sea-coal fire. "That is, when my master is in

bed" (Johnson).

10. Breed-bate. Breeder of dispute or strife. Cf. bate-breeding in V. and A. 655: "This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy." See also 2 Hen. IV. ii. 4. 271: "and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories;" and the note in our ed. p. 171.

12. Peevish. Silly, childish; the ordinary if not the only meaning in S. See Hen. V. p. 171.

19. Wee. Capell reads "whey."

20. Cain-coloured. That is, like the colour of Cain's beard and hair in the old pictures; yellowish, or, according to some, reddish. Pope reads "cane-coloured," that is, yellowish like cane. In the quartos the word is "Kane," in the folios "Caine" or "Cain."

is "Kane," in the folios "Caine" or "Cain."

21. Softly-sprighted. Gentle-spirited. Cf. spright=spirit, in V. and A.
181, R. of L. 121, Mach. iv. 1. 127, etc. Spirit is often a monosyllable in

S.; as in M. N. D. ii. 1. 1, Ham. i. 1. 161, etc.

22. As tall a man of his hands. As able-bodied a man. Cf. W. T. v. 2. 178: "thou art a tall fellow of thy hands;" and see our ed. p. 211. Tall was often=stout, sturdy; as in ii. 1. 204 and ii. 2. 9 below. Cf. T. N. p. 123.

23. A warrener. A keeper of a warren, or enclosure for birds or

beasts, especially rabbits.

32. Shent. Rated, scolded; as in T. N. iv. 2. 112: "I am shent for speaking to you," etc. See also Ham. p. 231.

35. Doubt. Suspect, fear; as often. Cf. Ham. i. 2. 256: "I doubt

some foul play," etc.

37. And down, down, etc. "To deceive her master, she sings as if at

her work" (Sir John Hawkins).

43. Horn-mad. Mad as an angry bull; mostly used of a cuckold. See iii. 5. 132 below, and cf. C. of E. ii. i. 57:

"Dromio of E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad. Adriana. Horn-mad, thou villain! Dromio of E. I mean not cuckold-mad; But, sure, he is stark mad."

44. Ma foi, etc. Printed thus in the folio: "mai foy, il fait for chando, Ie man voi a le Court la grand affaires;" corrected by Rowe.

51. Jack Rugby. Alluding to the contemptuous use of Jack; as in 104 below. Cf. 1 Hen. IV. v. 4. 143: "if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack," etc.

60. Larron. The folio has "La-roone."

66. Phlegmatic. Mrs. Quickly is using a word that is too much for

her. The Var. of 1821, by the by, misprints it "flegmarick."

75. I'll ne'er put my finger, etc. This was a proverbial phrase of the time, and is recorded by Ray, who explains it thus: "meddle not with a quarrel voluntarily, wherein you need not be concerned."

78. Baille. The folios have "ballow;" and Theo. reads "baillez." 80. Throughly. Used by S. oftener than thoroughly. Cf. M. of V.

p. 144, note on Throughfares.

89. Are you avised o' that? Are your aware of that? equivalent to "You may well say that." Cf. M. for M. ii. 2. 132: "Art avis'd o' that?" See also on i. 1. 149 above. It was a common expression in that day.

108. The good-year! Supposed to be a corruption of goujère, and = "Pox on't!" (T. N. iii. 4. 308). It is found in the early eds. as good-ier,

good-yeere, good-yere, and good-year. Hanmer prints "goujeres" here, and Johnson "goujere." The origin of the expression appears sometimes to have been forgotten; for we find in Holyband's French Littleton, ed. 1609: "God give you a good morrow and a good yeare,—Dien vous doit bon jour et bon au." Halliwell gives several similar examples.

112. You shall have An fool's head, etc. A play on Ann. An and ane were broad pronunciations of one (Halliwell). A fool's head of your own was a common expression. Cf. M. N. D. iii. 1. 119: "What do you see?

you see an ass-head of your own, do you?"

117. I trow. Literally, I know or believe; but here "nearly = I wonder" (Schmidt). Cf. ii. 1. 56 below. See also Much Ado, p. 150.

132. Detest. Protest, of course. Elbow makes the same blunder in

M. for M. ii. 1. 69, 75.

135. Go to. A common phrase of encouragement (as here and in ii. 1.

6 and iii. 3. 32 below), or reproof (as in Temp. v. 1. 297, etc.).

140. Confidence. For the blundering use (=conference), cf. Much Ado, iii. 5. 3 and R. and F. ii. 4. 133.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—I. Scaped. Not a contraction of escaped. The Camb. and Globe eds. print "scaped" here, and "scape" in iii. 5. 101 below, but "'scape" in iii. 5. 126.

5. Physician. The folios have "precisian;" corrected by D. (the conjecture of Johnson). Cf. Soun. 147. 5: "My reason, the physician to my

love."

8. Sack. "The generic name of Spanish and Canary wines" (Schmidt). We find "Sherris sack" in 2 Hen. iv. 3. 104. See our ed. p. 188.

9. Of soldier. The 3d and 4th folios have "of a soldier."

17. Herod of Jewry. Herod was a common personage in the old dramatic mysteries, where he generally appeared as a swaggering tyrant. Cf. Ham. p. 221.

19. Unweighed. Inconsiderate. Cf. unweighing (=thoughtless) in

M. for M. iii. 2. 147.

20. Flemish drunkard. The Flemish were notorious for their intemperance. The only other reference to them in S. is in ii. 2. 267 below.

21. Conversation. Behaviour; as in A. and C. ii. 6. 131: "Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation," etc. Cf. Ps. xxxvii. 14, l. 23.

24. Exhibit a bill, etc. Chalmers thought this to be "a sarcasm on the many bills which were unadvisedly moved in the parliament which began

Nov. 5, 1605, and ended May 26, 1606."

25. Putting down of men. Many of the editors follow Theo. in the insertion of "fat" before men; but surely there is no sufficient reason for the emendation. Cf. what Mrs. Page says in 71 below: "I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man." There is the same merry extravagance here as there.

26. Puddings. Halliwell remarks that entrails were often termed pud-

NOTES. dings, and adds that "as sure as his guts are puddings" is still heard in

the North of England. For guts, see on i. 3. 76 above.

45. Sir Alice Ford! This was not without actual precedent. Queen Elizabeth knighted Mary, the lady of Sir Hugh Cholmondeley, "the bold lady of Cheshire." The ceremony took place at Tilbury in 1588.

These knights will hack. This probably means that they will become kackneyed, or cheap and vulgar, as Blackstone explained it. Cf. p. 10 above. Some make hack=do mischief. Johnson wanted to read "we'll hack," seeing a reference to the punishment of a recreant knight by hacking off his spurs; and Clarke thinks that the meaning may be "Your companion knights would hack you from them; and thus you would not improve your degree of rank."

48. We burn daylight. We waste time; as is evident from the other

instance of the expression in R. and 7. i. 4. 43:

" Mercutio. Come, we burn daylight, ho! Romeo. Nay, that 's not so. I mean, sir, in delay We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day."

50. Men's liking. That is, their bodily condition. Cf. I Hen. IV. iii. 3. 6: "I'll repent, while I am in some liking" (that is, while I have some flesh). See also Job, xxxix. 4: "Their young ones are in good liking." In Baret's Alvearie we find, "If one be in better plight of bodie, or better liking. Si qua habitior paulò, pugilem esse aiunt. Ter."

55. Hundredth Psalm. The folios have "hundred Psalms;" corrected

by Rowe.

56. Green Sleeves was a popular song of a very free sort. It is men-

tioned again in v. 5. 17 below. 60. Melted him in his own grease. Steevens quotes Chaucer, C. T.

6069: "That in his owen grese I made him frie."

69. Press. "Used ambiguously, for a press to print, and a press to squeeze" (Johnson).

71. Turtles. That is, turtle-doves; the emblem of chaste and faithful

love. Cf. iii. 3. 34 below.

76. Honesty. Chastity; as in 88, ii. 2. 66, 209 below. Cf. the adjective

in i. 4. 122 above, and 213, ii. 2. 198, iv. 2. 91, etc., below.

78. Strain. "Impulse, feeling" (Schmidt); or, perhaps, natural disposition or tendency. Cf. iii. 3. 162 below: "all of the same strain." There, however, it may be figuratively=stock, race; as in J. C. v. 1. 59: "the noblest of thy strain," etc. In all these we see the common idea of something native, natural, or innate. The Coll. MS. has "stain," which was Pope's reading.

79. Boarded me. Cf. Much Ado, ii. 1. 149: "I would he had boarded

me;" Ham. ii. 2. 170: "I'll board him presently," etc.

88. Chariness. Nicety, scrupulousness; the only instance of the noun

in S.

O, that my husband saw this letter! Steevens conjectured, "O, if my husband," etc. But, as W. remarks, the speech is in keeping with Mrs. Ford's character (cf. iii. 3. 154 below, for instance), and must be ascribed to "mingled merriment and malice."

94. You are the happier woman. At first glance this seems inconsistent with what has been said in the last note. On the contrary, it is in perfect keeping therewith, and thoroughly teminine and natural.

98. Curtal. Having a docked tail. Cf. C. of E. iii. 2. 151: "She had transform'd me to a curtal dog;" and P. P. 273: "My curtal dog that

wont to have play'd," etc.

103. Gallimaufry. Medley, hotchpotch; used again in W. T. iv. 4. 335. Steevens says that "Pistol ludicrously uses it for a woman;" but it is rather for women in general. Falstaff, he says, loves the whole medley of them, high and low, rich and poor, etc.

Perpend. Consider; a word used only by Pistol, Polonius, and the

clowns. Cf. A. Y. L. iii. 2. 69, T. N. v. I. 307, Ham. ii. 2. 105, etc.

105. With liver, etc. For the liver as the seat of love, cf. Temp. iv. 1.

56, Much Ado, iv. 1. 233 (see our ed. p. 157), etc.

106. Actaon. Cf. iii. 2. 36 below. Ringwood is the name of a dog. 111. Cuckoo-birds do sing. The note of the cuckoo was supposed to prognosticate cuckoldom, from the similarity in sound of cuckoo and cuckoo.

old. Cf. L. L. v. 2, 908:

"The cuckoo then on every tree Mocks married men," etc.

See also M. N. D. iii. 1. 134 and A. W. i. 3. 67.

113. Believe it, Page, etc. Johnson thought this should be given to Nym; but Steevens explains the old text thus: "While Pistol is informing Ford of Falstaff's design upon his wife, Nym is talking aside to Page, and giving information of the like plot against him. When Pistol has finished, he calls out to Nym to come away; but seeing that he and Page are still in close debate, he goes off alone, first assuring Page that he may depend on the truth of Nym's story."

122. And there's the humour of it. Not in the folios, but supplied by

Capell from the quarto.

127. Drawling, affecting. The words are hyphened in the 1st folio. Affecting=affected; as in R. and J. ii. 4. 29: "affecting fantasticoes." It is not an instance of the active participle used passively (Gr. 372), for it is really affected that is used peculiarly. An affected person is one who is given to affecting or affectation.

129. A Cataian. A "heathen Chinee;" from Cataia, or Cathay, the name given to China by early travellers. Cf. T. N. ii. 3. 80, where it is

similarly used as a term of reproach. See our ed. p. 137.

160. Lie at the Garter. That is, lodge or reside there. Cf. ii. 2. 56 be-

low. See also 2 Hen. IV. p. 185.

162. Voyage. Cf. Cymb. i. 4. 170: "if you make your voyage upon her," etc.

174. Cavalero-justice. Cf. ii. 3. 65 below: "Cavalero Slender;" and 2 Hen. IV. v. 3. 62: "all the cavaleros about London." The spelling in the early eds. is Cavaleiro, Cavalerio, etc. It is, of course, a corruption of the Spanish caballero, cavalier.

176. Good even and twenty. A free-and-easy salutation = "good evening, and twenty of 'em!" Cf. Eliot, Fruits for the French, 1593 (quoted

by Halliwell): "Good night and a thousand to every body." Peele, according to the same authority, has "farewell and a thousand." See also T. N. ii. 3.52: "sweet-and-twenty;" and the note in our ed. p. 136. Mr. P. A. Daniel points out that "good even" is a slip on Shallow's part, as the time of the scene is evidently in the morning. Cf. 141 above, it being remembered that the dinner hour in the time of S. was at noon. See M. for M. p. 144, note on Eleven, sir.

186. Contrary places. That is, different places for meeting; as the se-

quel shows.

191. Pottle. A large tankard; originally a measure of two quarts. Cf.

iii. 5. 24 below.

193. Brook. The reading of the quartos: the folios have, as elsewhere, "Broome." That the former is right is evident from ii. 2. 133 below.

196. Mynheers. The early eds. have "An-heires" or "An-heirs;" corrected by Theo. Other emendations are "on, here," "on, hearts," "on, heroes," "cavaleires," etc. "On, hearts" is favoured, perhaps, by iii. 2. 75 below.

197. Have with you. I am with you, or I'll go with you; a common

idiom. Cf. 206 and iii. 2. 79 below.

201. You stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, etc. In the time of S. duelling had been reduced to a science, and its laws laid down with great precision. Cf. R. and J. ii. 4. 20: "He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause," etc. Cf. Touchstone's ridicule of the causes of quarrel, etc., in A. Y. L. v. 4. 63 fol.; and see our ed. p. 198. The stoccado was a thrust in fencing. It is the same as the stoccata of R. and J. iii. i. 77 (see our ed. p. 181), the stock of ii. 3. 23 below, and the stuck of T. N. iii. 4. 303 and Ham. iv. 7. 162.

204. Made you. The you is doubtless the dativus ethicus or colloquial expletive pronoun; as in i. 3. 50 above. Gr. 220. For tall (=stout), see

on i. 4. 22 above.

Johnson remarks here: "Before the introduction of rapiers the swords in use were of an enormous length, and sometimes raised with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation by which lighter weapons were introduced, tells what he could once have done with the *long sword*, and ridicules the terms and rules of the rapier." The 1st quarto reads here:

Have seene the day, with my two hand sword I would a made you foure tall Fencers Scipped like Rattes."

208. Stands so firmly on his wife's frailty. Theo. changed frailty to "fealty," and the Coll. MS. has "fidelity;" but Ford uses frailty because he has no confidence in Mistress Page's fidelity. The meaning, as Malone puts it, is "has such perfect confidence in his unchaste wife."

211. Made there. Did there. Cf. iv. 2. 44 below: "But what make you here?" The idiom was a common one, and is played upon in L. L. L. iv. 3. 190 and Rich. III. i. 3. 164 fol.

Scene II.—3. Which I, etc. After this line Theo. added from the

quarto, "I will retort the sum in equipage."

5. Grated upon. Worried, vexed; as in 2 Hen. IV. iv. I. 90: "suborn'd to grate on you." For the transitive grate in the same sense, see Ham. p. 216.

6. Coach - fellow. Companion; commonly explained as = "a horse drawing in the same carriage with another" (Schmidt). Theo. reads

"couch-fellow."

8. Geminy. Couple, pair (Latin gemini).

10. The handle of her fan. As Steevens notes, fans were then more costly than now, being made of ostrich feathers, set into handles of gold, silver, ivory, etc. He quotes, among other references to these, Marston, Satires, 1578:

> "And buy a hoode and silver-handled fan With fortie pound."

II. I took 't upon mine honour. I protested by mine honour. Cf. K. 70hn, i. I. 110:

"And took it on his death That this my mother's son was none of his;"

and see our ed. p. 134.

16. A short knife and a throng. That is, for cutting purses in a crowd. Purses, it will be remembered, were usually hung to the girdle. Malone quotes Overbury, Characters: "The eye of this wolf is as quick in his

head as a cutpurse in a throng." Pope reads "thong."

17. Pickt-hatch. A cant name for a district of bad repute in London. Steevens quotes several references to it from B. J. and other writers of the time. He suggests also a plausible origin for the term. A hatch (see K. John, p. 136) was a half-door (that is, with the lower half arranged to shut, leaving the upper half open like a window), and this was sometimes protected by picks, or spikes, to prevent thieves and marauders from "leaping the hatch" (Lear, iii. 6. 76). Cf. Cupid's Whirligig, 1607: "Set some picks upon your hatch, and, I pray, profess to keep a bawdyhouse."

22. Lurch. Explained by Schmidt and others as = "lurk." The only other instance of the word in S. is in Cor. ii. 2. 105: "He lurch'd all swords of the garland" (that is, robbed them of the prize). Cotgrave has "Fortraire. To lurch, purloyne;" and Coles (Lat. Dict.) renders lurch

by "subduco, surripio."
23. Cat-a-mountain. The folio has "Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes." Cf. Temp. iv. 1. 262: "Than pard or cat o' mountain" ("Cat o' Mountaine" in the folio); the only other mention of the beast in S.

Red-lattice phrases. "Ale-house conversation" (Johnson). Cf. 2 Hen.

IV. ii. 2.86: "through a red lattice;" and see our ed. p. 164.

24. Bold-beating. If this is not a misprint, it is=browbeating. Han-

mer's "bull-baiting" is a plausible conjecture. Warb. reads "bold-bearing," and Heath conjectures "bold cheating." K., V., St., the Camb. ed., and Clarke retain bold-beating.

26, Would thou. The folio reading; changed in most eds. to "wouldst

thou."

42. Well, one Mistress Ford, you say -. The folio reads "Well, on; Mistresse Ford, you say." The emendation, which is favoured by the

preceding speech, is due to W., and is adopted by D. and H.

47. God. The quarto reading; changed to "Heaven" in the folio, on account of the statute of 1606 against the abuse of the name of God in plays, etc. Cf. Oth. p. 11.

55. Canaries. Perhaps = quandary, though S. does not use that word

elsewhere.

56. Lay at Windsor. "That is, resided there" (Malone). See on ii. 1. 160 above.

59. Coach after coach. See p. 10 above.

60. Rushling. Rustling. So alligant in the next line = elegant.

69. Pensioners. Gentlemen in the personal service of the sovereign. See M. N. D. p. 137.

79. Wot. Know; used only in the present tense and the participle

wotting, for which see W. T. iii. 2. 77.

82. Frampold. Quarrelsome. The word is a rare one, but Steevens cites examples of it from Nash, Middleton, B. and F., and others.

93. Charms. That is, love-charms, or magic influences.

101. Of all loves. For love's sake; as in M. N. D. ii. 2. 154: "Speak, of all loves!" See our ed. p. 154. In Oth. iii. 1. 13, the 1st quarto has "of all loves," the folios "for love's sake."

105. Take all, pay all. This was a proverbial expression.

III. Nay-word. Watchword; as in v. 2. 5 below. See also T. N.

120. Punk. Warb. reads "pink"="a vessel of the small craft, employed as a carrier (and so called) for merchants;" but, as Steevens shows, punk was used in the same sense.

121. Fights. A technical term for "cloths hung round the ship to conceal the men from the enemy" (Johnson). Steevens quotes The Fair

Maid of the West, 1615:

"Then now up with your fights, and let your ensigns, Blest with St. George's cross, play with the winds.'

129. And hath sent your worship, etc. As Malone notes, it was a common custom, in the poet's time, to send presents of wine from one room to another, either in token of friendship, or (as here) by way of introduction to acquaintance. Cf. Merry Passages and Jeasts (Harl. MSS. 6395): "Ben: Johnson was at a taverne, and in comes Bishoppe Corbett (but not so then) into the next roome. Ben: Johnson calls for a quart of raw wine, gives it to the tapster: Sirrha, says he, carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him, I sacrifice my service to him; the fellow did so, and in those words: Friend, sayes Dr. Corbett, I thanke him for his love; but pr'ythee tell hym from me, hee's mistaken, for sacrifices are allwayes burn't." Corbet evidently preferred "burnt

sack" (cf. ii. 1. 191 above), as Falstaff did.

The morning's draught of ale, beer, wine, or spirits was a common thing in that day, as well as long before and after. It was not until towards the end of the 17th century that the morning cup of coffee took its place. Halliwell cites many references to it; as the following from Gratiæ Ludentes, 1638: "A Welch minister being to preach on a Sunday, certaine merry companions had got him into a celler to drink his mornings draught, and in the meane time stole his notes out of his pocket. Hee nothing doubting, went to the church into the pulpit, where having ended his prayer, he mist at last his notes, wherefore hee saide; My good neighbours, I have lost my sermon, but I will reade you a chaptier in Job shall be worth two of it."

136. Via. An interjection of encouragement or exultation; from the Italian, and literally = away! Cf. M. of V. ii. 2. II: "via! says the fiend; away! says the fiend," etc. Florio calls it "an adverb of encouraging much used by commanders, as also by riders to their horses."

141. Give us leave. A courteous phrase of dismissal. Cf. K. John, i. 1.230: "James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?" See also R.

and 7. p. 150.

147. Not to charge you. "That is, not with a purpose of putting you

to expense, or being burthensome" (Johnson).

150. Unseasoned. Unseasonable; as in 2 Hen. IV. iii. 1. 105: "unseasonable" son'd hours." Cf. Gr. 375.

154. All, or half. The Coll. MS. reads "half, or all."

168. Sith. Since. See Ham. p. 201, or Gr. 132. 176. Engrossed opportunities. That is, taken every opportunity.

179. What she would have given. That is, what sort of presents she would like.

183. Unless experience, etc. W. prints "except experience;" perhaps an accidental variation from the folio. The Camb. ed. reads "a jewel that I have purchased," as the 4th folio does. The earlier folios have "a jewel, that," etc.

185. Love like a shadow, etc. As Malone remarks, this has the air of a quotation, but it has not been proved to be such. Steevens cites Flo-

rio's translation of some Italian verses:

"They weep to winne, and wonne they cause to die, Follow men flying, and men following fly;"

and a sonnet by Queen Elizabeth:

"My care is like my shaddowe in the sunne, Follows me flinge, flies when I pursue it.'

Halliwell quotes from a song by B. J.:

"Follow a shaddow, it still flies you; Seeme to flye it, it will pursue: So court a mistris, shee denyes you; Let her alone, shee will court you. Say are not women truely, then, Stil'd but the shaddowes of us men?" 199. Shrewd. Evil; the original sense of the word. See Hen. VIII. p. 202, or J. C. p. 145.

202. Of great admittance. Admitted to the society of great persons.

203. Allowed. "Approved" (Malone). Cf. 2 Hen. IV. iv. 2. 54: "I like them all, and do allow them well." See our ed. p. 185.

208. Amiable. Amorous, loving; as in Much Ado, iii. 3. 161: "this amiable encounter."

218. With any detection in my hand. That is, with any evidence that I had detected her in unchastity.

219. Instance. "Example" (Johnson).

220. Ward. A technical term in fencing for posture of defence. Cf. Temp. i. 2. 471: "Come from your ward;" I Hen. IV. ii. 4. 215: "my old ward," etc.

221. Other her defences. Cf. Lear, i. 4. 259: "other your new pranks,"

etc.

222. Too-too. Cf. M. of V. ii. 6. 42: "too-too light;" and see our ed. p. 143. See also quotation in note on iii. 3. 35 below. Rowe reads "too."

241. Wittolly. Equivalent to cuckoldly just above. Cf. 264 below, where wittol-cuckold="one who knows his wife's falsehood, and is con-

tented with it" (Malone). See also Wb. s. v.

246. Mechanical. Vulgar; like a mere labourer. Cf. 2 Hen. VI. i. 3. 196: "Base dunghill villain and mechanical!" See also J. C. p. 125. It may be a question whether salt-butter is = dealing in salt butter, or a mere huckster (as Schmidt makes it), or = poor and mean as salt butter. English people nowadays consider that only unsalted butter is fit for the table, and wonder that Yankees generally find it insipid.

249. Predominate. An astrological term; like predominant, for which see W. T. p. 157, or Macb. p. 203 (note on Is't night's predominance,

etc.).

251. Aggravate his style. Add to his titles (by making him a cuckold). Style is used in the heraldic sense. Steevens quotes Heywood, Golden Age, 1611: "I will create lords of a greater style."

253. Soon at night. See on i. 4. 7 above.

262. Amaimon and Barbason were devils, as the context shows. Reginald Scot, Harsnet (cf. Lear, p. 12), and other writers of the time give us as long lists of these "several devils' names" as Glendower bored Hotspur with (I Hen. IV. iii. I. 154). Randle Holme, in his Academy of Armourie (quoted by Steevens), says that "Amaymon is the chief whose dominion is on the north part of the infernal gulph," and that "Barbatos is like a Sagittarius, and hath 30 legions under him."

263. Additions. Titles. See Macb. p. 164, or Lear, p. 171.

264. Wittol-cuckold. The folios have "Wittoll, Cuckold," and some modern editors follow them. Malone was the first to insert the hyphen.

See on 241 above.

268. Aqua-vita. Ardent spirits; here probably = whiskey. Reed says that Dericke, in *The Image of Ireland*, 1581, mentions uskebeaghe (or usquebaugh, the same word as the modern whiskey), and in a note explains it to mean aqua-vita.

273. Eleven o'clock the hour. "It was necessary for the plot that he should mistake the hour, and come too late" (Mason).

Scene III. - 21. Foin. Thrust; a fencing term. See Much Ado, p. 163. Traverse elsewhere (see 2 Hen. IV. p. 179) is = march; and here it may mean "baffle by shifting place" (Clarke). Schmidt thinks it is = foin. Punto (Italian = point), stock (see on ii. 1. 201 above), reverse, and montant (Italian montanto, for which see Much Ado, p. 118) were all technicalities of the fencing-school.

25. Heart of elder. "In contradistinction to 'heart of oak,' elderwood having nothing but soft pith at heart" (Clarke).

26. Bully stale. The word stale = urine; as in A. and C. i. 4. 62: "the stale of horses." This, like Urinal just below, is a hit at the practice of examining the patient's water then in vogue. Cf. 2 Hen. IV. i. 2. 1:

"What says the doctor to my water?" and see our ed. p. 152.

29. Castilian. The folios have "Castalion," and the quartos "Castallian." It may be, as Farmer suggests, "a slur upon the Spaniards, who were held in great contempt after the business of the Armada. There is perhaps also "an allusion to his profession, as a water caster" (Malone). To cast the water was the technical term for inspecting it. Cf. Macb. v. 3. 50:

" If thou couldst, doctor, cast The water of my land, find her disease," etc.

35. The hair. The grain, the nature. Cf. I Hen. IV. iv. I. 61.

"The quality and hair of our attempt Brooks no division;"

and see our ed. p. 187.

39. Bodykins. A form of swearing by God's body, or the sacramental bread. Cf. Ham. ii. 2. 554: "God's bodykins, man, much better!" Cf. also 'od's heartlings in iii. 4. 56 below, 'od's nouns in iv. 1. 21, etc.

41. Make one. That is, one of the combatants.

48. Churchman. Ecclesiastic; as in T. N. iii. 1. 4, Rich. III. iii. 7. 48, etc.

50. Mockwater. Perhaps another hit at the urinary diagnosis. Malone

reads "Muckwater" (the conjecture of Farmer).

77. Cried game? Changed by Theo. to "Try'd game," by Hanmer to "Cock o' the game," by Warb. to "Cry aim," by D. to "Cried I aim?" (Douce's conjecture), and in the Coll. MS. to "Curds and cream." Dr. Ingleby (Shakes. Hermeneutics, p. 75) remarks: "There can hardly be a doubt that under the words Cried game, if authentic, there lurks an allusion of the time which has now to be hunted out. If cried game? be either Is it cried game? or Cried I game? we apprehend the allusion is not far to seek. In hare-hunting, a person was employed and paid to find the hare, 'muzing on her meaze,' or, as we say, in her form. He was called the hare-finder. When he had found her, he first cried Soho! to betray the fact to the pursuers; he then proceeded to put her up, and 'give her courser's law.' What, then, can Cried I game? mean but Did I cry game? Did I cry Soho? In the play before us the pursuit was

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after Mistress Anne Page. She was the hare, and the host undertook to betray her whereabouts to Dr. Caius in order that he might urge his love-suit."

ACT III.

Scene I.—4. *Pitty-ward.* In the direction of the *pitty*, probably a local name in that day, though now lost. Capell reads "city-ward," and the Coll. MS. has "pit way." Halliwell thinks it means "towards the Petty or Little Park," as distinguished from *the* Park.

12. Costard. Properly a kind of apple (whence costermonger, or costard-monger); then, in cant language, the head, as being round like an

apple. Cf. L. L. iii. 1. 71, Lear, iv. 6. 247, etc.

14. To shallow rivers, etc. This is from a poem which William Jaggard, when he brought out The Passionate Pilgrim in 1599, included as one of Shakespeare's productions; but in 1600 it was attributed to its real author, Christopher Marlowe, in the collection of poems entitled England's Helicon. Jaggard was perhaps misled by the quotation from the poem here. If so, it tends to prove that the play was written before the publication of The Passionate Pilgrim (Stokes). The poem is familiar, but some of our readers may be glad to see it reprinted here:

"THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

"Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals:
There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull:
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.
Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love."

In Jaggard's compilation, the poem was accompanied by an answer signed "Ignoto." Walton, in his Compleat Angler, has inserted both,

describing the first as "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe," and the other as "an answer to it by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days." We add this also as "old fashioned poetry, but choicely good:"

"THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD!

"If that the world and love were young, And truth in every shepherd's tongue, These pretty pleasures might me move To live with thee, and be thy love. But time drives flocks from field to fold, When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold, And Philomel becometh dumb, And all complain of cares to come: The flowers do fade, and wanton fields To wayward winter reckoning yields. A honey tongue, a heart of gall, Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall. Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses, Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies, Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten, In folly ripe, in reason rotten. Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds, Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,-All these in me no means can move To come to thee, and be thy love. What should we talk of dainties then, Of better meat than 's fit for men? These are but vain: that 's only good Which God hath bless'd and sent for food. But could youth last, and love still breed, Had joys no date, and age no need, Then these delights my mind might move To live with thee, and be thy love."

21. Whenas I sat in Pabylon. This line is from the old version of the 137th Psalm:

"When we did sit in Babylon,
The rivers round about,
Then, in remembrance of Sion,
The tears for grief burst out."

For whenas=when, see C. of E. p. 142.

22. Vagram. Cf. Much Ado, iii. 3.26: "all vagrom men." Johnson changes the word to "vagrant." Schmidt omits vagram in his Lexicon.

41. Doublet and hose. Equivalent to the modern "coat and breeches." See A. Y. L. p. 158.

51. So wide of his own respect. "So indifferent to his own reputation" (Halliwell).

78. For missing . . . appointments. Not in the folios; supplied by Pope from the 1st quarto.

86. Gallia. Here = Wales (Fr. Galles, or pays des Galles).

93. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. These words are also from the quarto; first inserted in the text by Theo.

101. Sot. Fool (Fr. sot). See Temp. p. 132.

103. Vlouting-stog. Flouting-stock, laughing-stock.

105. Scall. Evans's word for scald (=scabby, scurvy). Cf. A. and C. v. 2. 215: "scald rhymers," etc.

106. Cogging. Cheating. Cf. iii. 3. 39, 59 below. See also Much Ado,

р. 164.

Scene II.—15. *The dickens*. The one instance of the expression in S. It is rare in writers of the time. Heywood, in his *Edw. IV*. 1600, has

"What, the dickens!"

28. Twelve score. That is, yards; as in 1 Hert. IV. ii. 4. 598 and 2 Hen. IV. iii. 2. 52. As this is so short a distance for a cannon, H. suggests that rods may be understood; but Ford means to make it a very easy shot, which for the guns of that day might not be more than 720 feet. At any rate, 5½ times that distance, or nearly a mile, would be too much for a point-blank shot. The point-blank range of an Armstrong gun now is only from 330 to 400 yards.

35. So-seeming. Referring to modesty; not="so specious," as Stee-

vens makes it.

37. Cry aim. Encourage; "an expression borrowed from archery to encourage the archers by crying out aim when they were about to shoot, and then in a general sense to applaud, to encourage with cheers" (Schmidt). Cf. K. John, ii. 1. 196; and see also on ii. 3. 77 above.

39. Search; there. The Coll. MS. reads "search where."

49. Lingered. Been waiting.

58. Speaks holiday. That is, his best, his choicest language. Warb. thought it to be="in a high-flown, fustian style;" but the host means simply holiday style as distinguished from every-day style, or that of common people. Steevens compares I Hen. IV. i. 3: 46: "With many holiday and lady terms." Cf. also "high-day wit" in M. of V. ii. 9. 98.

and "festival terms" in Much Ado, v. 2. 41.

60. 'T is in his buttons. A free-and-easy expression='t is in him to do it, he can do it if he will. The late President Garfield said that he never met a ragged boy without feeling that he owed him a salute for the possibilities "buttoned up under his coat." Some of the editors of the last century see an allusion to "a custom among the country fellows, of trying whether they should succeed with their mistresses, by carrying the bachelor's buttons (a plant of the Lychnis kind, whose flowers resemble a coat button in form) in their pockets." Steevens cites many contemporaneous references to these bachelor's buttons. Cf. Wb. s. v.

62. Having. Possessions, property. Cf. A. Y. L. p. 178.

He kept company with the wild prince, etc. This has been quoted as evidence that Henry IV. was written before M. W.

64. Knit a knot in his fortunes. His fortunes being now somewhat

"at loose ends" on account of his loose ways.

77. Pipe-wine. There is a play upon pipe in its double sense of a cask and a musical instrument. It is suggested by canary, which meant a lively dance as well as a kind of wine. Cf. A. W. ii. 1. 77:

"make you dance canary With spritely fire and motion."

Here Falstaff is to dance to Ford's piping.

Scene III .- 2. Buck-basket. A basket for carrying clothes to the

bucking (113 below), or washing.

II. Whitsters. Whiteners or bleachers (Fr. blanchisseuses) of linen. The reader will bear in mind that -ster was originally a feminine ending, though it retains that force only in spinster.

18. Eyas-musket. Young sparrow-hawk. Eyas is properly a nestling hawk (see Ham. p. 207), and musket (for the derivation, see Wb. s. v.) is

the young male hawk. Cf. Spenser, F. O. i. 11. 34:

"Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies, His newly-budded pineons to assay;"

and Hymne of Heavenly Love: "Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings." Izaak Walton, in his enumeration of hawks, mentions "the sparhawk and the musket" as the old and young birds of the same species.

22. Jack-a-Lent. A small puppet thrown at during Lent. Steevens quotes Greene's Tu Quoque: "if a boy, that is throwing at his Jack

o' Lent, chance to hit me on the shins," etc.

33. Pumpion. Pumpkin; the modern name being a corruption of the old one. See Wb.

34. Turtles. Turtle-doves. See on ii. I. 71 above. Fay was a metaphor for a harlot. Cf. Cymb. iii. 4. 51:

> "Some jay of Italy, Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him."

Warb. notes that the Italian putta (=jay) is used in the same figurative

35. Have I caught thee, etc. The beginning of the second song in Sidnev's Astrophel and Stella is

> "Have I caught my heav'nly jewell, Teaching sleepe most faire to be? Now will I teach her that she When she wakes, is too-too cruell."

39. Cog. Cheat, dissemble. See on iii. 1. 106 above.

47. Beauty. The Var. of 1821 has "bent," the quarto reading. Malone quotes A. and C. i. 3. 36: "Bliss in our brows' bent." The Camb.

ed. does not note this reading.

Ship-tire and tire-valiant are forms of the tire, or head-dress, of the time. Cf. Much Ado, p. 148, note on Tire. Of Venetian admittance= admitted or approved as the fashion in Venice. Cf. T. of S. ii. 1. 308, where Petruchio says he is going to Venice "To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day;" and see note in our ed. p. 146. Halliwell quotes Merchant Royall, 1607: "if wee weare any thing, it must be pure Venetian, Roman, or barbarian; but the fashion of all must be French."

51. Traitor. "That is, to thy own merit" (Steevens). The reading is that of the quartos; the folios have "tyrant," and omit By the Lord.

See on ii. 2. 47 above.

52. Absolute. Perfect. Cf. Ham. v. 2. 111: "an absolute gentleman;" and see also Hen. V p. 170.

54. Farthingale. Hooped petticoat. Cf. T. G. of V. ii. 7. 51: "What compass will you wear your farthingale?" In T. of S. iv. 3. 56, the spell-

ing is fardingale.

If Fortune thy foe were not. Evidently an allusion to a popular old song beginning "Fortune, my foe, why dost thou frown on me?" Nature thy friend = Nature being thy friend. Capell reads: "thy foe were not; Nature is thy friend." The first folio points thus: "I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend."

59. A many. Now obsolete, though we say a few and many a. Cf. M. of V. iii. 5. 73, Rich. III. iii. 7. 184, etc. Tennyson uses the expression in The Miller's Daughter: "They have not shed a many tears." Gr.

61. Bucklersbury. A street in London (on the right of Cheapside, as one goes towards the Bank) which in the poet's time was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of simples, or herbs, green as well as dry. The cut on p. 129 (from Knight's Pictorial Shakspere) is made up from materials furnished by Aggas's Map of London, 1578.

66. The Counter-gate. The Counter (cf. C. of E. p. 136) was the name

of two prisons in London.

77. The arras. The tapestry hangings of the room. Steevens remarks: "The spaces left between the walls and the wooden frames on which arras was hung, were not more commodious to our ancestors than to the authors of their ancient dramatic pieces. Borachio in Much Ado and Polonius in Hamlet also avail themselves of this convenient recess."

85. To your husband. See Gr. 189.

106. I had rather than a thousand pound. Cf. i. 1. 178 above: "I had rather than forty shillings," etc. Had rather is good old English of which would rather is merely a "modern improvement." Cf. A. Y. L. p. 139, note on Had as lief."

114. Whiting-time. Bleaching-time. This, as Holt White notes, was spring, the season when "maidens bleach their summer smocks" (L. L. L.

v. 2. 916).

123. I love thee. Malone adds (from the quarto) "and none but thee,"

which he assumes to be spoken to Mrs. Page aside.

128. Cowl-staff. A pole on which a tub or basket was borne between two persons. Malone says that in Essex a large tub is called a cowl, and Halliwell (Archaic Dict.) gives coul with that sense. Florio has "Bicollo, a cowle-staffe to carie behind and before with, as they use in Italy to carie two buckets at once;" and Cotgrave defines courge as "a stang, palestaffe, or colestaffe, carried on the shoulder, and notched (for the hanging of a pale, &c.) at both ends."

Drumble = move sluggishly, "dawdle;" still used in the West of Eng-

land.

136. You were best meddle. Cf. A. Y. L. i. 1. 154: "thou wert best

look to it," etc. See Gr. 230, 352, and cf. 190.
137. Wash myself of the buck. That is, rid myself of the horns of the

cuckold.

138. Of the season. In season; a technical term. Cf. unseasonable in R. of L. 581. See also M. for M. p. 145.

140. To-night. Last night; as often. Cf. M. of V. ii. 5. 18: "For I

did dream of money-bags to-night," etc.

144. Uncape. Probably = "uncouple," which Hanmer substituted. Warb. explains it as="unearth," and Steevens as="to turn the fox out of the bag."

158. What was in the basket. The folios have "who" for what. The emendation was suggested by Ritson.

162. Strain. See on ii. 1. 78 above.

169. Foolish carrion. The 1st folio has "foolishion Carion;" apparently an example of that variety of "duplicative" misprints. as Dr. Ingleby calls them (Shakes. Hermeneutics, p. 36), in which the ending of the next word is anticipated in the one we are writing or putting in type.*

177. You use me well, etc. Theo. inserted before this "Ay, ay, peace"

(from the quarto), which is spoken aside to Mrs. Page.

Scene IV.-Mr. P. A. Daniel remarks: "The time of this scene is singularly elastic. It is prior to, concurrent with, and subsequent to the preceding scene: prior to in the interview between Fenton and Anne; concurrent with in the arrival of Shallow and Slender, who left the company in sc. ii. to come here, while the rest of the company went on to Ford's house; subsequent to in the return home of Page and his wife from the dinner at Ford's house, with which sc. iii. is supposed to end. And Mrs. Quickly? In modern editions Mrs. Quickly arrives on the scene with Shallow and Slender; but there is no authority for this or any other of the entries in this scene in the folio. The scene-and so it is with all the scenes throughout the play-is merely headed with a list of the actors who appear in it: the special time at which they enter is not marked."

8. Societies. Cf. companies in Hen. V. i. 1. 55: "His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow."

10. A property. Cf. J. C. iv. 1. 40:

"Do not talk of him, But as a property."

16. Stamps. Coins; as in Cymb. v. 4. 24: "'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp," etc.
20. Opportunity. That is, taking advantage of the opportune time for

appealing to him. Hanmer reads "importunity."

24. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't. "A proverbial phrase, signifying 'I'll do it either cleverly or clumsily,' 'hit or miss,' the shaft being a sharp arrow used by skilful archers, the bolt a blunt one employed merely to shoot birds with" (Clarke). Cf. Much Ado, p. 119, note on Bird-bolt.

'Slid is = God's lid; an oath of the same class as we have noted on ii. 3.

39 above.

46. Come cut and long-tail. "A proverbial expression = 'whatever kind may come;' cut and long-tail referring to dogs and horses with

^{*} Like "excellence sense" for "excellent sense," a misprint in Dr. Ingleby's S. the Man and the Book, Part II. (p. 31) which, on our pointing it out to him, he called "a capital example" of this class of mistakes.

docked or undocked tails. The characteristic way in which this bumpkin squire interlards his speech with illustrations borrowed from the stud and the kennel, from country sports and pursuits, is worth observing" (Clarke).

56. 'Od's heartlings. See on ii. 3. 39 above.

62. Happy man be his dole! Happiness be his lot! Cf. T. of S. i. I. 144, 1 Hen. IV. ii. 2. 81, etc. For dole (literally=dealing, distribution), cf. 2 Hen. IV. i. 1. 169: "in the dole of blows;" and A. W. ii. 3. 76: "what dole of honour." The word is still a familiar one in England for a charitable allowance of provision to the poor.

69. Impatient. Metrically a quadrisyllable. Gr. 479.

79. Advance the colours of my love. For the metaphor, Cf. R. and J. v. 3. 96: "And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

84. Quick. Alive; as in Ham. v. 1. 137: "'t is for the dead, and not

the quick," etc. See also Acts, x. 42, 2 Tim. iv. 1, Heb. iv. 12, etc.

On the passage, Collins compares B. J., Barthol. Fair: "Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head of me, and had my brains bowled at."

94. A fool and a physician. Hanmer changes and to "or;" but, as Clarke notes, it is just in Mrs. Quickly's blundering way to couple the two suitors by and instead of or.

96. Once to-night. Some time to-night. Cf. 2 Hen. IV. p. 201. 107. Slack. Neglect; as in Lear, ii. 4. 248 and Oth. iv. 3. 88.

Scene V.—There is a strange confusion of time in this scene, which Mr. P. A. Daniel states thus: "We find Falstaff calling for sack to qualify the cold water he had swallowed when slighted into the river from the buck-basket. One would naturally suppose that the time of this scene must be the afternoon of the day of that adventure, and, indeed, it can be but a little later than the time of the preceding scene; but lo! when Mrs. Quickly enters with the invitation for 'to-morrow, eight o'clock,' she gives his worship good morrow [=good morning]; tells him that Ford goes this morning a-birding, and that Mrs. Ford desires him to come to her once more, between eight and nine. As Mrs. Quickly departs, Falstaff remarks, 'I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes. And Ford (as Brook), who was to have visited Falstaff 'soon at night' after the adventure which ended with the buck-basket, makes his appearance to learn the result of the first interview, and to be told of the second, which is just about to take place. 'Her husband,' says Falstaff, 'is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.' "Tis past eight already, sir,' says Ford; and Falstaff replies, 'Is it? I will then address me to my appointment,' and so he goes out, and Ford follows, confident this time of taking him in his house.

8. Slighted me. "Threw me heedlessly" (Schmidt).

9. A blind bitch's puppies. Hanner made it read "a bitch's blind puppies;" but the mistake may be intentional, as being in keeping with Falstaff's state of mind at the time.

22. Cry you mercy. Beg your pardon; as in Much Ado, i. 2. 26, etc. In Oth. v. 1. 93 we find "I cry you gentle pardon."

24. Chalices. Cups; those in which the wine ordered in 3 above had

been served (Clarke).

For pottle (see on ii. 1. 191) W. reads "posset;" but brew may be used jocosely. Simple of itself seems to imply that he wanted plain sack—unless, perchance, possets were sometimes made without eggs. All the old recipes that we happen to have seen include the pullet-sperm. The following, for instance, is quoted by St. from A True Gentlewoman's Delight: "To Make a Sack-Posser.-Take Two Quarts of pure good Cream, and a Quarter of a Pound of the best Almonds. Stamp them in the Cream and boyl, with Amber and Musk therein. Then take a Pint of Sack in a basin, and set it on a Chafing-dish, till it be blood-warm; then take the Yolks of Twelve Eggs, with Four of their Whites, and beat them well together; and so put the Eggs into the Sack. Then stir all together over the coals, till it is all as thick as you would have it. If you now take some Amber and Musk, and grind the same quite small, with sugar, and strew this on the top of your Possit, I promise you that it shall have a most delicate and pleasant taste." Another receipt, given by the same editor, allows "eggs just ten" to a pint of sack, with the other "ingrediencies."

38. Yearn your heart. Cf. Rich. II. v. 5. 76: "O, how it yearn'd my heart," etc. Cf. 7. C. p. 153, note on The heart of Brutus yearns to think

upon.

60. Sped you, sir? Had you good luck? Were you successful? Cf.

W. T. p. 161.

63. Peaking Cornuto. Sneaking cuckold. For peak, cf. Ham. ii. 2. 594:

"Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause."

Cornuto is evidently formed from the Latin cornu, horn. Halliwell quotes Witts Recreations: "Cornuto is not jealous of his wife;" and Gallantry à la Mode, 1674: "When my cornuto goes from home."

64. Larum. Alarum (but not that word contracted), or alarm.

75. Distraction. Changed by Hanmer to "direction;" but Falstaff ascribes the trick to Mrs. Page's invention at a time when Mrs. Ford was in a state of helpless distraction. Theo. changes in to "by."

80. That. So that. Gr. 283.

94. Several. Separate; as in v. 5.60 below. Cf. Temp. iii. 1. 42; and see our ed. p. 131.

95. With. By; as often. Gr. 193.

96. Bilbo. Spanish blade. See on i. 1. 145 above. It was said that the best of these blades could be bent so as to bring hilt and point together without breaking.

107. In good sadness. In all seriousness; as in iv. 2. 79 below. For

sad = serious, see Much Ado, p. 121.

116. Address me to. Prepare myself for. Cf. Macb. ii. 2. 24, Ham. i. 2. 216, etc.

132. Horn-mad. See on i. 4. 43 above.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—9. Is let. The Coll. MS. reads "is get." It is not a bad joke that one should attempt to correct Sir Hugh's English.

21. 'Od's nouns. A petty oath. See on ii. 3. 39 above. Mrs. Quickly

confounds 'od and odd.

40. Hinc. Changed by Halliwell to "hunc;" but the next speech seems to imply that William has made a mistake. There the folios have "hing" for hung (Pope's correction), but we are not to suppose that the pedagogue would blunder in declining a familiar pronoun. Perhaps we should point "Hinc,—" It is possible, of course, that it ought to be "Hunc," the mistake being in his inability to give the other two forms.

43. Hang-hog is Latin for bacon. K. remarks: "This joke is in all probability derived from the traditionary anecdote of Sir Nicholas Bacon, which is told by Lord Bacon in his Apophthegms: 'Sir Nicholas Bacon being judge of the Northern Circuit, when he came to pass sentence upon the malefactors, was by one of them mightily importuned to save his life. When nothing he had said would avail, he at length desired his mercy on account of kindred. Prithee, said my lord, how came that in? Why if it please you, my lord, your name is Bacon and mine is Hog, and in all ages Hog and Bacon are so near kindred that they are not to be separated. Ay but, replied the judge, you and I cannot be of kindred unless you be hanged; for Hog is not Bacon till it be well hang'd."

69. Preeches. That is, breeched, or flogged. Cf. T. of S. iii. 1. 18: "I am no breeching scholar in the schools;" and see our ed. p. 148.

73. Sprag. Sprack; that is, quick, ready. Coles, in his Latin Dict., has "Sprack, vegetus, vividus, agilis." Steevens quotes Tony Aston's supplement to the Life of Colley Cibber: "a little lively sprack man." According to the etymologists, spree and spry are forms of the same word. Cf. Wb.

"My sufferings are dissipated at the Scene II.—I. Your sorrow, etc. sight of your regret" (Halliwell). For sufferance=suffering, cf. Much Ado, p. 162.

2. Obsequious. Zealous, dévoted.

17. Lunes. Lunatic freaks, mad fancies. Cf. W. T. ii. 2. 30: "These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them!" In the present passage the folios have "lines" (corrected by Theo.), as in T. and C. ii. 3. 139: "His pettish lunes." Cf. Ham. p. 232, note on Lunacies.
21. Peer out, peer out! Henley remarks: "S. here refers to the prac-

tice of children, when they call on a snail to push forth his horns:

'Peer out, peer out of your hole, Or else I 'll beat you black as a coal.'"

38. Bestow him. Put him. Cf. Temp. v. 1. 299: "Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it," etc.

43. Pistols. Douce and others note the anachronism here. Cf. 1 Hen.

IV. p. 169. See also C. of E. p. 106.

48. Creep into the kiln-hole. Malone suspected from Mrs. Ford's next

speech that these words belong to Mrs. Page; but, as he adds, "that may be a second thought, a correction of her former proposal." D. and H. transfer the sentence to Mrs. Page.

51. Abstract. Memorandum.

55. If you go out, etc. The folios give this to Mrs. Ford; corrected by

Malone from the quarto.

66. Thrummed hat. That is, a hat made of thrums, or the ends of a weaver's warp. Cf. M. N. D. p. 186, note on Thread and thrum. Halliwell quotes Elyot, Dict. 1559: "Bardo cucullus, a thrummed hatte;" Florio, 1598: "Bernasso, a thrumbed hat;" and Minsheu: "A thrummed hat, une cappe de biar."

69. Look. Look up, look for. See A. Y. L. p. 161. Gr. 200.

88. Misuse him. The 1st folio omits him, which the 2d supplies.
93. Still swine, etc. Halliwell quotes Yates, Castell of Courtesie, 1582:
"a proverbe olde in Englande here, the still sowe eats the draffe."

IOI. Villains. The folio has "villaine;" corrected by D.

103. Ging. Gang, pack; used by S. only here. The 1st folio has "gin," the 2d ging. Steevens cites examples of the word from B. J., New Inn and Alchemist, and from Milton, Smeetymnus.

107. Passes. See on i. 1. 268 above.

130. Pluck me, etc. For the me, see on i. 3. 50, and ii. 1. 204 above.

136. This wrongs you. "This is below your character, unworthy of your understanding, injurious to your honour" (Johnson).

142. Show no colour, etc. Suggest no excuse for my extravagance, do

not attempt to palliate it.

144. Leman. Lover, paramour. In the other instances of the word in

S. (T. N. ii. 3. 26 and 2 Hen. IV. v. 3. 49) it is feminine.

155. Daubery. Imposture, trickery; literally daubing with false colours. Cf. the use of daub in Rich. 111. iii. 5, 29 and Lear, iv. 1, 53. By the figure apparently refers to some form of fortune-telling in which diagrams were used.

159. Not strike. The 1st folio omits not.

162. Hag. The reading of the 3d folio; the earlier ones have "ragge" and "rag," which some would retain.

Ronyon. A scabby or mangy woman. See Wb. The word occurs

again in Macb. i. 3. 6: "rump-fed ronyon."

173. Cry out thus upon no trail. "The expression is taken from the hunters. Trail is the scent left by the passage of the game; to cry out is to open or bark" (Johnson). Cf. Ham. iv. 5. 109:

"How cheerfully on the false trail they cry! O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!"

186. In fee-simple, with fine and recovery. Ritson remarks: "Our author had been long enough in an attorney's office to learn that fee-simple is the largest estate, and fine and recovery the strongest assurance, known to English law." For fee-simple, cf. A. W. iv. 3. 312: "Sir, for a quart d'écu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation," etc. For fine and recovery, cf. Ham. v. I. II4: "his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries," etc.

187. He will never, I think, etc. "He will not make further attempts to ruin us, by corrupting our virtue, and destroying our reputation" (Steevens).

192. Figures. Fancies. Schmidt compares J. C. ii. 1. 231:

"Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies. Which busy care draws in the brains of men."

196. No period. "No due conclusion" (Clarke). W. puts a period after jest, making what follows a question.

Scene III.—1. The Germans. Some of the commentators see here an allusion to the visit of Count Frederick of Mömpelgard (afterwards Duke of Würtemberg and Teck) to Windsor in 1592, and to the fact that free post-horses were granted him through a pass of Lord Howard's. See also on iv. 5. 67 below.

7. Call them. The 1st folio has "call him" (not mentioned in the

Camb. ed.); "corrected in the 3d folio" (Malone).

10. Come off. "Come down with the cash," pay for it. Steevens and Farmer quote many examples of the expression from Massinger, Dekker, Heywood, B. J., and other dramatists of the time. It occurs also in Chaucer, C. T. 338. Theo. reads "compt off," and Capell "not come off."

Scene IV.—7. With cold. Of coldness. For the with, see Gr. 194. The folios have "with gold;" corrected by Rowe.

11. Extreme. S. accents the word on either syllable; on the first chiefly when preceding the noun. Cf. R. of L. 230, T. G. of V. ii. 7. 22, L. L. V. 2. 750, etc. Submission is a quadrisyllable. The early eds. print II and I2 as one line.

31. Takes. Bewitches. Cf. Ham. i. 1. 163: "No fairy takes, nor witch

hath power to harm;" and see our ed. p. 177.

34. Spirit. Monosyllabic (= sprite); as often. See on i. 4. 21 above.

35. Eld. Here apparently=people of the olden time.

42. Disguis'd like Herne, etc. This line is not in the folios; supplied by Theo. from the 1st quarto. He also inserted the preceding line of the quarto, "We'll send him word to meet us in the field;" but, as Malone notes, this is clearly unnecessary, and indeed improper, as field relates to what goes before in the quarto:

> "Now for that Falstaffe hath bene so deceived, As that he dares not venture to the house, Weele send him word to meet vs in the field, Disguised like *Horne*, with huge horns on his head."

The last line is required by in this shape in the next speech.

49. Urchins. Mischievous elves; probably so called because they sometimes took the form of urchins, or hedgehogs. Cf. Temp. i. 2. 326 with Id. ii. 2. 10. Ouphes were a kind of elves.

 54. Diffused. Confused, wild, irregular. Cf. Hen. V. p. 185.
 57. To-pinch. The editors generally adopt Tyrwhitt's suggestion that to here is the intensive particle often found prefixed to verbs in old English, but nearly obsolete in the time of S. Steevens quotes Holland's Pliny: "shee againe to be quit with them, will all to-pinch and nip both the fox and her cubs." The all is often thus associated with it, and in some cases the to is to be joined to the all (=altogether), rather than to the verb. In Judges, ix. 53, we find "all to brake," which some make ="all to-brake," and others = "all-to brake." In the present passage, it is possible that the to is the ordinary infinitive prefix, used with the second of two verbs, though omitted with the first. See Gr. 350, and cf. 28.

69. Vizards. Visors, or masks. Cf. vizarded in iv. 6. 40 below. 73. Time. Changed by Theo. to "tire" and by W. to "tirm;" but, as Warb. remarks, that time may refer to "the time of the masque with which Falstaff is to be entertained, and which makes the whole subject of this dialogue."

77. Properties. In the theatrical sense of stage requisites. Cf. M. N. D. i. 2. 108: "I will raw a bill of properties such as our play wants."

Tricking=dresses, maments.

Scene V.-1. Thick-skin. Cf. M. N. D. iii. 2. 13: "The shallowest

thick-skin of that barren sort."

5. Standing-bed and truckle-bed. The truckle-bed or trundle-bed (as it is still called in New England) was a low bed which could be put under the standing-bed, or ordinary bedstead. The master lay in the latter, and the servant in the former. Johnson quotes Hall's Servile Tutor:

> "He lieth in the truckle-bed, While his young master lieth o'er his head:"

and Steevens adds The Return from Parnassus: "When I lay in a trundle-bed under my tutor." The 1st quarto has "trundle bed" here.

6. Painted about, etc. The hangings of beds, as of rooms, were often painted or embroidered with Scripture stories. Cf. 1 Hen. IV. iv. 2. 28: "ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth;" and Randolph, Muse's Looking-Glass, iii. 1:

> "Then for the painting, I bethink myself That I have seen in Mother Redcap's hall, In painted cloth, the story of the Prodigal."

8. Anthropophaginian. Man-eater, cannibal. "The Host enlarges even his usual style of grandiloquence to astound and overawe Simple" (Clarke). We find Anthropophagi in Oth. i. 3. 144.

14. Ephesian. A cant term of the time="jolly companion" (Schmidt). 21. Wise woman. Fortune-teller, or witch. Cf. 103 below. Heywood's Wise Woman of Hogsden has such a character for its heroine. Cf. T. N. iii. 4. 114: "Carry his water to the wise woman." Steevens refers to Judges, v. 29.

23. Mussel-shell. "He calls poor Simple mussel-shell because he

stands with his mouth open" (Johnson).
26. Thorough. Used interchangeably with through, even in prose.

See on throughly, i. 4. 80 above.

37, 38. Conceal. Farmer would "correct" this into "reveal." The Host repeats the blunder for the joke of the thing.

The folios give Simple's speech in 37 to "Fal.;" corrected by Rowe.

The Coll. MS. assigns it to Falstaff, but changes / to "You."

47. Like who more bold. That is, like the boldest. Some editors adopt Farmer's conjecture of "Ay, sir Tike, who," etc. The 1st quarto has "I tike, who more bolde."

50. Clerkly. Scholarly, learned; the only instance of the word in S.

Cf. clerklike in W. T. i. 2. 392.

54. But was paid, etc. For the play on paid (=punished), cf. Cymb. v. 4. 166: "sorry you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too

60. Slough. Stokes thinks the word should be printed with a capital, as including "a local allusion as well as a pun" (Slough is the name of a town near Windsor); but this is doubtful.

61. Doctor Faustuses. As Steevens remarks, Marlowe's play on the

subject had already made the name familiar.

67. Cozen-germans. The blundering play on cousin-german is obvious. The 1st quarto reads:

> "For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles, Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead and Readings."

The "garmombles" seems to be an intentional inversion of Mömpelgard. See on iv. 3. I above. This reference to the visit of the Germans has led some critics to date the first draft of the play in 1592; but, as Dowden remarks, the inference is unwarrantable, "for such an event would be remembered, and the more so because of the Duke's subsequent unavailing attempt [in 1595] to obtain the honour of the Garter."

86. Liquor fishermen's boots. Cf. I Hen. IV. ii. 1. 94, and see our ed. p. 158. Halliwell quotes Walk Knaves Walk, 1659: "They are people who will not put on a boot which is not as well liquored as themselves."

88. As a dried pear. "Pears, when they are dried, become flat, and lose the erect and oblong form that distinguishes them from apples" (Steevens).

89. Primero. The fashionable game at cards in the poet's time. Cf.

Hen. VIII. v. 1. 7, and see our ed. p. 197.

90. To say my prayers. Not in the folio; inserted by Pope from 1st quarto.

94. His dam. See on i. 1. 134 above.

SCENE VI.—14. Larded. Garnished, or mingled. Pope reads "whereof 's" for whereof.

17. Scene. The 1st quarto has "scare;" and "share" has been pro-

posed. Capell reads "scene in it."

20. Present. Represent, play the part of. See M. N. D. p. 156.

21. Is here. "That is, in the letter" (Steevens).
22. While other jests, etc. "While they are hotly pursuing other mer-

riment of their own" (Steevens).
27. Ever strong. The early eds. have "even" for ever; corrected by Pope. Steevens explains "even strong" as = "as strong, with a familiar degree of strength."

39. Denote. The folios have "deuote;" corrected by Capell (the conjecture of Steevens).

41. Quaint. Fine, elegant. Cf. its use of feminine dress in T. of S. iv

3. 102 and Much Ado, iii. 4. 22.

52. Husband your device. That is, carry it out. Cf. T. of S. ind. 1.68:

"It will be pastime passing excellent, If it be husbanded with modesty."

ACT V.

Scene I.—I. I'll hold. I'll keep the engagement. Palsgrave has: "I holde it, as we say when we make a bargen, je le tiens."

3. There's divinity in odd numbers. Steevens quotes Virgil, Ecl. viii,

75: "numero deus impare gaudet."

8. Mince. To walk with small steps or affectedly. Cf. M. of V. iii. 4.67:

"and turn two mincing steps Into a manly stride.'

12. Went you not, etc. Mr. P. A. Daniel remarks: "The plot, as we have seen [see on iii. 5. 1 above] is hopelessly entangled already, but Ford now puts the finishing touch to it. Referring to the second meet. ing, which took place on the morning of the very day on which he is speaking, he asks Falstaff, 'Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?' and Falstaff is not surprised, but gives him an account of the cudgelling he had received, as Mother Prat, on the morn. ing of the day on which the question is asked."

21. Life is a shuttle. Falstaff has in mind Job, vii. 6.
22. Plucked geese. Pulling the feathers from a live goose was then a boyish piece of mischief.

Scene II.—2. My daughter. The 1st folio omits daughter.

5. Nay-word. See on ii. 2. 111 above.

6. Mum . . . budget. Halliwell quotes, among other illustrations of the combination, Cotgrave, Fr. Dict.: "Avoir le bee gelé, to play mumbudget. to be tongue-tyed, to say never a word;" and Ulysses upon Ajux, 1596: "Mum budget, not a word."

Scene III.—12. Hugh. The folios have "Herne;" corrected by Capell. Theo. reads "Evans" (the conjecture of Thirlby).

Scene V.-16. Scut. Strictly=the tail of a hare or rabbit, but sometimes applied as here to that of other animals.

17. Green sleeves. See on ii. 1. 56 above.

18. Kissing-comfits. Sugar-plums used to sweeten the breath.

Eringoes. The plant known as the "sea-holly;" popularly supposed to have aphrodisiac properties; as potatoes (the sweet potato) also were, on their first introduction into England.

21. Bribed buck. Halliwell says that bribed=stolen. He quotes Palsgrave: "I bribe, I pull, I pyll" (=pillage, as in Rich. III. i. 3. 159, etc.). Theo. reads "bribe," and explains it (as Schmidt does bribed) as=sent as a bribe or present. Sr. says: "A bribed buck was a buck cut up to be given away in portions. Bribes in old French were portions or fragments of meat which were given away."

22. The fellow of this walk. The keeper of this division of the forest. The shoulders of the deer were a part of his perquisites. Holinshed (quoted by Steevens) says: "The keeper by a custom... hath the skin,

head, umbles, chine, and shoulders."

24. Woodman. A hunter; often used in a wanton sense. Cf. M. for M. iv. 3. 170: "he is a better woodman than thou takest him for;" and

see our ed. p. 166.

34. The stage-direction in the folio is simply "Enter Fairies;" but "Qui." and "Qu." are prefixed to the speeches of the Fairy Queen that follow, and "Pist." to those of Hobgoblin. From this it has been assumed by some of the editors that Mistress Quickly and Pistol are the persons who take these parts. But, as Malone remarks, they are ill suited to the parts, and are not mentioned in the arrangements for the masque in iv. 6 above. It is probable that their names were introduced here by some mistake. The "Qui." may be a slip for Qu.= Queen, not Quickly; and "Pist." may be accounted for, either by supposing, as Capell did, that the same actor who represented Pistol took also the rôle of Hobgoblin, or that, as Mr. Fleav believes (Literary World, June 19, 1880, p. 216), "Pist." is a mistaken reading of P. or Puc, for Puck. It may be noted, incidentally, that "Puc." and "Qu." sometimes occur as prefixes to speeches by Hobgoblin and Titania in the M. N. D. In the quarto the stage-direction has "Enter . . . mistresse Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries," and the prefix to her speeches is "Quic." or "Quick." revision of the play this scene was entirely rewritten and much extended; and the part of the fairy queen was transferred from Mrs. Quickly to Anne Page, who in the earlier sketch was to be merely "like a little Fayrie."

W. takes the ground that the part assigned to Anne in iv. 6 was transferred to Mrs. Quickly in carrying out the plot of Fenton and Anne to deceive the old folks. He says: "the determination of Page and Mrs. Page that their daughter should play the fairy queen is exactly the reason why she did *not* play it; for, as she assures her lover in her letter, she meant to deceive both, and she did so. She, Fenton, and Mrs. Quickly arranged that matter easily; and she neither wore green or white, nor played the fairy queen." The Camb. editors also suggest that Mrs. Quickly "may have agreed to take Anne's part to facilitate her escape with Fenton;" but this seems to us less probable than that a prefix in the folio was misprinted.

36. Orphan heirs of fixed destiny. Many of the editors follow Theo. in reading "ouphen-heirs." Clarke explains the old text thus: "Beings created orphans by fate; in allusion to supposed spontaneous and exact popular superstition, who were believed to have been born without fa-

ther." Cf. 2 Hen. IV. iv. 4. 122: "Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature;" and see our ed. p. 191. Warb. asks "Why orphan heirs? Destiny, to whom they succeeded, was in being." W. replies: "The fairies, however, were not Destiny's heirs or children, but the inheritors of a fixed destiny. Freed from human vicissitudes and deprived of human aspirations, a fixed destiny was the estate to which they were heirs, not the being to whom they succeeded." Either this explanation or Clarke's (which is perhaps to be preferred, on account of the parallel passage in 2 Hen. IV.) amply justifies the retention of the folio reading.

37. Quality. Profession; as in Hen. V. iii. 6. 146: "What is thy name? I know thy quality," etc.

38. Hobgoblin. The Puck of the M. N. D. Cf. that play, ii. I. 40: "Those that Hobgoblin call you or sweet Puck," etc. See our ed. p. 140. Oyes = oyez (hear), the beginning of the crier's proclamation, used at the opening of courts, etc.

39. Toys. Trifles. Cf. M. N. D. p. 179.

40. Shalt thou leap. The Coll. MS. reads "when thou st leapt," and Sr. "having leapt." H. adopts Walker's suggestion of "unswep" in the next line, a purely conjectural form; but, as W. remarks, the imperfection in the rhyme is too slight to justify a mutilation of the authentic text.

41. Unrak'd. That is, not properly raked up, or put in order for the

night.

42. Bilberry. The whortleberry.

43. On the fairy hatred of sluttery, cf. M. N. D. v. 1. 396:

"I am sent with broom before To sweep the dust behind the door"

(that is, where the careless maids neglect to sweep); and see the long note in our ed. p. 188. Cf. also Browne, Brit. Pastorals:

> "where oft the fairy queen At twilight sat and did command her elves To pinch those maids that had not swept their shelves;"

Herrick, Hesperides:

"If ye will with Mab finde grace, Set each platter in its place; Rake the fire up and fet Water in ere sun be set, Wash your pales and cleanse your dairies; Sluts are loathsome to the fairies: Sweep your house; who doth not so, Mab will pinch her by the toe;"

and Bishop Corbet's Farewell to the Fairies:

" Farewell, rewards and fairies. Good housewives now may say; For now fowle sluts in dairies Do fare as well as they And though they sweepe their hearths no lesse Than maides were wont to doe, Yet who of late for cleanlinesse Findes sixpence in her shooe?"

In a poem in Poole's English Parnassus, Mab is spoken of as

"She that pinches country wenches, If they rub not clean their benches; And with sharper nails remembers, When they rake not up the embers;"

and in a song in the same volume we find these stanzas:

"And if the house be foul, Or platter, dish, or bowl, Up stairs we nimbly creep, And find the sluts asleep; Then we pinch their arms and thighs, None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept, And from uncleanness kept, We praise the household maid, And surely she is paid; For we do use before we go To drop a tester in her shoe."

These illustrations might easily be multiplied.

45. Wink. Shut my eyes; a common meaning in S. See 2 Hen. IV.

p. 157.

46. Bede. The folio spelling. The 1st quarto has "Pead," and Theoreads "Bead;" but the indication of Sir Hugh's Welsh brogue is dropped in this fairy episode. It was, however, intended to be kept up on the stage, as is evident from 78 below, where Falstaff recognizes him as 'a

Welsh fairy."

48. Raise up the organs of her fantasy. Warb. assumes that this must mean "inflame her imagination with sensual ideas," and therefore changes Raise to "Rein;" but, as Steevens says, the meaning may be "elevate her ideas above sensuality, exalt them to the noblest contemplation." Malone paraphrases the passage thus: "Go you, and wherever you find a maid asleep that hath thrice prayed to the Deity, though, in consequence of her innocence, she sleep as soundly as an infant, elevate her fancy, and amuse her tranquil mind with some delightful vision." Clarke also explains the passage as = "exalt her imagination by pleasant dreams." H., on the other hand, says that "fantasy here stands for sensual desire, the 'sinful fantasy' reproved afterwards in the fairies' song;' and W. takes the same ground. We cannot see why fantasy should be = sinful fantasy, when it has no such sense elsewhere in S.; nor why the imagination of a maid, and one who has thrice said her prayers before falling asleep, should be supposed to play such wicked tricks with her.

56. In state, etc. Hanmer reads "site as," and Walker conjectures "seat as;" and Theo. in the next line adopts Warburton's conjecture of

"as" for and.

59. With juice of balm, etc. It was an old custom to rub tables, chairs, etc., with aromatic herbs. Pliny says that the Romans did the same, to drive away evil spirits (Steevens).

60. Several. Separate. See on iii. 5. 94 above.

64. Expressure. Expression, or impression. Cf. T. and C. iii. 3. 204, and T. N. ii. 3. 171.

70. Charactery. Writing; as in J. C. ii. 1. 308: "All the charactery of my sad brows." Cf. also character in M. for M. iv. 2. 208, Ham. iv. 7. 53, etc. For the accent, cf. Gr. 490.

77. Middle-earth. "Spirits are supposed to inhabit the ethereal regions, and fairies to dwell underground; men therefore are in a middle station" (Johnson). Early English writers often use *middle-earth* in this sense.

80. O'erlook'd. Bewitched by the "evil eye." Cf. M. of V. iii. 2. 15;

"Beshrew your eyes, They have o'erlook'd me and divided me."

81. With trial-fire, etc. Steevens quotes B. and F., Faithful Shepherdess:

"In this flame his finger thrust, Which will burn him if he lust; But if not, away will turn, As loth unspotted flesh to burn."

83. Turn him to no pain. Cf. Temp. i. 2. 64: "To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to;" Cor. iii. 1. 284: "The which shall turn you to no further harm," etc.

89. After this speech Theo. inserts from the quarto: "Evans. It is

right, indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquity."

91. Luxury. Lasciviousness; the only sense in S. Cf. Hen. V. p. 166. 92. A bloody fire. "The fire i'the blood" (Temp. iv. 1.53).

100. Watch'd you. Caught you by lying in wait for you. Cf. 2 Hen. VI. i. 4. 45: "Beldam, I think we watch'd you at an inch" (cf. 58 just below).

102. Hold up the jest. Cf. M. N. D. iii. 2. 239: "hold the sweet jest

up," etc.

104. These fair yokes. The 1st folio has "yoakes," the 2d "okes;" and some modern eds. read "oaks." Yokes, if it be what S. wrote, may allude to the branching antlers on Falstaff's head, which bore some resemblance to the projections on the top of ox-yokes. Halliwell says that the allusion is "unquestionably" to the horns "fastened with a substantial bandage, passing over the head and tied under the chin." According to the other reading, the antlers are compared to the branches of oaks. W. reads "fairy oaks."

122. Jack-a-Lent. See on iii. 3. 22 above.

132. A coxcomb of frize. A fool's cap of frize, a woollen fabric for which Wales was famous. For frize, cf. Oth. p. 173; and for the cox-

comb, see Lear, p. 186.



144. Hodge-pudding. Probably a pudding somewhat like a hodgepodge, or hotch-potch. The word has not been found elsewhere. The Coll. MS. has "hog-pudding," and Pope (according to D.) "hog's-pudding;" neither being noted in the Camb. ed.

154. Flannel. "The very word is derived from a Welch one [cf. Wb.], so that it is almost unnecessary to add that flannel was originally the

manufacture of Wales" (Steevens).

155. Ignorance itself is a plummet over me. "I am so enfeebled that ignorance itself weighs me down and oppresses me" (Johnson); "ignorance itself is not so low as I am, by the length of a plummet line" (Tyrwhitt); "ignorance itself points out my deviations from rectitude" (Henley and W.); "ignorance itself can sound the depths of my shallowness in this" (Clarke and Schmidt). St. quotes Shirley, Love in a Maze, iv. 2: "What, art melancholy? What hath hung plummets on thy nimble soul?" The only other instances of the word plummet in S. are Temp. iii. 3. 101 and v. 1. 56, which favour Clarke's explanation. Johnson conjectured "has a plume o' me" (="plucks me, and decks itself with the spoils of my weakness"), and Farmer "is a planet o'er me."

159. Affliction. After this speech, Theo. inserts the following from the

quarto:

"Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband let that go to make amends; Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends. Ford. Well, here 's my hand; all 's forgiven at last."

161. A posset. See on i. 4. 7 and iii. 5. 24 above. Clarke remarks: "There is something especially cordial in the introduction of this proposal from the good-natured yeoman, Master Page; it serves to keep the jest upon Falstaff within the range of comedy-banter, and to show that he is included in the general reconciliation which closes the play."

174. Swinged. Whipped. Cf. K. John, p. 146. 183. White. The folios have "green;" corrected by Pope. 185. Postmaster's boy. Steevens inserts here from the quarto:

"Evans. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys? Page. O, I am vex'd at heart! What shall I do?"

187. Green. Here, as in 192 below, the folios have "white;" corrected by Pope.

203. Amaze. Bewilder, confuse. Cf. K. John, iv. 3. 140: "I am

amaz'd, methinks, and lose my way," etc.

210. Unduteous title. "Title of unduteousness" (Smibert). The Coll. MS. changes title to "guile," and D. to "wile."

211. Evitate. Avoid; used by S. only here. 217. Stand. The station or hiding-place of a huntsman waiting for game. Cf. Cymb. iii. 4. 111:

"Why hast thou gone so far, To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand, The elected deer before thee?"

See also Id. ii. 3. 75, L. L. L. iv. 1. 10, and 3 Hen. VI. iii. 1. 3. Some of the editors appear to suppose that stands were only for the use of lady hunters, but it is evident from some of these passages that this is a mistake.

221. All sorts of deer are chas'd. "Young and old, does as well as bucks. He alludes to Fenton's having just run down Anne Page" (Malone). "Falstaff here takes a final chuckle over those who have defeated his pursuit of the dear merry wives, by showing them that their dear daughter has been caught by the man who was not their choice, but hers" (Clarke).

Before this line Pope and Theo. insert from the quarto: "Evans [aside to Fenton]. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding." Johnson regrets the omission of the following, which the quarto gives after 222:

"Mi. For. Come mistris Page, Ile be bold with you, Tis pitie to part loue that is so true. Mis. Pa. Altho that I haue missed in my intent, Yet I am glad my husbands match was crossed, Here M. Fenton, take her, and God giue thee iov. Sir Hu: Come M. Page, you must needs agree. Fo. I yfaith sir come, you see your wife is wel pleased: Pa. I cannot tel, and yet my hart's well eased, And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed. Come hither Fenton, and come hither daughter, Go too you might haue stai'd for my good will, But since your choise is made of one you loue, Here take her, Fenton. & both happie proue.

Sir Hu. I wil also dance & eate plums at your weddings."

222. Muse. "Foster my grudge" (Schmidt).

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—As Mr. P. A. Daniel shows in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 124 fol.), it is impossible, as the play now stands, to make out any consistent time-division of it. The chief difficulty is in the confusion with reference to Falstaff's meetings with Mrs. Ford, which he states as follows (cf. note on iii. 5. 1 above):

"The first meeting, which ends with the buck-basket, takes place between ten and eleven on one morning; the second meeting is determined for the morrow of the first, and actually follows it; but yet the invitation to it and its actual occurrence are fixed by the Play at an earlier hour of the same day as that on which the first takes place; and when it has thus got in advance of the first, Ford refers to the first as being before it. And the confusion does not end here, for on the very day of the second meeting Ford refers to that second meeting as having taken place on the 'yesterday,' and thus the third meeting, which is on the night of the day of the second, is driven forward to the night of the day following it.

"The chief error, then, lies in sc. v. of Act III.; that scene must, I think, have been formed by the violent junction—I cannot call it fusion—of two separate scenes representing portions of two separate days. The first part of the scene—Mrs. Quickly and Falstaff—is inseparably con-

nected with the day of Falstaff's first interview with Mrs. Ford; the second part is as inseparably connected with the day of the second interview. The first part clearly shows us Falstaff in the afternoon, just escaped from his ducking in the Thames; the second part as clearly shows him in the early morning about to keep his second appointment

with Mrs. Ford.

"Cut this actual scene v. into two, ending the first with Mrs. Quickly's last speech—' Peace be with you, sir,'—and the main difficulty vanishes, and the only change required in the text of the Folio to make it agree with the previous scenes is the alteration of two words. In her first speech Mrs. Quickly says, 'Give your worship good morrow.' For morrow read even. In lines 45-6 she says, the morning or to-morrow morning. Not ing.' For this morning read in the morning or to-morrow morning. Not In lines 45-6 she says, 'Her husband goes this morning a-birdpart we might begin Act IV. The confusion between Falstaff's first and second interviews with Mrs. Ford would be thus absolutely cured.

"To complete our task and make the text of the play perfectly accordant with its plot we should further alter one word in Act V. sc. i. Ford there says, 'Went you not to her yesterday, sir?' etc. For yesterday read

this morning."

Mr. Daniel believes that this error in iii. 5 never existed in the author's MS., but is "the result of some managerial attempt to compress the two scenes into one for the convenience of the stage representation;" and that the words which he proposes to alter were then introduced into the folio version in order to make the new scene self-consistent.

Disentangling the 2d and 3d days of the action, as Mr. Daniel suggests,

the "time-analysis" will stand as follows:

"Day I. Act I. sc. i. to iv.

2. Act II. sc. i. to iii., Act III. sc. i. to iv., and the Quickly portion of sc. v.

3. The Ford portion of Act III. sc. v. to end of the Play."

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Falstriff: i. 1(19), 3(52); ii. 2(120); iii. 3(40), 5(105); iv. 2(15), 5(44); v. 1(28), 5(65). Whole no. 488.

Fenton: i. 4(14); iii. 4(27); iv. 6(48); v. 5(11). Whole no. 100. Shallow: i. 1(55); ii. 1(20), 3(20); iii. 1(14), 2(7), 4(13); iv. 2(4); v. 2(4). Whole no. 137.

Slender: i. I(107); ii. 3(3); iii. 1(3), 2(4), 4(23); v. 2(5), 5(18). Whole

110. 163.

Ford: ii. 1(34), 2(115); iii. 2(39), 3(30), 5(29); iv. 2(50), 4(12); v. 1(2), 5(28). Whole no. 339.

Page: i. 1(26); ii. 1(29), 3(8); iii. 1(16), 2(12), 3(13), 4(8); iv. 2(8), 4(22); v. 2(7), 5(25). Whole no. 174.

William Page: iv. 1(13). Whole no. 13.

Evans: i. 1(85), 2(12); iii. 1(57), 3(15); iv. 1(39), 2(11), 4(12), 5(9); v. 4(4), 5(21). Whole no. 265.

Caius: i. 4(44); ii. 3(33); iii. 1(13), 2(3), 3(8); iv. 5(6); v. 3(1), 5(6). Whole no. 114.

Host: i. 3(11); ii. 1(12), 3(35); iii. 1(18), 2(7); iv. 3(9), 5(32), 6(7).

Whole no. 131.

Bardolph: i. 1(6), 3(2); ii. 2(5); iii. 5(5); iv. 3(5), 5(6). Whole no. 29. Pistol: i. 1(6), 3(28); ii. 1(13), 2(7); v. 5(7). Whole no. 61.

Nym: i. 1(6), 3(21); ii. 1(10). Whole no. 37. Robin: ii. 2(1); iii. 2(3), 3(11). Whole no. 15.

Simple: i. 1(3), 2(1), 4(15); iii. 1(8); iv. 5(24). Whole no. 51. Rugby: i. 4(4); ii. 3(7). Whole no. 11. 1st Servant: iii. 3(1); iv. 2(3). Whole no. 4.

2d Servant: iv. 2(2). Whole no. 2.

Mistress Ford: ii. 1(45); iii. 3(75); iv. 2(67), 4(7); v. 3(5), 5(10). Whole no. 209.

Mistress Page: ii. 1(83); iii. 2(18), 3(67), 4(8); iv. 1(17), 2(80), 4(43);

v. 3(19), 5(26). Whole no. 361.

Anne Page: i. 1(13); iii. 4(18); v. 5(45). Whole no. 76.

Mistress Quickly: i. 4(103); ii. 1(2), 2(81); iii. 4(21), 5(16); iv. 1(18), 5(11); v. 1(2). Whole no. 254.

"All": iii. 2(1). Whole no. 1.

In the above enumeration parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total of the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(326), 2(13), 3(114), 4(180); ii. 1(248), 2(329), 3(102); iii. 1(129), 2(93), 3(260), 4(115), 5(155); iv. 1(87), 2(240), 3(14), 4(91), 5(132), 6(55); v. 1(32), 2(16), 3(25), 4(4), 5(259). Whole no. in the play, 3019.

Falstaff has more lines in the plays than any other character except Henry V. In addition to the 488 lines in the present play, Jack has 719 in 1 Henry IV. and 688 in 2 Henry IV., making 1895 lines in all. Henry, as Prince and King, has 616 lines in 1 Henry IV., 308 in 2 Henry IV., and 1063 in Henry V., or 1987 lines in all—more than any other character in the plays. Hamlet has 1569 lines, Richard III. 1161 (with 24 in 2 Henry VI. and 390 in 3 Henry VI., or 1575 in all), and Iago 1117. No other character has over 900 lines in any one play; and the only other important character figuring in more than one is Mark Antony, who has 327 lines in J. C. and S29 in A. and C., or 1156 in all.





THE FALCON TAVERN, BANKSIDE, LONDON.

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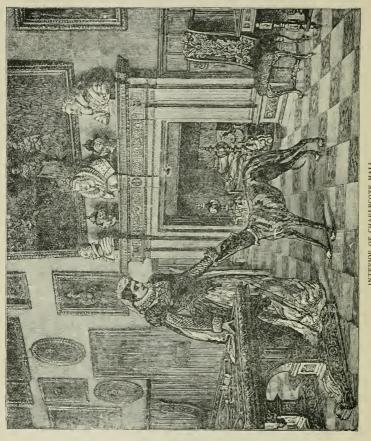
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